

George de Rochford (no)
PHARSAMOND:

OR, THE

New Knight-Errant.

In which is introduced

The Story of the *Fair* ANCHORET,

With that of TARMIANA and her
unfortunate Daughter.

Written Originally in FRENCH,

By MONSIEUR DE MARIVAUX,

Member of the French Academy in PARIS:

Author of *The Life of* MARIANNE, &c.

Translated by Mr LOCKMAN.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

L O N D O N :

Printed for C. DAVIS, opposite *Gray's-Inn, Holborn*;
and L. DAVIS, at *Lord Bacon's Head, Fleet-street.*

MDCCL.

PHARSA MOND

RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

Earl of MIDDLESEX.

Master of the Horse to his Royal
Highness the Prince of Wales.

With that of TARMIAN and her
M Y LORD.

Written Originally in FRENCH.

By Monsieur de MARIVAUX.

Member of the French Academy in 1748.
Author of the Life of Marianne, &c.

Translated by Mr. LOCKMAN.

PERMIT ME to beg your
Favour to call an Eye on
the following when dis-

Printed for C. DAVIS
and L. DAVIS.



DEDICATION

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

Earl of *MIDDLESEX*.

Master of the Horse to his Royal
Highness the PRINCE of *WALES*.

MY LORD:

PERMIT Me to beg your
Lordship, to cast an Eye on
the following Sheets, when dis-

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engag'd

DEDICATION.

engag'd a Moment from the noble Studies which you cultivate with so much success. In granting this humble Request, your Lordship will imitate Persons of the greatest Rank and Abilities in all Ages ; who did not think it derogated from Their Character, to devote some of their unbended Hours to the lighter Amusements of Literature.

I wish that the Tribute which I have the Honour to offer, was more worthy of your Lordship ; but it is the only One I am now possess'd of : And, a
Circum-

DEDICATION.

Circumstance which forbids my laying this Translation at any other Feet than those of your Lordship, is ; to your Beneficence I owe the Leisure I had to go through with it ; a Beneficence which, at the same time that it is my Glory, has chear'd some Years of my Life ; and made it my Duty to implore that Heaven wou'd shower down every Blessing on your Lordship.

The Public are, in general, insensible of the singular Obligations They frequently have, to the Patrons of Writers whose Works

DEDICATION.

afford Them the highest Instruction or Pleasure. To the Generosity of those Patrons They often are indebted for the finest Performances; and no *House* has been the happy Occasion of giving Birth to a greater Number of such, than the illustrious One from which your Lordship sprung, and of which you are so bright an Ornament.

All Who have the honour of approaching your Lordship, and the Countess of Middlesex, immediately perceive Themselves introduc'd among the
Musēs

DEDICATION

Muses and the Graces: In a Place where Subjects of the greatest Dignity, and Those of a flowery Kind, are alternately treated; where Favours are conferr'd with that Chearfulness with which Gifts are usually receiv'd; where Sweetness of Temper spreads a Charm over every Conversation, as the Sun gilds all Objects. - - - - - My Heart wou'd say infinitely more, but I shall break off for fear of giving Offence; only beseeching the Continuance of your Lordship's Patronage, as being one of the chief Comforts

DEDICATION.

forts of my Life. In these Sentiments I beg leave to subscribe myself, with all imaginable Veneration,

MY LORD:

Your Lordship's most oblig'd,

and most devoted

humble Servant,

J. Lockman.

PREFACE

By the Translator.



THE Author of the following Sheets is well known in all the polite Parts of *Europe*, by means of a variety of Writings He has publish'd; and which gained him so much Applause, in his native Country, that He was judg'd worthy of a Seat in that * ASSEMBLY, whence some of the noblest literary Productions have issued.

The Translation of the present Work was a very pleasing task to me, and I spared no Pains in the drawing of it up. Compositions of this Sort, (I speak of those in Prose) wherein there is such a variety of opposite Characters, are, of all Others, the most difficult to transfuse with Spirit into another Language; and as one of the chief Merits, (next to *planning*) in such Pieces, is the Style or Colouring; the Failure, in this Point, must render a Translation.

* *The French Academy in Paris.*

P R E F A C E.

flation of the finest Original, insupportable. The principal Requisites, I imagine, in the *Version* of a Work of Genius, is, that it be a faithful Copy, so far as the Idioms and Figures will allow, of the *Original*, and itself have the Air of one: Without the latter Perfection, a Translation must be flat; nor can the Want of that Quality be duly compensated for by any Other. The same Difference may be perceived, between a good and bad Translation of a valuable Work of Wit and Humour, as in a smart Story well or ill told. For this Reason, I not only endeavour'd to avoid *Gallicisms*; but even gave, whenever I thought This cou'd be done with Propriety, an English termination to the *Names* of Persons. This reconciles, still more, an English Reader's Mind to such a Work, in like manner as a Foreigner's conforming Himself to the Dress of a Country, is more pleasing to the Eyes of it's Natives.

I speak with the greater Confidence on these Heads, as the publick have been particularly indulgent to one of my English Versions, drawn up according to these Rules; I mean the very ingenious M. de *Voltaire's Letters concerning the English Nation*.

P H A R.



PHARSAMOND.

PART I.

IN two neighbouring villages, dwelt two young persons of the same age. The one was a virgin, whose father had been dead many years; she living under the tutelage of a mother, a most worthy woman, who was far advanc'd in years, and lady of the village, where she was passing the remainder of her days in peace and tranquillity. The other was a young gentleman, who, in his tender years, had lost both his parents. An uncle who

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had grown old in camps, and was remarkable for that openness of heart which so greatly distinguish'd our ancestors ; a gentleman abhorrent of formality ; once the most courteous knight the ladies had in their service, presided over the education of this nephew, and fashion'd him agreeably to his inclination. The old gentleman endeavour'd to inspire daily, into his nephew, those ideas, with which his reverence for the fair-sex, and his martial disposition, still filled his own mind. Old romances, such as Amadis de Gaul, Ariosto, and so many other books of that kind, seem'd to him the finest lessons, and best adapted to fire the young man with those noblest of passions, love and glory. Unhappily for the nephew, his soul was vastly susceptible of every impression of this sort. The exalted feats achiev'd by heroes, he read of in the above books ; the melting fondness with which he saw them actuated, prov'd like so many sparks of fire, which, one moment, inflam'd his martial temper ; and the next, hightned his amorous disposition. The nephew's uninterrupted application to studies of this nature, firmly persuaded the uncle, that the young man wou'd one day serve as a model for the finish'd gentleman. He would often make him repeat what he had read ;

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read ; and this enthusiastic youth, quite intoxicated with pleasure, us'd to expatiate in conjunction with his uncle, on every incident peculiarly tender or marvellous ; and so heated was the youth's imagination, that he, when wrapt in thought, would frequently improve on the wild whimsies of the most extravagant knight-errants. As the uncle's admiration was increasing perpetually, so the nephew's frenzy rose in proportion. The young man was already become almost the only theme of conversation, with which the uncle us'd to regale all who came to visit him. Our youth was finely shap'd, sprightly ; and the sentiments of his heart, together with the turn of his mind, added to his charming face, a *je ne sçai quoi* so noble, so serious, as attracted every eye. In a word, nature seem'd to have sent our young man into the world, for him to be, one day, an illustrious adventurer. When but eighteen, his uncle had some thoughts of seeking out a wife for him ; and, for that purpose, had introduced him to the most beautiful young maidens in the neighbourhood. They were so much delighted with his person, that they all strove to win him. To some he had sigh'd ; and display'd, before them, that amorous eloquence which engross'd his whole thoughts. The most tender, the most melting situations,

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tions, were extasy to our youth. He fought eagerly for such situations, complained without the least cause, and wou'd frequently be lost in thought from the like motive ; and though perfectly well received wherever he came, he yet was always uneasy, and continually repeating the words *rigour, cruelty*.

He would almost exhaust himself, in deploring calamities which the fair did not bring upon him ; whilst they, on the other hand, would be quite out of breath in protesting that he was far from being disagreeable to them ; but the easy access he was allow'd to them, and their perpetual gait, shock'd our young man to a prodigious degree. As this behaviour of theirs did not give him an opportunity of imitating his heroes, he resolv'd to be one at any rate : and he wou'd have thought it infinitely beneath the dignity of his sentiments, to have run after hearts, which submitted at once to his power, without exposing him to even a single torment.

He now wou'd read the adventures of a lover, who, pierc'd to the soul at seeing his passion slighted, made the forests eccho with his complaints ; and who, become a prey to despair, would have stabb'd himself, had he not been luckily prevented by his squire. The condition of this lover would engross his whole thoughts, and his tender lamentations

Jamementations rais'd the strongest emotions in his soul; his fate appeared to him wretched; he would envy this lover's infelicity, and found therein a marvellous happiness which he himself panted to feel. But then, how to bring this about! for, in the midst of such delightful reflections, his mistress would run up to him; and bursting into a laugh, entertain him with some trifling particular, with which she insisted he should be no less diverted than herself.——On these occasions he was forced to suppress the numberless fine things he had to utter, though he was ready to burst with a repletion of noble sentiments. How great a mortification was all this to him! the fair-ones requir'd him to be easy in his mind, to be gay, and no ways doubt their asseverations of his being dear to them.——What strange love is all this! (wou'd he say to himself) can so perfect a tranquillity be consistent with an exalted-soul? shall I love a heart whose conquest is easy? a heart free from pride, from severity, and wholly insensible to the merit of mine? Ah! no (wou'd he add) let me break from an engagement which is altogether unworthy of me. Let this fair-one bestow her heart on some lover, the cast of whose mind may be mean and narrow as her own. Let me leave to the vulgar, inclinations which are

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abhorrent to great souls like mine. Since heaven has given me a mind susceptible of the noblest impressions ; as I feel in myself that source of greatness, which once inspir'd the breasts of renown'd heroes, of so different a cast from the rest of mankind ; let me wait till heaven shall present me with opportunities, in which I may be no less eminently distinguish'd. Providence, I make no doubt, reserves for my heart, some object who may be worthy of it's possession ; and either chance, or some particular adventure, will manifest it's designs with regard to me.—Such were the reflections our young man would frequently make ; and these he revolved so often, that he was, at last, determined to wait for the auspicious moment, when heaven, by an invincible sympathy, might unite his heart to that of some fair charmer. He forsook all the young women to whom his uncle had introduced him, and would not hear the least mention of wedlock ; imagining that should he marry, the glorious reputation which he so fondly flattered himself he might one day acquire, would be lost for ever ; whereas, before he had gone those immortal lengths, he was to fill the world with his name, and the rumour of his misfortunes.

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In vain his uncle press'd him ; not a word more would he hear of mistresses.

These were in no manner heroines, they having discovered a passion for him, without allowing him time to let their cruelty sink him to despair ; and, for this reason, he conjur'd his uncle never to hint any thing of this kind to him more. However, the old gentleman was far from approving any of those reasons ; and would observe to his kinsman, that although he was rich, he yet ought not to reject any advantageous offers which might be made him ; that the young women propos'd to him, were adorn'd with every grace, both of mind and person ; that they loved him ; and therefore their charms, join'd to the advantages of birth, deserv'd all the attention of a person of his character. Farther, that he had introduced him as a polite young gentleman, who every way claimed respect ; but that the contempt he discover'd for such women, greatly lessen'd the opinion which the world would otherwise have entertained of his good breeding. — Such were the reprimands of his uncle, whose frank and steady temper no ways tallied with that of his nephew, in this respect ; but having a strong affection for him, he ceas'd his remonstrances. The kinsman left thus undisturb'd, withdrew from all

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company.

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company. His only employments, now, were hunting and fishing ; and woods and groves became the sole confidents of the deep reflections with which his study, of books of chivalry, had filled his mind.

Having spent a whole year in this indolent state, it happen'd one day, as he follow'd his uncle in the chace, and that the vigour with which both pursued a stag, had carried the nephew at a great distance from his relation ; that he recollected a certain knight-errant, whose soul was all indifference ; and who, quenching his thirst at a clear spring, had spied a lovely fair-one, whose beauteous aspect charm'd him, dissolv'd in slumbers. The noise which the knight-errant made, in rising up, wak'd the beauteous sleeper, which instantly fill'd him with a respectful bashfulness. Hence he did not dare discover to this enchanting object, the surprize with which he was seized, to find her sleeping in a lonely forest ; and his surprize had been attended with all the symptoms of a rising flame. The nymph, on her perceiving the knight, blush'd, and was struck dumb ; but withdrew however from him in such a manner, as show'd that her blushes did not arise from hatred. The knight struck with awe, had not dar'd to follow her. All he did was, to muse on this adventure ;

venture ; to set out wrapt in thought, and to stop but a little after ; feeling, too intensely, that this miracle in beauty had stole away his heart. The adventure of this knight, with which our kinsman regal'd himself, appear'd to him charming ; and considering it as something great and admirable, he earnestly wish'd that the like accident might put an end to that coldness and indifference, which he was firmly resolved to preserve, till the mighty moment decreed for his defeat.

Big with this romantic idea, he heard the voice of a woman, who seemed to speak to another person ; when listening, he heard her break into the following words.

“ No (dear Fatima, said she) his heart and mine were not form'd one for the other. His flame is of too vulgar a kind ; he loves me dearly I confess, but then I am not satisfied with his manner of loving. I'll have nothing to do with an ordinary passion ; that which I myself would feel, for a person who was to affect me, would be too noble and too tender ; and require, in a lover, a soul which might correspond with the dignity of mine. Add to this, that the adventure, which brought about, our acquaintance, is not singular enough. Hearts form'd by heaven to unite, are affected only by some surprizing chance. Persons of this turn,

‘ feel an emotion at their first seeing one
 ‘ another; but I myself have not been struck
 ‘ with that emotion which is the prelude to
 ‘ a noble passion. Cease therefore (Fatima)
 ‘ to mention him, since ’twill be impossible
 ‘ for me to love him.’

As the sound of the speaker’s voice, and
 her words were like those which become the
 heroine of a romance; his meeting her
 in a solitary forest, threw him into such
 agitations, as proved to him, that a period
 would at last be put to his coldness and indif-
 ference. Hereupon, advancing to that side
 whence the voice proceeded; the noise of
 his feet oblig’d the fair speaker to retire.

He saw the nymph, who, leaning on her
 waiting-woman, was making off with all
 the speed in her power. But now advan-
 cing respectfully towards her, he thus spoke,
 in imitation of the knight whom he had just
 before call’d to mind.—‘ Fair lady, whi-
 ‘ ther fly you? stop a moment; and per-
 ‘ mit me to enjoy the delightful surprize of
 ‘ meeting here with so enchanting a crea-
 ‘ ture. Ascribe not, I beseech you, the
 ‘ words in which I address you, to the
 ‘ least want of respect: heaven will bear
 ‘ me witness, that the reverence with which
 ‘ I am, this instant, struck for you, is infi-
 ‘ nite; but (sweetest lady) ’tis not in my
 power

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‘ power to check the impulse I now feel,
 ‘ any more than that which drew my steps
 ‘ towards you. Language could never
 ‘ paint the confusion I am in at beholding
 ‘ you. I know not whether this declaration
 ‘ may offend you ; but this I am certain of,
 ‘ that my heart never felt the like emotion
 ‘ before.’

These words broke from him with the utmost impetuosity ; he did not dare lift up his eyes to behold the fair-one who affected him so strongly, but waited in silence, and with down-cast eyes, for her answer, which was as follows.

‘ I ascribe (too hardy knight) to our unexpected meeting, your present boldness ;
 ‘ and if any thing can revenge me for your present intrusion, ’tis the consolation of
 ‘ being but one moment more expos’d to
 ‘ the danger of seeing you lose the respect
 ‘ due to persons of my desert.’—‘ Bright
 ‘ lady,’ replied the young man, (whom the pleasure of hearing himself stiled knight, had almost struck dumb) ‘ with what justice can you accuse me of being any ways
 ‘ wanting in respect ? forgive me if I presume to declare, that I could wish to remove from you, at the price of my life,
 ‘ an opinion, which I should term unjust
 ‘ in any other person. You have reason to

' say, that you shall have taken a compleat
 ' revenge, since I shall never set eyes on
 ' you more ; but then you don't know the
 ' dismal consequences of that vengeance.
 ' My sorrow for having offended you ;
 ' the loss I shall sustain in seeing you no
 ' more'—' Hold, cry'd the fair-one ; de-
 ' monstrate to me, by breaking off from
 ' this discourse, that you would be very
 ' sorry to offend me ; and since you appear
 ' so exceedingly griev'd for having done
 ' this, permit me to stop your tongue.'

Saying these words she was withdrawing,
 when the knight, fir'd to the soul with
 love, and rous'd by an emotion still more
 violent than the former ; or rather animated
 with the fervor of a young novice, advanc'd
 again ; when throwing himself at the feet of
 the fair-one ; he besought her, (kissing with
 the utmost eagerness the hem of her gar-
 ment) not to go away, till after she had
 given him the strongest assurances of bu-
 rying his crime in everlasting oblivion.—I
 tremble for fear (continued he) lest every
 word I may now utter should also be a crime.
 But, (fairest of the creation!) I shall certainly
 die, if you give me the least cause to suspect
 your being offended. Graciously conde-
 scend, by one single word, to deliver an ill
 fated wretch from the eternal sorrow in
 which

which you will plunge him, should you still persist in keeping silence.

These words, and the strong emotion which appeared in his whole form, inspired the lovely fugitive with tender compassion. A blush, which it was impossible for her to suppress, discover'd part of what she would gladly have conceal'd. Then casting on the youth, a look which darted comfort into his soul:—‘Go, Sir knight’ (says she, with a voice no longer expressive of anger) ‘I will condescend to forgive your boldness, for the sake of your repentance which I think sincere. Live, my wrath is appeas’d, nor will I again harbour any against you.’

Gods! was ever mortal more completely blest than our knight. The soft strain in which the fair-one had delivered herself a moment before, filled him with a joy next to extasy; whence he was unable for a long time to utter a word. At last, after kissing once again her garment;—‘I will, says he, live, (O miracle in beauty and goodness!) since you permit it; but then I will live for no other purpose than to call to mind the enchanting sweetness of your disposition. But if this dear remembrance should induce me henceforward to take care of my life; will it be possible for me to preserve it
‘for

‘for any time, since I am going to lose you?’

‘Sir knight, replied the lady, I must leave you, else you will no longer deserve the favour I would indulge you; and I should be sorry, were you to forfeit my good opinion.’ — Saying these words, she retir’d. As for our young man, he no longer had the power to follow her; but continuing in the same posture, like one thunder-struck, the trees soon stole her from his sight. — ‘And have I lost you! (cried he) alas! what will become of wretched me? must the auspicious day, in which my eyes were first blest with such an assemblage of beauties, serve only as the prelude to calamities, which (perhaps) may be endless?’ — After venting these sad complaints, he rose up, loosed his horse’s bridle which had been tied to a tree; and again mounted his courser, in order to trace out, if possible, the way which the unknown fair had taken.

Scarce had he rode an hundred paces, when he met his uncle, who was returning from the sport, with all the jolly hunters. As confusion and tumult are hateful to a person so strongly agitated as our knight then was, he would gladly have shunn’d them; but his uncle having perceiv’d his kinsman, called him; when observing his pensive air, he

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he enquir'd the cause of his being thus wrapt in thought. — ' The solitude and
' silence (replied the nephew) which I have
' been indulged, since I was flung out of the
' chace, must contribute to give me the air
' in which I now appear to your eyes ;' our
knight carefully concealing the adventure he
had met with, whence his great absence of
mind seem'd the more mysterious. His
uncle now inform'd him of every thing
which had happened in the chace, during
his absence; and discoursing together in
this manner, they got home. Some neigh-
bouring gentlemen, who had shared in the
sport, supped that night with them. On
this occasion the company eat and drank
very heartily, the nephew excepted, who
could scarce do either; he being too great an
adept in romance, to fail in this particular;
so that absence of thought and anxiety,
form'd his most delicious entertainment
during the repast. His uncle endeavour'd,
but in vain, to rouse him from the melan-
choly in which he seem'd plung'd; but it
not being possible for the guests to prevail
with him to share in the delights which
Bacchus then dispens'd, they suspected
that some fair-one had captivated him. —
' Thou now, dear kinsman, (said the old
' uncle) must certainly be in love; for I am
an

an utter stranger to that passion. I suspect, that, during thy absence from us, thou hast made some discovery, which must have robb'd thee of thy heart.'—At the bare sound of the word *discovery*, our young man vented a deep sigh, and threw up his eyes towards heaven.—The guests, now intoxicated with joy, no less than with wine, rallied the young sportsman; when each of them presented him with a glass of wine to drown his passion, which (they declar'd) was not yet mighty enough to escape the deluge of liquor. However, all their endeavours were to no purpose, he being very sensible, that it was incumbent on him to be absent in thought; and as this was the decorum, the maxim laid down by all romantic lovers, our knight would have chose never to drink again in his life, rather than violate laws, which, he imagin'd, ought to be inviolably observ'd by all who profess to love in a manner truly heroic. The repast being ended, the neighbouring gentlemen retired to their respective homes, and our young man shut himself up in his chamber. Hitherto the reflections formed by him had been vague and unfix'd by any object. What joy must it be, for him, now to find, in his own situation, a subject for those exalted ideas he had so long borrowed from others.

The

The reader will naturally suppose, that our knight mutter'd to himself; that he be-
moan'd his sad fate, that he walk'd up and
down like one in despair; and that it being
now fully in his power, to indulge in the
exquisite pleasure of loving like a hero, he
was not sparing either of sighs or sobs. In
the night, however, he gave some truce to
his evils, in order to reflect on the means of
discovering the deity who was the object of
his adoration. Already, as a reward for the
title of knight, with which she had honour'd
him; he, in the midst of his dolours, had
call'd her, above an hundred times, *princess*.
But now his impatience to see her again, and
to find out the magnificent palace in which
this miracle in beauty must reside, made
him form a resolution to mount on horse-
back at break of day, and set out. A young
man, who had been brought up in his un-
cle's house, and was of near the same age
with our knight, was to accompany him in
quality of his squire. The knight was very
fond of this young man. The similitude of
their tempers, and their semblant turn of
mind, had induc'd him to trust the other
with all his secrets. 'Twas in conjunction
with this young man, that he had pursued
his romantic studies; so that the brain of the
squire

squire was no less apt to turn round, than that of the knight.

The instant day appeared, he started up, put on his clothes, and went and wak'd his squire, whom he inform'd of his noble resolution. The squire, overjoy'd at his being call'd upon to share in so curious a search, which possibly might be followed by a delightful interview, rose and dress'd also; promising to acquit himself of the several duties of a squire, with as much honour as a thousand other squires in romance; all whom he named, and whose history he recollected, as he was huddling on his clothes. The squire being now ready, our two adventurers set out, the knight riding before. Some critic will doubtless object, that it was not possible for this young gentleman to persuade himself that he was really a knight, since he was not arm'd like a gentleman of that order. But to this I answer, that his folly was not yet risen to such a pitch, as to induce him to resemble his book-heroes in every respect. The only circumstance relating to them, in which he delighted, was the species of tenderness they discovered in love: he was charm'd with their adventures; those I mean, into which they were drawn, either by the rigour of their mistresses, or from their losing them. Such were the adven-

adventures he was ambitious of meeting with; his wild extravagance not being yet got to so great a height, as to make him fancy that he hew'd real giants in two, or fought against magicians. The impression which his study of romances had left upon him, was a passion for heroic love; and this was forcible enough to make him despise the most imminent danger. In a word, his folly was a compound of extravagant valour and ridiculous love, this was all, with regard to the title of knight: as he was born a gentleman, this was sufficient to delude his imagination so far, as to make him be deceiv'd and pleased at one and the same time.

But to return to the march of our adventurers, which I had left for the sake of an almost useless digression.

The knight (as was observ'd) rode first, his hat flopp'd, and his eyes almost hid. He now abandon'd himself up entirely to his amorous thoughts; when only a few sighs interrupted the deep silence into which sorrow and anxiety had plung'd him. The squire, the worthy follower of so illustrious a master, rode after him without once opening his lips; and was delighted with the subaltern part which he play'd in this noble adventure. Three whole hours slid away, without

out there passing so much as a single circumstance worthy of notice. They were now come into the same wood, where our lovers had met so delightfully the day before. The view of these scenes increased the knight's disquietude and his sighs. He stopp'd his horse, in order to gaze, with the stronger passion, on the place where he had discours'd with this angel of a woman. His eyes were particularly fix'd on that spot, where she had been so gracious as to forgive his crime. He called his squire, who was surveying him with admiration, and who, (perhaps) in his own mind, thought himself superlatively happy, in belonging to one who acted his part with so much dignity. The squire approaching:— 'Dost thou see yon by-path, yon cross-walk? my dear Clito;' (this name flowing naturally from our knight; and being a favourite one in romance, he therefore had bestow'd it on his squire along time before)— 'tis there, (continued he) that, kneeling at her feet, I heard her coral lips pronounce the following words, *live; my wrath is appeas'd.*— The squire at the sound of these mellifluous expressions, expanded his eyes; and as hounds (if the reader will forgive the comparison) when eager for their prey, sniff about for the scent; thus our squire

Squire survey'd these scenes attentively, impatient to see the lovely object, from whom the abovemention'd words had dropped.

After that the one had devoted some moments to sighs, and the other to curiosity, they advanc'd forward; when they beheld, on a sudden, a gentleman riding full speed, and attended by a servant. This gentleman seem'd a person of some consequence. Our knight, whom I shall hereafter call PHARSAMOND, rode after this gentleman, from a strong desire to know whither he was going. After galloping about half an hour, Pharsamond perceived, at a distance, a noble mansion, which his uncle had never pointed out to him. The person whom he follow'd, alighted at the mansion gate, and entered it. The gentleman's youth, his air, the small distance between this mansion, and the place where he had met the unknown fair-one; these several circumstances united, made him conclude that his mistress must certainly reside there; and that this handsome gentleman must be a lover who was going to visit her. Fir'd with this notion, he turned suddenly to his squire, and spoke thus: — ' I am (Clito) the most ill-fated lover that ever inhabited this earth. As though it were not enough, that I am forc'd to combat the cruelty of her whom I adore, I am
' (my

(my good Clito) curs'd with a rival ; or
 rather two, if I may believe the words
 which were utter'd yesterday. But, of
 these two rivals, one must surely be dear
 to the fair one ; and my heart whispers to
 me, that 'tis he who this moment went
 into the mansion.' — 'As to rivals, said
 Clito, 'twill be happy for you if there are
 any, since your conquests will thereby be
 the more glorious. But why must you
 fancy that he must needs be beloved by
 the lady ? good, my lord, harbour not so
 perplexing a thought, it not appearing
 ever so little probable. The air and man-
 ner in which the peerless fair-one pro-
 nounc'd the sweetest words, ought to sup-
 press all your fears. She would not have
 commanded you to live, had she not
 wished that you should live for her only.'

By this time the morning was almost
 elapsed, when Pharsamond, though tortur'd
 by love and jealousy, yet found himself
 so greatly fatigued, that he dismounted in
 order to rest himself a few moments. 'Twas
 not above an hundred paces from the place
 where he stopp'd, to the mansion. As he
 was alighting, he happened to spy a little
 garden-door open. This garden belonged
 to the great house abovementioned ; and the
 door in question was left open, either by
 accident,

accident, or from the negligence of the gardiner, whose cot lay near that place. Pharsamond entred this garden, to screen himself from the beams of the sun, which were scorching. At his coming in he saw a wide, embowered walk or alley, and immediately struck into it. This walk had several avenues; when, casting his eyes round, he spied, at the end of another small walk which terminated at that in which he was walking, a young lady in a most lovely dishabille. She sat on the flowery turf, having a book in her hand, and seem'd wrapt in the deepest meditation. The posture in which she lay, prevented Pharsamond from seeing her whole face; but the small part he did discover of it enchanted him. Her head reclined on one of her hands, and the other hung down carelessly. He was charm'd both with her hand and arm, they vying in whiteness with the lilly. He found himself touch'd; when, considering this emotion as a mark of infidelity towards the fair stranger, he blushed, accused himself, and in spite of those reproaches, imagined that the nearer he advanc'd, the more guilty he would be. The posture of the fair one, whom he was gazing at, her shape, which was no ways injured by her elegant dress, all expos'd him to the danger of being
fickle;

fickle ; and he was upon the point of going back, when the lady chang'd her attitude, and discovered to Pharsamond, as she moved, the same face, the same features, the bare glimpse of which had before so strongly captivated him, and which he panted to see again. The nymph was going to fly him ; but he ran so swiftly, that he had just time to stop her, and fall on his knees. — ‘ I see too plainly (said he) that
‘ you consider my meeting you in
‘ this garden as a new crime ; but, (fairest
‘ of the creation) ’tis all owing to chance,
‘ and therefore deprive me not of the felicity it has procur’d me. I indeed sought
‘ for it, but did not expect to find it here.’
— He then told her how he had got into the garden ; revealed to her all his solicitude ; the pleasure he found in seeing her at a distance before he knew who she was ; and how strongly he had reproached himself for that pleasure ; in fine, he gave her an ample relation of the languishing state of his soul ; calling heaven to witness, the necessity he was under of adoring her beauties to the last gasp ; imploring no other favour, than that she would indulge him the compassion which the most ill-fated lovers meet with. He confessed, that he could not expect the least returns ; and at the bare reflection

flexion on his exalted happiness, threw him into such an extasy of joy as was almost fatal. He only conjur'd her, to permit him to wear his chains :—In this manner he ran on, with the greatest impetuosity ; the lady listening to him the whole time, with so much ardour, that she did not lose one syllable. At last he stopp'd, fearing he had said too much ; but show'd, at the same time, by a most submissive action, that his silence was owing much more to his want of breath, than to any failure in point tenderness.

The lady, who had given her whole attention to this discourse, being delighted with his turn of mind ; and still more with his manner of thinking, continued irresolute for some moments, and did not know what answer to make. She had conceived an affection for Pharsamond, the very first moment she saw him ; was tempted to give way to this affection, but pride restrained her. However, 'twas now incumbent on her to fix on some resolution, and that immediately.

This was all she cou'd do in so irresolute a state.—‘ Courteous knight, (said the fair-
‘ one) I will own that the sight of you surpriz'd me. I at first imagin'd that a passion, which can no ways be consider'd as
‘ respectful, had invited you hither, and
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‘ that you knew I was in this place. You
‘ declare, that you came here merely by ac-
‘ cident, and I am glad to find you less
‘ criminal on this account. The words I
‘ utter’d yesterday, ought to have convinc’d
‘ you, that it wou’d be to no purpose, for
‘ you to entertain a passion which must of-
‘ fend me. Nevertheless, the violence of
‘ your flame has prevail’d over the resolu-
‘ tion I then took ; you still love me, as is
‘ sufficiently prov’d by your various trans-
‘ ports. Pride obliges me to condemn you
‘ to never see me more. I am fully sensi-
‘ ble of the ties by which honour and duty
‘ bind me. But, (good Sir knight) I pity
‘ you, and you are really an object of com-
‘ passion. Respect combated, on my ac-
‘ count, in your heart ; now this respect
‘ appeases my wrath ; and inspires me with
‘ more gentle sentiments in your behalf. But
‘ flatter not yourself, that though I may not
‘ banish you my presence for ever, I there-
‘ fore must think favourably of your pas-
‘ sion. All I mean is, to try whether my
‘ present mildness will have more effect on
‘ you than my anger yesterday.’—‘ Fair
‘ lady ! (cried Pharsamond) is it possible for
‘ you to extinguish a flame which your
‘ bright eyes have lighted up ? and when
‘ once a heart has been captivated by your
‘ charms,

« charms, can it break from them, merely
 « thro' a despair of ever meeting with a re-
 « turn of love? no (sweetest of your sex!)
 « I am hurried along by my passion, spite
 « of my utmost endeavours to secure myself
 « from it, and this passion can end only
 « with my life. My fate is in your hands,
 « and therefore dispose of it as you shall
 « think proper; but then I beseech you not
 « to put it out of my power to obey you,
 « by your commanding me to eradicate the
 « love with which I am fir'd for you.'—
 This we may justly term an imitation of
 what is call'd the lofty style.—The young
 lady, being a perfect mistress of it, was not
 a little delighted, to find herself the object
 of so noble a passion.

Pharsamond was the most dangerous man
 she had hitherto met with. Cedalisa ima-
 gin'd she saw, in this hero, one of those an-
 tient knight-errants, who, captivated by
 her beauties, had found the secret of return-
 ing from the other world, to be again in-
 flam'd by the splendor of her eyes. Her
 looks were no ways inauspicious to Pharsa-
 mond, who still kneeling before her; —

« Rise, rise, (said she) I blush to see you in
 « this posture. I know not yet how far
 « fate may permit me to indulge your flame;
 « but as it would be needless for me to for-

' bid your entertaining a passion for me, I
 ' shall not oppose it. However, I don't
 ' pretend to say, that I have the least incli-
 ' nation to return that love. I indeed ought
 ' (Sir knight) to fly, and yet I listen to you.
 ' Require no more at my hands, and let us
 ' put an end to a conversation which has al-
 ' ready been spun out to too great a length.
 ' Since it must be so, (enchanting fair-
 ' one, replied Pharsamond) I will trouble
 ' you no longer with the particulars of a
 ' passion which is disagreeable to you : but
 ' (loveliest creature) if you condemn me to
 ' a profound silence, end, at the same time,
 ' my dreadful tortures. As you are the
 ' sweetest object in the creation, it will be
 ' impossible, wherever your charms appear,
 ' for me not to meet with rivals ; but, alas !
 ' how do I dread to meet with — ' Stop
 ' (said the lady) and mention not suspicions
 ' which offend me. Believe that, if my
 ' heart were touch'd, 'twas only since —
 ' The nymph interrupted herself (for she
 ' wou'd have added (*yesterday*), and cast her
 ' eyes on the ground. Books of chivalry are
 ' full of such interruptions ; and our fair-one
 ' made a proper use, on this occasion, of her
 ' library.

Pharsamond, as an intelligent, cautious,
 knight, feign'd not to understand what she
 meant.

meant. He pursued his discourse, and related the adventure which had filled him with such horrid anxiety. He gave the most accurate description of the gentleman whom he had followed; and was so exact in his relation, that she confess'd, she not only knew the person who caus'd his suspicions, but that she was beloved by him.—‘ I did not imagine (continued she) it necessary for me to conceal from you, that the only motive of my coming into this garden, was, to avoid seeing him, as I knew that he would come and visit me.’—‘ Gods! (cried Pharsamond) how delicious a calm do you diffuse over my soul, (bright princess) for surely you deserve to be such; and I dare not suppose you of an inferior character, since, among the numberless votaries who croud round you, not a single one has been able to touch your heart. Leave me the sad, the delightful, pleasure of loving you, and of displaying my passion at your feet. Permit me to see you, in order that I may contemplate, in your bright eyes, the compassion which you confess I deserve.’—Pharsamond, as he spoke these words, fell on his knees; but how great was his astonishment, when he saw the very same gentleman, whom he had follow'd to the mansion, coming forward!

Our newly created princess had not power on this occasion, either to make use of her authority; or to preserve that tranquillity of mind which great souls are wont to enjoy, in the most disastrous circumstances.

At this unexpected accident, the lady chang'd colour, and was struck dumb. The gentleman at his coming up to her, discover'd all the symptoms of one in despair. 'What's this, madam? (says he,) do I see a man at your feet? do I find you in a garden with no one but him; at the same time that hapless I am sent away, and told you are not at home. Heavens! is this the grandeur, the chimerical dignity of soul you pretend to pride in? your only aim (ungrateful fair-one) is to impose upon me?'—At these words Pharsamond, whose tongue astonishment had restrained hitherto, could contain himself no longer:—'My lord (said he) or whomsoever you may be, know that your reproaches are injurious. You, indeed, found me at the feet of this miracle in beauty, but then chance only directed me to this place. She never intended to admit me to her presence; and had she condescended to see and discourse with me, you ought to have bemoan'd your sad fate on this account, and not break into such insolent complaints.

' complaints. As to myself, it matters
 ' little whether you suspect my loving the
 ' lady, or otherwise ; and, to keep you
 ' even from needless tortures, I will inform
 ' you that I am captivated by her. Yes
 ' (Sir) you behold in me a rival ; and such
 ' I will be of all those who shall presume
 ' to love her fondly as I do.'—' You see,
 ' bright nymph,' (added the gentleman,
 without making any answer to Pharsamond's
 words) ' you see, the infinite boldness which
 ' a certainty of being beloved by you, in-
 ' spires this man with !'—' Insolent wretch !
 ' (cried Pharsamond, raising his voice) ei-
 ' ther hold thy tongue, or reserve thy pride
 ' and fury for another place. If my arm
 ' has not yet punish'd thee, thank the fair
 ' lady whom thou thus insultest, and whom
 ' I reverence from my soul.'—' Thou pu-
 ' nish me ! (says the gentleman) I'll now
 ' force thee to break the bounds of a respect,
 ' which I am not oblig'd to observe so care-
 ' fully as thou.'—Saying these words, he
 drew his sword, and was pushing forward
 in order to run Pharsamond through, who
 had just before perceiv'd, by the looks of
 his princess, that she was frighted at the
 imminent danger to which he was expos'd ;
 whence Pharsamond, encourag'd by the re-
 gard she discover'd for his welfare, put him-

self in a posture of defence, but with an air of intrepidity proportionable to the greatness of his passion. Our prince, seeing the two heroes engaged, trembling for Pharsamond's life; or, perhaps, seized with the terror so natural to her sex, had only time to seat herself on the grass, where she fainted away. The champions fought with the utmost fury. But, spite of the rage which vengeance inspires, the gentleman found Pharsamond to be his superior, either in strength or activity. Had he but studied, as assiduously as Pharsamond, the histories of the most renowned knight-errants, this combat would have been much more noble, more obstinate, and more worthy the great soul of Pharsamond! By this time both were wounded, but Pharsamond, exasperated that an enemy who had insulted his princess, should make so brave a defence, flew at once at his sword, and seiz'd him by his hand; when presenting the point of his weapon to his opponent's throat, he forced him to give up his arms, with a promise to lay them at the feet of the lady whom he had offended; and to beseech her to implore Pharsamond to spare his life.

The ill-fated combatant promised, and complied with every thing required by Pharsamond, from whom the blood trickled
in

in two or three places, as it did from the body of his antagonist. The latter, aflam'd and confounded, cross'd the whole garden, and mounted again his horse, firmly resolv'd to take a speedy and cruel revenge.

With regard to Pharsamond, he stay'd with his princess; vex'd to the soul, that her feeble condition (she being still in a swoon) prevented his having the satisfaction of appearing bloody and wounded before her. As he was crying, with all the strength left him: — 'You are reveng'd, fair angel; the blood of your enemy is now flowing, to revenge the injurious treatment you met with from him.' The lady, at his pronouncing these words, half open'd her eyes, and vented a deep sigh. Pharsamond, at this very instant, was holding one of her snowy hands, which he kissed with extasy; the princess endeavouring to draw it back, but cou'd not. — 'Do not take advantage (said she) in a feeble tone, of the sad state to which I am reduced.' — Pharsamond was preparing to pour forth a flood of tender sentiments, when he spied several servants, who having observed a gentleman returning back wounded, were come to inquire what was the matter. These servants were followed by Fatima, the princess's woman.

Cedalifa, (for so the lady was named) was just recovering from her swoon, when she perceiv'd her woman, towards whom she stretch'd forth her snowy arm; showing by this sign, that she wanted to be led to her chamber.

During this interval, a great quantity of blood had issued from Pharsamond's wounds, which made him almost faint away. Poor Clito, his trusty squire, had waited for him, till now, at the little door of the garden. At last, the squire grew weary at this long attendance, it being late. The pleasure of setting out early that morning, in quest of adventures, had not given them leisure to fortify themselves against hunger, in case their expedition should prove of any length. The young squire guess'd the hour of the day, by his appetite, much better than by the sun. He then entred the garden, in search of Pharsamond; fancying that weariness and heat, might very possibly, have invited him to indulge in slumbers. He struck down the very alley in which Pharsamond had walk'd at his first going in; when, casting his eyes on every side, he at length, perceiv'd Cedalifa sitting in the posture of one greatly indispos'd. So exquisite was her beauty, that he did not doubt but this must be the charming object of whom Pharsamond

Pharmond was enamour'd. He likewise saw the servants in sad perplexity standing round her; and her woman, taking the swooning fair by the arm, and leading her along. In a word, he perceiv'd Pharmond, all bloody, and holding his drawn sword.

The young squire was an excellent domestick, and bore a true affection to his master. Clito then advanced towards the company, who seemed in so much confusion. Pharmond, at the sight of his faithful Clito, flourish'd his sword with an intrepid air; and felt a secret pleasure in seeing his squire find him in such a situation, as must make him conclude, that his master had been engaged in some very considerable adventure.—“Gods! (said Clito, approaching the knight) what can all this mean? I saw you cover'd with blood, and a lady fainting away: who, my lord, can have done this? What will your good uncle say, to see you return in so miserable a condition? I waited for you to very little purpose, at the garden door, with all the impatience of a man who has not broke his fast this day. You have been engaged in fine work, whilst I was absent from you. Ah! (good Sir) why did not you call to me for help. Curse on the morning in which we set out so very joyfully.”

Hold your peace,' (says Pharsamond) hearing him mention the words *help* and *curfed*; 'I have not wanted the assistance of any man, and thou insultest me.'—'Ho! ho!' (reply'd the squire, seeing his zeal and regard so ill repaid) 'Why don't you run me thro', for exclaiming against the sad accident which has befallen you. Your pride must be greatly swell'd from this expedition of only half a day. Come, come, (my lord) mount your horse this instant; we perhaps shall find some surgeon, in the neighbouring village, who may dress your wounds. Your uncle must needs be very impatient to see you; and the old gentleman will not fail to rattles us off, at our return.'

Whilst the squire was running on in this manner, the princess was carried off. Pharsamond was almost spent. He would gladly have followed Cedalifa, but had lost so much blood, that he fell the first step he took. The princess, at this sight, vented a groan which might be almost term'd a cry; Cedalifa not being yet accustomed to sigh after the heroine fashion. This was the most remarkable particular with regard to Cedalifa; but she over acted a little her part. Clito, seeing his master on the ground, did not show himself an experienc'd squire on that occasion.

occasion. He advanced forward, with dreadful howlings; lamenting the anguish with which the uncle must necessarily be filled, the instant he should hear the sad accident which had befallen Pharsamond. The howlings of the squire, and his master's fall, affected the servants. The princess, with an almost dying voice, bid them assist the courteous knight; put him to bed, and send for surgeons. — 'Heavens! (cried she) 'ill-fated knight! 'tis I shall cause thy 'death.' — The reflection increased her illness, so that she again fainted away in the arms of those who supported her. — How many faintings away! (will some critick object,) one had been sufficient. The first, it must be confess'd was natural; and the second was merely for form sake. 'Twas one of these spontaneous swoonings, which Cedalisia might think necessary, to give her adventure all the requisite formalities; and she chose to over-do her part, rather than fail in the most minute article.

First attempts are seldom successful; and persons often by endeavouring to excel, by that means perform worse. To wave these reflections, some of the servants carried off Pharsamond; one holding him by the leg; another supporting his arm, and a third his head. The squire, weeping like a calf, follow'd

low'd this mournful train, which was headed by the people going off with Cedalisa. Words cou'd never describe the sad solemnity of this march. 'Twas with difficulty they got to the top of the great stair-case of the mansion. Pharsamond was not a little jumbled; however he arrived safe in a very handsome bed-chamber. Our hero did not once move all the time he was undressing, he seeming as dead; but was at last put to bed. Before this, one of the servants had run in order to fetch a surgeon.

In the mean time the squire, who was expos'd the whole morning to the burning rays of the sun, and fasted so long, had thrown himself into an easy chair; where either through grief at his master's sad fall, or from emptiness, he found himself sick, and begg'd for a glass of wine. But the confusion they all were in, prevented any one's taking the least notice of his wants; so that now poor Clito began to grow pale and faint away. Things were in so lamentable a state, that it seemed as if a spell had been set this luckless day, on our two ill-fated adventurers. Those in the bed-chamber, not knowing how empty the squire's belly was, were at a loss to guess whence such a train of unhappy accidents shou'd arise; and so universal was the surprise,

prize, that every individual was afraid of being taken ill. Heavens! (says one) where will this end? We shall all swoon away one after another. The fear of this, made a boye half of those present sink off, for fear of the infection. Cedalifa had now been some time in bed, when she sent, every moment, to enquire after Pharsamond. During that interval, the surgeon came. He was a good sort of a man enough, between the tradesman and the clown; and pretty well skill'd in his natural trade, (that of a Barber) but then he had a heavy hand, and us'd his instruments clumsily. He now went up to the patient, whose wounds he survey'd with such an air, and so deep a silence, as seem'd to prognosticate death. At last, opening his lips, he spoke as follows.—‘ This unhappy gentleman is really extremely ill; however, I shall be able to recover him. Though I live in the country, I yet wou'd have the world know, that I am as dextrous as a town surgeon. Be therefore easy (good Sir) in six weeks, at farthest, you'll be as well as you cou'd wish.’—‘ In six weeks! (cried the servants) we shall be finely off indeed; what a blessed time must we have of it!—Will it not be possible for you,’ replied the luckless knight, who by this time, had recovered his spirits, ‘ to
set

'set me to rights sooner!' — 'Bodlikins!'
 (replied the Barber) cures don't go on as
 quick as the post-boy; and wounds like
 these, are much sooner made than they are
 heal'd. Repose yourself, and have pa-
 tience. Much time will be requir'd; and
 I know it's measure, as well as I do that
 of my porringers.' Saying these words,
 he wip'd the patient's wounds, prob'd
 them; and all this in so rough and auk-
 ward a manner, as forc'd poor Pharsamond
 to roar out every moment. The squire,
 had he been able, would have squal'd as
 lustily; whilst the rest lifted up from time
 to time their shoulders, in token of
 compassion. At last, the surgeon having
 done his work, the knight was put to bed
 again. And now the company turn'd about
 to Clito, who was still in a swoon, and had
 had almost a pail of cold water thrown over
 his face. Though his clothes were quite
 dripping, yet could not this inundation re-
 call his fleeting senses. The surgeon laid
 his hand on his forehead, and felt his pulse;
 when finding him almost motionless, he
 shook his head, and cried, 'The poor fel-
 low's vastly ill.' — We have said so this
 quarter of an hour, replied the servants. —
 Bring a little wine (added the Barber) 'tis
 of all liquors the most sovereign, for re-
 storing

PHARSA MOND.

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‘ storing the tongue to it’s wonted play. — Immediately a servant drawing a huge bottle of wine, they forc’d open the sick squire’s mouth, and pour’d a flood down his throat. The generous liquor took effect immediately, the hapless Clito beginning now to move and cough. ‘ Pour on, my lads,’ (said the Barber) at which words they forc’d down another pint; and, at last, so great a quantity, that the squire open’d his eyes; when spying the vessel of nectar, and snatching it out of the hands of him who held it, he put the neck into his mouth; and without the least help, lifted up his arm so high, and so long, that he quite emptied the bottle. — ‘ By my troth (says Clito) I’m now a thousand times better. I stood in great need of this cordial; and should I be ill after this, ’twill not be owing to weakness.’ — The Barber and the servants were all amaz’d, to see him recover his spirits so suddenly. — Faith and troth (said one of them) if all who were to swoon away, shou’d require as much wine as this fellow, to recover them; there wou’d not be half enough to serve the rest of the world till the next vintage. — My good friend, this belly of your’s must be a tun. — ‘ Pugh (says the squire) instead of this harangue on my quaffing, run and fetch me some victuals. ‘ Did

‘ Did your stomachs gnaw like mine, you wou’d not be so fond of prating.’ — ‘ On my soul !’ (said one of the domesticks) ‘ you have guzzled so heartily, that you may well want something to eat ; but if your hunger is as violent as your thirst, we’ll e’en lay all the turkies in the yard to the fire.’ — But now a maid-servant went into the kitchen, saying to Clito, ‘ follow me ; you must have recover’d your legs by this time.’ — ‘ I’ll attend you with all my heart,’ (replied the squire) saying which he rose, and went after the girl. — The reader will take it for granted, that Clito play’d his part in the pantry ; and eat, with as noble a vigour as he had before tippled.

And now every one was retir’d from Pharsamond’s chamber, when his wounds, and his great effusion of blood, very much weaken’d his romantic ideas. Speculative knowledge is of little use, except it be join’d with long practice.

He mus’d, for some time, upon himself, on his uncle, and on his princess ; but all this in a very different manner from what he had done the former part of the day. Things began now to appear to him in their genuine colours ; on which occasion, either vexed to find himself in some measure undeceiv’d ;

deceiv'd; or, being quite spent, he fell asleep.

The princess was also ruminating, as she lay in her bed, on all that had passed; and fondly flatter'd herself, from the very opening of this adventure, with so noble a continuation, as would surpass, in beauty and in incidents, all those with which her imagination was fill'd. Her first reflection was, to admire at the manner in which she became acquainted with Pharsamond; after which she proceeded to their second interview. The combat between the knight, with the gentleman who came and disturb'd them, at the very nick of time when she (perhaps) was going to whisper thus, — 'That he need not despair,' — increas'd her admiration also; and gave rise to a numberless multitude of thoughts. At last, the result of them, was, that this knight must doubtless be the man, whom heaven had ordain'd to be her husband; and consequently that he alone wou'd be worthy of touching her heart.

The reader may conclude, from this specimen, that our young lady's brain was still more disorder'd than that of Pharsamond. Though it must be own'd, that his was bewilder'd enough. Both were very deep readers in romance; but then a woman's imagination,

tion, in studies of this kind (be this said without offending the fair sex) makes a much swifter progress than that of the men, and is infinitely sooner engross'd by them; so that our young lady had very near attain'd all the qualifications which speak the romantic heroine. I shall omit the various things that passed in this house during several days. The Barber came very diligently, night and morning, to dress Pharsamond's wounds; and the princess sent regularly ever hour, to enquire after the knight's health, by a waiting-woman, the worthy companion of her illustrious lady. This mistress Abigail flatter'd herself, that when her lady should have fix'd upon her paramour, the squire of this fortunate lover, wou'd necessarily merit her whole attention. And, though the flame which they should feel one for the other, might be of a subaltern kind; she yet hop'd to love, and be beloved, in such a manner, as wou'd be altogether different from a vulgar passion. Add to this, that she would share in all her mistress's adventures; shou'd be her confidant, and sometimes the happy reconciler of such differences as might arise between them, either from the too great warmth of the knight, the pride of her lady, or some other motive, the cause of which must be a refin'd jealousy. Such were the

such were the hopes

hopes with which this woman fed herself ; a proof that her mind was of a turn not very different from that of the heroine whom she served.

With regard to Pharsamond's squire, he was afraid of going back to the uncle, for fear of a beating. That old gentleman was pretty hasty in his temper ; fond of regularity ; and our young rambles had acted very wrong, in setting out merely on a whim, and without once hinting their design to him ; for all which reasons Clito had resolv'd within himself to stay at Cedalifa's, till such time as his master should be perfectly recover'd. Pharsamond, who had not yet been visited by Cedalifa, did not know to what to ascribe this reserve ; but the reflections he made, on that occasion, were succeeded by others far more grievous.

The uneasiness which Pharsamond's absence must necessarily give his uncle, tormented him excessively. He therefore intreated Clito to go and inform the old gentleman, that he was well ; but the squire did not scruple to declare, that 'twould be with infinite reluctance he should set out on such an errand ; and this reluctance arose from the dread he was under, of being cudgell'd almost to death, should it be known

known that his master had fought, and was wounded. Pharsamond, being of opinion that Clito's arguments were solid, did not care to urge him farther. It has been already observ'd, that this adventure had greatly diminished the strength of his romantic ideas. Hence our knight would gladly have got well, in order to be able to return home; but he was fallen into too kind hands, for him to have opportunity, or leisure sufficient to advance in his conversion.

In the mean time, the frequent messages carried by Fatima, Cedalifa's waiting-woman, had already form'd an acquaintance between her and Clito. They us'd to chat together pretty often, and Fatima was a good agreeable girl. Clito, though not handsome, was a stout inviting fellow. He us'd frequently to dart amorous glances at her, which often give rise to a reciprocal flame. Nevertheless, the girl, for the first six or seven days, pretended not to take any notice of them. Fatima made no other reply to these amorous oglings, than by assuming a modest air, compos'd of pride and seriousness; she being resolv'd to shape her behaviour towards Clito, exactly on the model of that of her mistress with regard to Pharsamond.

But

But now Clito, the remembrance of whose ill-fated late adventure, good cheer, and the sight of Fatima's charms had banish'd, gave himself up entirely to his passion. He attempted one day, as he was rising from table, and when his copious draughts had made him break those bounds he before promis'd not to pass; he attempted (I say) as he sat near Fatima, to thrust his hand carelessly down her bosom, the delicious aspect of which, prompted him to transgress a little the bounds of decency. Fatima, offended at his boldness, hurried away; giving him to understand, that this kind of love did no ways suit her. The severity of the glance she darted at Clito, wak'd him from his amorous transport; made him call to mind what he himself was, as well as the person with whom he took such liberties.

A day or two after the abovemention'd incident, Cedalisa hearing that Pharsamond was on the mending hand, sent a message by Fatima, declaring that she would pay him a visit; she being of opinion, that, between lovers of their rank, the laws of decorum requir'd this. Pharsamond, the moment the message was deliver'd, found all those wild notions, which before were taking their flight, revive again. He was going to receive a visit, from his mistress, at his bedside;

side; he had been wounded, and for her sake. This situation seem'd to him complete in all it's circumstances; and perfectly resembling those of a thousand other heroic lovers.

Cedalisa came in the afternoon, agreeably to her promise, attended by Fatima. She was in the engaging dishabille that adds so many graces to a lovely woman; and which, so far from calling off the eyes, by superfluous ornaments, leaves them at full liberty to contemplate on nothing but the fair-one's person, to admire such of her charms as dress has left uncover'd; whilst that the imagination figures to itself those conceal'd, as inexpressibly beautiful; and that the heart, now became sensible to the impression, melts, fires, and is insatiable in it's wishes.

The instant Cedalisa entred, she cast such a look on our knight, as show'd that the sight of him pleas'd her. Pharsamond, on the other hand, thought it incumbent on him to repay so auspicious a glance, by gazing at her with an air of tenderness, which plainly show'd that he was enchanted with her presence. Cedalisa seated herself in an easy chair, standing at the bed's head; when Fatima and Clito retired out of respect.

‘ I am exceedingly sorry,’ (said Cedalisa, who began the conversation) ‘ for the accident

‘dent which has reduced you to so de-
 ‘plorable a state. ’Tis not but I know
 ‘that ’tis customary for heroes, form’d
 ‘with souls great as your’s, to revenge la-
 ‘dies, and combat for their sakes; but
 ‘then I cou’d have wish’d, during the
 ‘terror with which I was seiz’d, to see
 ‘you in such imminent danger, that your
 ‘victory had been easier; and that your
 ‘opponent had been less formidable, and
 ‘thereby less worthy of your noble rage,
 ‘and the mighty blows you dealt him.’

Pharsamond, in spite of his extravagance,
 was surpriz’d to hear a compliment so hap-
 pily copied from romances; but his sur-
 prize only heightned his esteem for the in-
 chanting Cedalifa.

‘The danger (said our knight) I was in,
 ‘for your sake, does no way merit the no-
 ‘tice you are pleased to take of it. Such
 ‘was the justice of my cause, that your ene-
 ‘my could not possibly escape the punish-
 ‘ment due to him; and the most formi-
 ‘dable rivals could never have withstood a
 ‘man who had the noble confidence to love
 ‘you; to make a declaration of his pas-
 ‘sion; and to revenge a mighty insult put
 ‘upon you. But may I (enchanted crea-
 ‘ture!) presume, not by way of reward for
 ‘the action atchiev’d by me, but merely

‘ as a recompence for my zeal, to enquire
 ‘ who is the peerless lady for whose sake I
 ‘ engag’d in this combat.’

‘ The service you have done me, replied
 ‘ Cedalifa, and the generous contempt you
 ‘ show for life, to revenge my honour, will
 ‘ not permit me to refuse complying with
 ‘ your request. But then I am equally impa-
 ‘ tient, to be inform’d who it is I am oblig’d
 ‘ to for so many marks of his zeal, as you
 ‘ are to know who I am.’ — ‘ I have been
 ‘ already too much honour’d, replied Phar-
 ‘ samond, by your curiosity; and would
 ‘ have gratified it sooner, had I imagin’d
 ‘ that any could have been excited in you
 ‘ on my account.’

Pharsamond, after this modest introduc-
 tion, gave her an ample detail of his whole
 life, in such expressions as set it in the most
 august light, and very happily supplied the
 place of deeds. He told her the several
 books he had read, and the mighty impres-
 sions they had made on him; the strong
 aversion he bore to all such young ladies as
 had been propos’d to him in marriage; and
 his custom of retiring to woods and lonely
 forests, there to meditate. Pharsamond
 even rais’d two or three insignificant inci-
 dents he had met with, to the dignity of
 heroic adventures: he mention’d his uncle,
 but

but conceal'd his uneasiness, for his not having sent word of what was become of poor Pharsamond. He acquainted Cedalifa with the manner of his sallying forth; and was particularly careful not to omit the whimsical or amorous respect he still retain'd, for the places in which he had met with her. He related, at full length, the discourse made by him to his dear princess, (for such he stiled her during his whole harangue;) and the gentleman whom he follow'd, was not forgot. In a word, he gave a most distinct account of the manner in which he had past his time, till the auspicious moment when he perceiv'd her at a distance, with a book in her hand.

Cedalifa was enchanted with this relation, so that she consider'd her meeting with our hero, as a treasure which fortune had thrown in her way. She assur'd him, that she could not but admire in the highest degree, these noble beginnings of his life; adding a thousand more noble particulars, all which I omit, for the sake of digressing to a couple of lower lovers, who, during the conversation of their superiors, made the best use possible of their time.

Fatima did not look at our squire at first, she still remembering how grossly he had affronted her. Clito, who had read a thou-

sand reconciliations, and those of the most
 tender kind, reflected, for some time, in what
 manner he should bring about his own. At
 last, breaking suddenly from his silence, he
 spoke thus; — ‘ May not I (lovely Fatima)
 ‘ hope to be pardon’d for the offence I so
 ‘ rashly committed ; and will you not soften
 ‘ your severity with regard to poor Clito ?’
 — saying these words, he seiz’d one of Fa-
 tima’s hands. As the vehemence with which
 he spake, bereav’d him of his presence of
 mind, he squeez’d her hand so hard, that
 Fatima, finding her fingers hurt, was forc’d
 to be serious, and to squawl out. — The
 squire blush’d at this second blunder, and
 would gladly, by dint of kisses, have made
 Fatima forget her pain ; but she, fearing,
 perhaps he would bite her, extricated herself
 as speedily as possible from that danger, say-
 ing ; — ‘ I thought you had more sense ;
 ‘ and imagin’d, that as your master was so
 ‘ finish’d a gentleman, you could not be a
 ‘ clown ; but I was mistaken, and am sorry
 ‘ for it.’ — ‘ I have very little to boast of,
 ‘ replied Clito ; but, lovely Fatima, no man
 ‘ living ever strove more ardently than I
 ‘ have done, to acquire some little merit ;
 ‘ and I will take upon me to declare, that if
 ‘ you would but condescend to love me,
 ‘ you perhaps may not find me unworthy
 ‘ of

‘ of your regard.’ — ‘ Are you acquainted
 ‘ (said Fatima) with the nature of a gene-
 ‘ rous passion? you doubtless fancy, that
 ‘ the love you may have entertain’d for one
 ‘ of our country lasses, is able to satisfy a
 ‘ heart which is no ways of the vulgar cast;
 ‘ but I beseech you not to harbour any such
 ‘ notion; the confidant of a lady, like to
 ‘ her whom I have the honour of serving,
 ‘ contemns such trivial passions, and thinks
 ‘ ’em infinitely beneath her.’ — ‘ How
 ‘ greatly do you charm me, (replied Clito)
 ‘ with these words! you are a living book,
 ‘ and the very thing I wanted. Our tem-
 ‘ pers are alike; and would you but give
 ‘ me your heart, I shou’d slight a crown in
 ‘ comparison of it. I have read the several
 ‘ instructions necessary. I am perfectly well
 ‘ acquainted with all the impulses which
 ‘ two hearts, such as ours, ought to feel.
 ‘ You may see (lovely Fatima) in my bed-
 ‘ chamber, a great pile of books, to prove
 ‘ the truth of what I now say. My master
 ‘ and I were brought up in the same school;
 ‘ and had providence sent me into the world
 ‘ a gentleman’s son, I perhaps might have
 ‘ been a better man than he.’
 ‘ Clito now exalted his voice to so high a
 ‘ pitch, that Pharsamond and Cedalisia could
 ‘ scarce hear one another; and they were forc’d

to bawl very loud, in order to be understood. The knight vented a deep sigh, to which the squire eccho'd: the lady and her maid squawl'd, whereby such a din arose, as rous'd an old maid-servant of the house; and who, with her spectacles on her nose, was conning over her prayer-book on the stair-case. This old crone came and open'd the chamber-door. The sight of her instantly check'd the impetuosity of our four lovers. Cedalifa was vex'd to the soul at this unexpected intrusion. In a well-regulated mansion, like to those read of in romances, 'tis not usual for an indiscreet old woman, with her spectacles on, to burst so rudely into a chamber where a wounded knight is lying in bed.

'Why all this uproar?' (bawl'd the old woman, taking off her spectacles) 'I imagin'd, young mistress, that you was dancing in this room; you'll split the head of this poor sick gentleman, who must be in great want of rest.'—The uncommon familiarity of these words, would have rous'd Pharsamond a second time, had the enemy been worthy of his notice. He now darted such a look at Cedalifa, as denoted his surprise, to see so low a creature, force in so audaciously; a creature, who should not only be forbid the bed-chamber, but every
part

part of the mansion. But his surprize was greatly increased, when Fatima, raising her voice, said to the old woman; — ‘Go back to your kitchen Dame Margaret, and mind your own business.’ — ‘Ho! ho!’ (said the old woman, in a passion, to Fatima) ‘you are grown not a little proud! but this is not the first time you have given yourself airs as though you were my mistress! but I’ll have you to know, (Mrs Minx) that I came to this house long before you; that you are a saucy little baggage; and that my lady will make you change your note, the moment she returns home.’

At these words, which seem’d the prelude to a mighty quarrel, Cedalisia turned towards Pharsamond, and spoke thus. — ‘Courteous knight, I am quite griev’d that the impertinence of this old creature should interrupt our delightful conversation, but I intreat you not to mind it.’ — Pharsamond could not forbear smiling, but made no reply. Cedalisia went forward, in order to turn out the old woman, against whom Fatima was inveighing, exasperated at the words *saucy baggage*. The old woman, with her fists clench’d, and holding her sides, made the best defence she could with her hoarse pipe; and roll’d her red saucer eyes, strongly expressive of her rage. — ‘You in-

‘solent, old hag!’ (says Fatima, joyning in the quarrel) ‘was it not out of respect to my good young lady, I would teach you better manners.’—‘How!’ (Judith) replied the old woman, ‘I have trod the ground these threescore years, eighteen of which I know you to be a little fool.’—But now Clito, fir’d with a noble resentment, wou’d take Fatima’s part; and told Dame Margaret, that if she did not march off that moment, he would turn her out head and shoulders.—‘Marry come up! say she; it indeed becomes you (Mr Skip) to talk thus to me. ’Tis you ought to go out; and, should I call up old John, he’ll send you down the stairs on all fours.’—Clito was fir’d at the word *Skip*; when, forgetting that he was not at home, as well as what he had read in books, viz. that a man should despise a woman’s anger, he seiz’d the old hag by the arm, with an intention to force her out of the room. But now Dame Margaret flew at his neckcloth, and holding him by it, gave him many cuffs on the face with her fist clench’d.—Persons are indued with uncommon strength when in their own houses. In the mean time Clito was dragging along the old woman, who vented ten thousand imprecations against both the waiting-maid and the young lady. Cedalisa
also

also play'd her part, so that there was a most horrid din. Pharsamond would gladly have got up, in order to put an end to the fray; but all he could do, was to bawl as loud as possible.—During this interval, in came John, Dame Margaret's husband, when, seeing his wife abus'd in this manner, he rush'd among the combatants; and flew to Clito, whom he kick'd backwards, with the utmost fury. Nothing was now heard but cries and oaths. The battle growing still warmer, cravats, and womens caps flew about, and nothing was seen but scratching and clawing. The storm grew so violent, that some sad accident would, in all probability, have happen'd; had not seven or eight Peasants, of both sexes, run in at hearing the noise. Each of these was inclin'd to side with one or other of the parties; but the wisest amongst them pacified matters, and separated the combatants. Old John, Dame Margaret, and the rest withdrew. Cedalifa, Fatima, and Clito went to their respective seats; but first shut the chamber-door, with a firm resolution not to open it to any one.

And now the conversation was renewed between Pharsamond and Cedalifa. Clito went on chatting with Fatima; and hinted slyly at the great warmth with which he had

espous'd her quarrel. Fatima no longer call'd to mind the insults she had met with from the old crone, she only blaming herself for her ill-tim'd resentment. Clito did all he could to comfort her; and this with so much success, that he at last prevail'd upon her to permit his address.

During this interval, Pharsamond, who who had given Cedalifa a full account of his whole life, intreated her to favour him with her story. The lady answer'd, 'That it was time for her to go, she having made him a long visit; and that the accident which had happen'd just before, ruffled her so much, that she was not able to inform him of a single particular; that there were a great number of important circumstances in her history, and that he should be made acquainted with every thing on the morrow.'

Pharsamond pressed her no farther, imagining that good manners requir'd this. However, he lifted, as she was rising, one of his hands out of bed, when snatching her arm, and kissing it — 'Forget not, dear lady, (says he) the promise you have been so gracious as to make me. Deign not to forbid my cherishing sentiments, which I must treasure up, eternally, in my heart.' — Adieu, courteous knight,'
(replied

(replied Cedalifa as she withdrew) ' I will
' no longer oppose those sentiments, since
' it is not in your power to banish them;
' however make not a bad use of an indul-
' gence which I, possibly, may have been
' imprudent in granting.' — Saying these
words, she went away. Fatima, who be-
gan insensibly to take a liking to Clito, fol-
low'd her mistress; leaving the squire with
such an air, as shew'd that she would not
be displeased at seeing him again.

Cedalifa was scarce come out of Pharsa-
mond's apartment, when her mother re-
turn'd home; she having been to a famous
city, there to carry on a law-suit of conse-
quence. She was not expected till six weeks
after, but the suit had come on sooner than
had been imagin'd. Her sudden arrival,
greatly vex'd and surpriz'd Cedalifa, who,
during the old lady's absence, had been
blest with a liberty she would gladly have
enjoy'd longer.

The mother was return'd a moment after
the combats between Dame Margaret and
Fatima, Clito and John. The instant the
old hag saw her mistress: — ' Welcome!
' welcome!' says she, madam, (anger spark-
ling in her eyes) ' Here are most abomin-
' able doings! our house is turn'd quite
' topsy turvy!'

The lady of the house, who was not a little cholerick in her temper, enquir'd into all that had pass'd; was told the whole quarrel; the adventure of the garden; Pharsamond's combat; his being wounded, and carried into the house, where he then lay. In a word, she was inform'd of every particular, not excepting Cedalifa's fainting.

She knew but too well her daughter's frenzy; and for that reason, had exerted her utmost endeavours in order to destroy the whimsies with which her head was filled. She had thrown a thousand romances out of the window; but Cedalifa had always found the secret to supply their places with others. The mother now ran up stairs in a violent passion, in order to be an eye-witness to what was passing; and appear'd just as Cedalifa was leaving Pharsamond's room. The door was not yet shut, when she perceiv'd the knight lying along, with the squire at his bed's head. She enter'd without speaking a word to her daughter, but darted an angry glance at her. Cedalifa, who stood in great awe of her mother, was quite disconcerted; so that she ran swift as a greyhound, and shut herself up in her apartment.

Clito

Clito, seeing the old lady come into the room with so resolute an air, not knowing who she was, cried: — ‘have we got another Dame Margaret here? who is it you want, old lady?’ (continued he.) — The lady answer’d this question but too forcibly; she advancing forwards, and giving him a stout box on the ear. — ‘Insolent fellow! (added she) what right has your vagrant master and you to come and lodge in my house? to visit my daughter with whom you have no manner of acquaintance? and to beat my servants? get out (both of you) and exasperate me no farther.’ — ‘Tis a shame (cried Pharsamond, raising himself in the bed) that a gentleman, and a stranger, should be expos’d to the brutality of a rude woman. But whomsoever you may be, who call us insolent fellows (for I have too much reverence for Cedalisa, to imagine you can possibly be her mother) I despise you so heartily, that I will not condescend to inform you of the adventure which brought me to this place; and if I leave the house this instant, ’tis not from any apprehensions I am under, of being farther insulted by you, but to
‘ preserve

‘ preserve my eyes from the sight of so
 ‘ shocking an object.’ — Saying these
 words, he caus’d Clito to dress him ;
 the squire whispering thus in his ear :
 — ‘ This lady must certainly be Ce-
 ‘ dalisa’s mother, her aunt, or such like ;
 ‘ for your princess fled away with all
 ‘ imaginable speed, the instant she saw
 ‘ her. Let us, dear Sir, get out as fast
 ‘ as possible. There will be no holding
 ‘ out the fortress any longer. Indeed,
 ‘ my good lord, I don’t like this old
 ‘ woman’s face.’

As Pharsamond was putting on his
 cloaths, the mother called the servants ;
 and spoke with so much authority, as
 seem’d to prove her the mistress of the
 house. She then order’d two or three
 of them to stay in the bed-chamber ; and
 to force Pharsamond thence, in case he
 should take it into his head to continue
 any longer.

Pharsamond, who was now girding on
 his sword, drew it from the scabbard,
 flopping his hat at the same time. —
 ‘ Weak as I am, (said he) this blade of
 ‘ mine shall hew down any one, who
 ‘ might have the insolence to approach
 ‘ me.’ — Clito then unsheathing his old
 rusty

‘rusty sabre; — ‘With this, (says he)
‘I’ll cut off the ears of that hideous
‘beldam, Margaret, should the old devil
‘come in my way.’

Pharsamond was now quite dress’d, when leaning on Clito’s shoulder, and flourishing his drawn sword, he passed by the old lady, and the servants, who were drawn up in two lines.

No people ever left a house with less noise or confusion. Clito saddled their horses, when, mounting the knight on the one, and himself leaping on the other, they both set out slowly, with the deepest silence. ’Twas not interrupted by any person, and the doors were immediately shut upon them. Thus did these glimmerings of felicity, which had flatter’d so deliciously Pharsamond, instantly take their flight. Such was the success of his first adventure. He might justly boast, that no hero had ever met with the like. Our rambles rode towards their village, without uttering a single word all the way, and got home at the close of evening.

We will now leave Cedalisa, expos’d to her mother’s wrath, and relate what befel Pharsamond, when he returned to his uncle. The old gentleman had sent

sent every where to enquire after him, but without success; so that though the young man had been absent only a few days, he yet thought him as completely lost, as if he had been many years from home.

The end of the first P A R T.



P H A R



PHARSAMOND.

PART II.

SOME neighbouring gentlemen, to whose houses the afflicted old man had sent, in order to enquire about his nephew, were come to the uncle's upon their hearing of Pharsamond's flight. The description given them of it, was accompanied with so many inauspicious circumstances, that the compassionate neighbours, all with tears in their eyes, shrugg'd up their shoulders, as fearing that some lamentable

mentable accident must certainly have befallen the young man : and though they sat round a well furnish'd table, yet so violent was their affliction, not one of them could eat a morsel.

Such was the situation of the uncle, and his whole company, when Pharsamond and Clito arriv'd at the gate. Pharsamond, who, as was observ'd before, had not uttered a word all the way, did not break his silence till he got into the court-yard. The conversation he had enjoy'd with the idol of his soul, before he set out ; the coming in of her mother, whom he took for a woman appointed to guard princess Cedalifa ; and whom he imagin'd must have been exposed, by this time, to the insolent love of some bold prince ; these several particulars had so greatly disturb'd his mind, that he did not so much as remember his having an uncle. He even was passing by the House ; but Clito, who had been restored to his senses by the box o'the ear, which Cedalifa's mother had bestow'd upon him ; and the infamous manner in which they had been driven away, stopt him. — ' Speak, speak, ' (says he) my good lord Pharsamond ; whether are you rambling ? do you fancy that ' this house belongs to the old woman from ' whom we parted in so very honourable a ' manner ?

‘ manner ? Go in : We are not threaten’d
 ‘ with being turn’d out of doors here ; tho’
 ‘ I am afraid we shan’t be very well re-
 ‘ ceiv’d.’

‘ Leave me, and go thou in,’ (replied
 Pharsamond, with the tone of a pensive
 knight, whose soul is become a prey to the
 most gloomy thoughts) ‘ thou wilt find me
 ‘ to-morrow, by day break, in this forest,’
 (for there was one near the house).——

‘ What, in God’s name,’ (says the squire,
 in the utmost surprize) ‘ can all this mean ?

‘ Are you (my dear master) bewitch’d ?

‘ how ! spend the live long night in a lonely

‘ forest, to be there devour’d by wolves,

‘ even to your very bones ! Go in for God’s

‘ sake (good my lord) to your dear uncle’s.

‘ Hark ! the jack is turning round : remem-

‘ ber that, should you proceed to the wood,

‘ you would not get a bit of supper.’ ——

‘ Heavens ! (cried the knight) what’s all

‘ this thou art talking about ? my princess

‘ stands in need of my aid. I myself was

‘ insolently treated by the old woman whose

‘ prisoner she is. I must be a wretch in-

‘ deed, and the most insensible of mortals,

‘ should I, as matters stand, suffer any other

‘ care to ingross me, than that of rescuing

‘ my charmer out of the hands of her ene-

‘ mies. Go thy ways, Clito, thou hast

‘ my

‘ my permission for this; and leave me alone.’
— ‘ Do you know, Sir,’ (reply’d Clito, holding Pharfamond’s horse by the bridle;)
‘ do you know that I take you to be very
‘ sick? One would swear that your brain
‘ was turn’d: should you go forward, an
‘ hundred to one but you may die on horse-
‘ back, in the the midst of frightful soli-
‘ tudes. Let’s enter in here, (Sir,) our bel-
‘ lies are quite empty, and we shall find
‘ ourselves infinitely better after eating a
‘ good meal.’ — ‘ Once again (replied
‘ Pharfamond) leave me: wretches, such
‘ as I, have too little relish for life, to wish
‘ to prolong it. My soul is wholly engross’d
‘ by my passion, and I am far remov’d
‘ from my princess. Ah! my good Clito;
‘ after the indulgence she has shown me,
‘ after the dangers to which that very indul-
‘ gence must certainly have expos’d her, (and
‘ all this for my sake,) would’st thou advise
‘ me to think of repose? Is it not my duty
‘ to be all languishment and despair?’ —
‘ Good my lord, (replied Clito) you’ll lan-
‘ guish much more safely in a bed-chamber;
‘ than in a forest, where there will not be one
‘ soul to pity you.’ — ‘ Once again, Clito,
‘ (replied our knight) leave me. — Be resolv’d,
‘ and either go or stay.’ — ‘ But good Sir;
‘ continued Clito, in a doleful tone) be so
‘ gracious

' gracious as to deprive yourself of the rap-
 ' turous pleasure of lying at the foot of a
 ' tree, with no other canopy than the sky,
 ' in compassion to the hapless Clito, who,
 ' spite of the honour he has to be your
 ' squire, may yet, very probably, be soon
 ' soundly cudgell'd by your uncle. Were I
 ' to go home without you, what answer
 ' could I make him, when he should ask
 ' what is become of you? how will he
 ' chafe, when I talk to him of your princess
 ' and mine? and, to say the truth, he'll
 ' have just reason to be angry with you;
 ' for your princess (I must out with it) is a
 ' little coquet, who does not deserve that so
 ' much blood, as would fill a nut-shell,
 ' should be spilt for her sake. Pox take her
 ' (say I) and her waiting-maid also: We
 ' were both as blind as beetles, to fancy
 ' either of them handsome. Believe me,
 ' Sir, there are much fewer princesses, in
 ' this age, than formerly; they are rarely
 ' met with at this time, and the world is
 ' quite chang'd. We now have only dut-
 ' chesses, countesses, and gentlemen; and
 ' though you should swear, till you are
 ' black in the face, that you are a knight,
 ' and I your squire; you yourself would
 ' be no more than plain Peter Trumping-
 ' ton, nephew to John Trumpington, lord
 ' of

‘ of Pimlico ; and I only Colin Hobby, son
‘ to Andrew Hobby, your most submissive
‘ valet de chambre, and somewhat related
‘ to you (if fame says true) by your father.
‘ Let us therefore (dear Sir) enter our house
‘ at once, and think no more of our late
‘ shocking adventure. Had the heroes of
‘ our romances met with the like, ’tis my
‘ opinion that they would not have been
‘ very fond of knight-errantry.’

Pharsamond, now wrapt in deep contemplation, did not make the least reply to all these fine words. — ‘ How ! (says Clito) won’t you stir ? Won’t you give the least attention to the many excellent things I have said to you ? and yet, I will be so bold as to say, that our parson could not have preach’d a better sermon.’ — ’Twas to no purpose that Clito exerted all the power of his eloquence, to force Pharsamond to speak ; for not a syllable would the latter utter. He was no longer his own master ; the pleasure of passing the night in a solitary forest ; the title of knight to which he fancied he had an undoubted claim ; the adventure that had befallen his princess ; his combat ; the fatal manner in which her mother had turn’d him out of the house : all those particulars presented themselves at once to his heated imagination ; and ap-
peared

peared to him as so many important adventures, exactly suited to the profession of a knight-errant. On such an occasion, those whom he consider'd as his models would have been pensive and lost in thought; and Pharsamond became so absent in this respect, that he both forgot poor Clito and his uncle, and the mansion vanish'd from his eyes. At last Clito, tir'd with the knight's obstinate silence, pull'd him by the sleeve; but Pharsamond, the happy imitator of his illustrious *Originals*, could not admit such an ill-plac'd sensibility, as would violate the laws of a contemplation, deep as that was, in which he was then involv'd. Clito pull'd him a second time, still more forcibly, by the sleeve, but to no purpose. And now our hapless squire, (on whom the terror of the expected drubbing, in case he should go in without his master, acted perhaps as strongly as the love he bore him) began to be quite outrageous. He bestow'd a thousand imprecations on all romances; declared that the heroes of them deserved the gallows; and, losing all reverence for princesses and their confidants, he called them, in his rage, a parcel of impertinent vagrants, whose necks deserv'd to be twisted off. With regard to romance-writers, he besought heaven to extirpate their whole race. With
what

what pleasure (added he) could I put them to press, and squeeze them as hard as ever their books have been ! ' My dear master,' (cried he, after excommunicating even to the very ink) ' for heaven sake return to your senses ! you have bestow'd on me many marks of your friendship ; be not therefore so hard-hearted, as to abandon me at this melancholy juncture.'

In this manner Clito conjur'd his frantic master to go into the house, yet his plaintive voice could not once pierce his ears. Pharsamond, deaf to his cries, calmly enjoy'd the luxury of contemplation ; not knowing that his luckless squire, must answer, at the expence of his shoulders, for a conduct, which neither all the princesses in the world, nor the profession of knighthood, could save from the reproach of a whimsical uncle, who had lost all manner of regard both to love and valour. Clito would perhaps have died away with grief and fear, had not Pharsamond's deep silence, and his fix'd countenance, suggested a most happy expedient. The squire now resolv'd to take the pensive knight's horse by the bridle, and drag him insensibly into the court-yard. Pharsamond, spite of the horse's motion, continued as much wrapt in thought as ever ; but scarce were the
hero

heroes and his steed got into the yard, but the hurry and tumult of Pharsamond's disturb'd imagination, forc'd him to exhale, aloud, part of his thoughts in manner following: — ' Lovely princess! alas! to
' what dangers did I leave you expos'd!
' you perhaps may now be tyranniz'd over
' by the odious and barbarous prince, whose
' captive you are! you possibly may be
' obnoxious to insults, from which you have
' every thing to dread! I hear your plaintive voice, fondly imploring my aid.
' Alas! the number of my enemies has
' forc'd my courage, to submit; the gods
' themselves, the gods, the never-failing
' protectors of injur'd innocence, seem to
' have forsaken us. I fought; my arm
' hurl'd instant death, but this arm was not
' victorious: fatal gates oppos'd my passage; I saw you (enchanted fair-one!)
' disappear with the cruel wretches who
' forc'd you away. Gods! either take
' my life or restore to me the adorable
' dalisa!

After these words, which Pharsamond pronounc'd in a hoarse tone, he held his peace. But the transport with which he was agitated, had given so much strength to his voice, that all the melancholy company, then in the parlour, were mov'd by

it; when the uncle starting up, ran forward, with a candle in his hand, and was follow'd by all his guests. Clito, when the light appeared, discover'd his master, at which he trembled and grew pale. He then would have advanc'd, but was not able. All he could do, was to take, with a shivering hand, his hat from his head, when the uncle and the servants knew him. — 'Strange!' (cried Pharsamond's nurse) 'have I lost my eye-sight! Methinks I see Colin with our young squire. Well, Heavens be prais'd!' (continued the good dame, quite in raptures) 'Worthless things are found sooner or later; behold them started up before us, like a couple of mushrooms.'

To all this Pharsamond, whose hands lay cross his breast, did not make the least answer. His eyes were either shut, or turn'd towards the skies; and he doubtless fancied himself at the foot of a tree, there deplo-ring, in the most delicious manner, his sad fate. But now our modern squire embolden'd by the nurse's jokes, advanc'd to pay his obeissance to the company; when every servant went and felt about the squire's head and arms, to know if he was the individual Colin. — 'O! here he is' (cried they in extasy,) 'not a single hair of his head is lost.' — These words were follow'd by

by embraces. — ‘Welcome! thrice welcome! (cried they all) but we did not really expect you.’ — The uncle putting a stop to these caresses, ask’d Colin, what his nephew was doing on horseback. ‘Has he lost (added he) the use of his tongue since you left my house?’ Upon this, running up to him: — ‘Ho! ho! nephew, (adds he) what is all this? Why you are as fierce as a trooper, what means this posture?’ — Pharsamond, hearing these words which were pronounc’d with an air of familiarity, recover’d himself; but then, disgusted at the manner in which he was address’d by the old gentleman, from whom he expected a reception much more suitable to his supposed dignity. — ‘My lord,’ (says our knight, in a most solemn tone) ‘Pharsamond has motives of grief to which you are an utter stranger; and, were you to be inform’d of them, you would not enquire into the cause of his silence.’ — ‘You are still half a sleep’ (my dear boy, replied the uncle, justly surpriz’d at the melancholy tone with which his nephew utter’d these words) ‘there are no lords in my house; I am thy uncle, or in other words, Squire Trumpington of Pimlico; and all the persons thou seest here, are good gentlemen, and thy sincere friends. Alight, alight,

' alight, I say; get thee to bed, and there
 ' finish thy dream; for thou seemest, to
 ' me, to want sleep more than victuals.' —
 ' Heavens! (cried Pharsamond) I sleep!
 ' (my lord) alas! my misfortunes are too
 ' great, and my sorrows too just, for me
 ' ever to seek repose!' — ' Zounds!
 ' (cries the uncle) spare your titles; don't
 ' call me, my lord, but give me my true
 ' name.'

Upon this the gentlemen, and all the ser-
 vants, surrounded confusedly, our knight.
 ' Ah! young Mr Trumpington,' (said one
 of the company) ' we have been prodigi-
 ' ously uneasy about you. Where, in God's
 ' name, have you been? — And are you
 ' returned?' (my dear child) said the nurse's
 husband? ' My good dame and I have
 ' have pray'd a thousand and a thousand
 ' times for your health and prosperity.
 ' Body of me! (good young gentleman)
 ' you must take some little refreshment;
 ' 'tis so very late, that you may well want
 ' a cup of wine.' — What strange language
 was all this, to a Chevalier, who knew no
 other style than that which suits the buskin,
 and whose, imagination was crouded with
 the most gloomy ideas! — ' Good people,
 ' (replied he) the zeal you discover, will a-
 ' tone for the rough manner in which you
 ' now

‘ now address me ; but you have said
 ‘ enough, and silence will become you
 ‘ much better.’ — ‘ Bodlikins ! (cried the
 ‘ nurse) I love to let my tongue run on,
 ‘ when I am in humour for it ; and I’d have
 ‘ you to know, that my clack is not yet
 ‘ half over.’ — ‘ Leave these compliments,’
 (said the old gentleman) ‘ alight, (dear ne-
 ‘ phew) we shall be much better in the par-
 ‘ lour, and you may there tell us your whole
 ‘ story.’ — ‘ My moments, my lord, (re-
 ‘ plied Pharsamond) are very precious ; I
 ‘ myself cannot stay, but will leave Clito,
 ‘ who can inform you of every thing.’ —
 ‘ Od’s my life (said the nurse) since we have
 ‘ got you here, you shan’t stir.’ — ‘ Where’s
 ‘ this Clito, continued the uncle,’ (he see-
 ing no one but his nephew and Colin.—)
 ‘ There he is,’ (cried Pharsamond) pointing
 to his squire. — ‘ How ! (replied the
 ‘ uncle) has Colin got the name of Clito ?
 ‘ and I the title of my lord ? should you go
 ‘ on in this manner, we shan’t know soon,
 ‘ who and who is together : What frenzy
 ‘ must this be, which suggests such odd
 ‘ names ? know that I am not us’d to these
 ‘ strange sounds.’ — ‘ My lord, (re-
 ‘ plied Pharsamond) the reverence I bear
 ‘ you, has hitherto made me submit to
 ‘ what my eyes have here been tortur’d
 E 3 ‘ with ;

'with; but now, permit me to retire, for
 'infinitely greater cares call me hence.' —
 Scarce had our illustrious knight pronounc'd
 these words, but he was for going off;
 upon which the uncle cried, 'Stop, stop
 'him.' — 'Stand by,' (cried the nurse,
 almost bursting with love for her foster son)
 'I'll lose my life sooner than let my dear
 'child go from us. Return, my dear boy,
 'tis your endearing nurse calls you: you
 'must certainly be tempted by the devil.'
 — 'Gods! (cried Pharsamond) with
 'what obstacles am I surrounded! follow,
 'follow me, Clito; let us fly this place,
 'and obey the call of duty. Inchanting
 'princesses! alas! forgive, forgive the mo-
 'ments I am thus trifling away.' —
 — 'Alas! gentlemen, cried the uncle, 'tis
 'all over, and my nephew is stark staring
 'mad: *Princesses, Clito's, Lords!* What
 'will all this end in? good heavens! is
 'my nephew bewitch'd, he who, once, was
 'prudence itself! take him this moment
 'by the collar, together with that rascal
 'Colin, whom I'll have well strapadoed, to
 'extort from him the meaning of all this.'
 — The old gentleman's order was imme-
 'diately put in execution. The servants
 'seiz'd the knight with their brawny arms,
 'when he struggled, bawl'd, and called on
 the

the unrelenting deities; during which, other servants laid hold of Clito. — ‘To what fate (cried the knight) am I reserv’d! and you, groveling wretches, who dare to stop me, tremble at this mighty arm, and the vengeance it will immediately inflict!’ — These words fill’d all with astonishment, and almost made their hair stand an end. — By this time Pharsamond had been taken from his horse, when four of the stoutest servants carried him as tho’ he had lost the use of his limbs. The nurse accompanied the prisoner, exhorting him not to be so obstinate. Clito brought up the rear; and as the master’s frenzy made them conclude that the squire was as mad as he could be, they therefore brought Clito forward in the same posture. — ‘I fancy, (says one of them, to him) that you’ll entertain us with a fine parcel of lying stories:’ — ‘Gladly wou’d I tell more than I know, (replied the sad squire) could I but escape a drubbing.’ — Our two young rambles were carried into the parlour, and the door was shut. Pharsamond was placed in an easy chair. The instant our knight was seated, he threw his eyes round the company. He now seem’d all astonishment; and some very doleful reflexions made by our knight, almost recover’d him from his enthusiastick fit. — ‘Well,’ (my

dear child, said the nurse) 'do you know
 us at last? d'ye see your good uncle?' —
 These last words restor'd the nephew entirely
 to his reason; but he now was more vexed
 to find himself recover'd from his delicious
 frenzy, than sorry at his having fallen a prey
 to it: all these dreams fled his imagination
 that instant. Cedalifa appeared no longer a
 princess in his eye; his delirium being now
 so far decreas'd, as to make him consider
 her in no other light than that of a lady, the
 most worthy the affection of a man, who, like
 himself, could set a just value on a tender
 and noble heart. He called to mind the
 strain in which she had delivered herself,
 and her most engaging behaviour. He also
 was charm'd, with the sort of tenderness she
 had indulg'd him; and tho' he separated the
 ideas of *princess* and *knight*, he yet own'd
 (within himself,) she deserv'd that as much
 should be done for her sake, as the most
 valiant heroes had perform'd for their prin-
 cesses. To this he added, the manner in which
 he had become acquainted with her; the
 conformity of their tempers, as well as the
 sublimity of their ideas. The title of *knight*,
 with which Cedalifa had honour'd Pharsa-
 mond, pleas'd him also highly. But it was
 not now in his power to look upon all
 these things as real. This assembly of gen-
 tlemen

lemen of the neighbourhood, these servants, his uncle, their vulgar way of speaking; all these circumstances united had dissolved the charm, so that he griev'd at his being no longer what he wish'd to be. He now was sensible that his noble imitation of those famous lovers, had carried him into the visionary regions; so that, without losing his fondness for adventures of chivalry, he yet undeceiv'd himself so far, as to be persuaded, that he did not resemble the knight-errants he had read of.

Shame follow'd these reflexions, when he cast down his eyes, then lifted them to his uncle, and afterwards threw them down again. These symptoms of confusion, were accompanied with a sigh; and after having sufficiently play'd the bashful, he gaz'd at Clito, who, (for his part) looked pitifully on his master; and with an air expressive of the dread he was under, with regard to the ending of this affair; — ‘ Clito, (says he) what is to be done with me, and why are so many people got together?’ — ‘ Good!’ Sir (replied Clito) how do I know? Your uncle thinks you mad, and they say that I also am crazy; and yet, (heaven will bear me witness) if you are distracted, 'tis not my fault. But surely I myself cannot, with the least shadow of justice, be ac-

cus'd of being ever so little disordered in my senses.

Upon this Pharsamond, turning to the old gentleman, cried; — 'How, uncle, d'ye take me for a madman?' — 'Indeed nephew, (replied the old gentleman) I take you for what you really are. What can those affairs of consequence be, which (you say) call'd you abroad? What did you mean by the words you address'd to your princeps? Then you chang'd every one of our names; say, are these the fumes of a diseas'd brain, or down right madness? I must dive to the bottom of this affair; especially I will discover the cause of your absence, and shall find means to make Colin tell the whole truth, in case you should refuse to do so. — 'By my troth, (replied Colin) I have not sworn secrecy; and I'll make a full discovery, rather than suffer even a fillip on the nose; the only thing that disturbs me, is the cudgelling with which you threatned me; and, was I but easy in my mind, I would speak with the utmost confidence. But, (good Sir) why beat me, if I promise to disclose every thing, without your going to such lengths? I may be bruis'd to pieces with the blows, and still may you be as much in the dark as ever.' — All the time that Colin was

was talking, Pharfamond, who, when he thought of his uncle's being told his several follies, could not forbear blushing; look'd at his unworthy squire with an air of romantic haughtiness, and said, the moment he had ended: — 'What mighty secrets are these thou wilt reveal?' — 'O Sir! (cries Colin) I know that my frankness and sincerity must displease you; but imagine yourself in my place, and then say, whether I should not be the greatest fool upon earth, were I to submit patiently to a drubbing; rather than confess, that the princess and her waiting maid, (who bewitch'd us both) are a couple of errant baggages? a fine secret this indeed, to keep it at the expence of my shoulders. After all, (Sir) 'tis happy for us, that the old beldam, (your princess's mother) turn'd us out of doors; otherwise we had still been in the power of those two wretches.' — 'Hold, insolent wretch,' (cries Pharfamond, whom the coarseness of Clito's language had again fir'd almost to madness) 'thou may'st thank all the company present, for my patience; for, was it not out of regard to them, I would teach thee the reverence thou owest to the noblest, and most adorable woman under the sun.'

Pharsamond pronounc'd these last words with so terrible an air, that his wrath might almost be put in parallel with that of the bravest antient knight-errant. He knew with how much severity those heroes used to punish the insults which their princesses met with at any time; and though fully sensible, that he himself was no longer a knight, still the extreme insolence with which Clito had attack'd his mistress, work'd as powerfully at that instant, as his romantic ideas had done a little before. — Clito did not dare to make the least answer, when Pharsamond spoke thus to his uncle: — ‘ I am (says he) quite spent with fatigue, and therefore beg leave to retire to my bed-chamber. That insolent wretch there, all whose secrets you want to discover, will then be more at liberty to speak; for should he offer to do this in my hearing, I very probably might endeavour to stop his mouth.’ — ‘ Retire (nephew) replied the uncle, you have the leave of these gentlemen, and mine likewise, to do so.’ ‘ Go to bed immediately, your head wants rest more than you imagine.’ — Pharsamond did not condescend to make the least reply to these last words; but rising on a sudden, and with an air of melancholy, expressive of the hero, he flew and shut himself up in his bed-chamber,

ber, there to meditate on every thing that had past. As to Clito, he staid in the parlour with the rest of the company, but without speaking a syllable; Pharsamond's anger restraining his tongue, which was a great pain to the squire. After that our knight had left the room, the uncle, and the gentlemen his neighbours, held a dumb conversation, (if this expression may be allow'd) they shrugging up their shoulders, and standing with their arms a-cross. — Says one, What can all this mean! strange doings sure! — Such exclamations were the only words which accompanied the dumb signs of their astonishment. The servants, who also staid in the parlour, play'd much the same part; but with this difference, that their action was considerably stronger. The nurse especially lifted up her arms with all her might; and seem'd, in this attitude, to reproach heaven for Pharsamond's frenzy. Her husband wrung his hands, casting his eyes on the uncle and the rest of the company; purposely to be taken notice of, and that he might not lose the merit of his woe. The meanest servants, not being at full liberty to vent their grief, contented themselves with expressing, by the said posture in which they stood, how greatly they were affected with the universal sorrow. Colin,
standing

standing in the midst of these two orders of men, look'd mournfully at them alternately ; so that he had the air of a criminal in a court of justice.

At last, finding that no one took notice of him, he form'd a resolution, spite of the terror with which he was seiz'd, worthy the squire of an illustrious knight ; I mean, that he had presence of mind enough to think of getting away. Notwithstanding the boldness of this resolve, he yet took the most prudent measures, in order to make his escape sily. He now had cast the last look on the company, when, imagining that their affliction was risen just to the height, which must deprive them of their sight ; he first drew one foot, and then the other, as gently as possible. Clito was oblig'd every time he began to move, to arm himself with fresh courage, as the least noise might wake the people round him ; and should his design be discover'd, they must naturally conclude that he would not have attempted to steal away so very cautiously, but for some very urgent reason.

Already Clito had escap'd two thirds of the danger ; already this hapless fellow, having courage and wisdom for his guides, but being unfavour'd by heaven, was got to the threshold. And now one single leap would have

have done his business, when an unhappy
circumsppection prov'd his ruin. Before Clito
took the last leap, he thought it proper to
consult the faces of the company once more.
Clito now perceiv'd nothing inauspicious,
and every thing was calm: but as he had
just reach'd the door, and was going to
jump, the very moment that his head was
turn'd towards the company; that head,
that indiscreet head, dash'd forcibly against
the door. Clito roaring aloud, fell flat on
the floor, when his cries, and the noise made
by the blow, awak'd and alarm'd the whole
assembly, who, till then, seem'd lull'd a-
sleep by grief. And now, all of them start-
ing, and turning about. — Good hea-
vens! what a sight was there! Clito spraw-
ling at the door, and his hair all bloody!
The cries of the luckless fellow increased the
horror. They all advance forward, when
the gentlemen, the uncle, and the servants,
mix indiscriminately round him. The com-
passionate nurse, who, as the oldest servant,
thought it incumbent on her to be the most
necessary person in the house, stepp'd for-
ward, in order to take him up, calling upon
every one to help her. At her command,
twenty arms rais'd up Clito, and set him on
his legs again.

Our

Our squire, who, till now, had never seen his blood trickle from so dangerous a part, declared by his howlings, and the frightful wry faces he made, that he thought himself dying; he struggling so strongly in the arms of those who held him, as show'd his extreme regret, at being hurried out of life in so shocking a manner. Unhappily for Clito, a quite different construction was put on his cries and his kicking. The good nurse, who, with her handkerchief and apron, had by this time wip'd away the blood which ran down his face, mistook the convulsions of poor Clito, for a fit of distraction. 'Fly, fly, (says she to other servants) and get a cord. — My good lads, don't loose your hold; the poor fellow was going to lay violent hands on himself: should he get loose, he'll certainly fly at us.'

Colin hearing these words, struggled with greater violence than ever. — 'I am (cried he) neither distracted, nor has the devil got possession of me.' — 'Hold him! hold him! (replied the nurse) should he escape, he'll beat us to a mummy.' — 'Cou'd I but get thee in my clutches, thou vixen! (cried Clito).

During this squabble, the gentlemen and the uncle, got round the poor fellow; when they endeavour'd, by gentle methods, to
calm

calm the frenzy with which they imagin'd him to be seiz'd. — You'll be well again soon, said one, stroaking gently his shoulder, in the same manner as a riding-master would a fiery horse. Colin, during these kind speeches, exasperated at seeing his blood flow, answered only by cries, which might well be term'd howlings. The air of his whole person was such, as to be, at one and the same time, both frightful and comical. Every feature of his face, seem'd to have it's peculiar grimace; and as he was naturally homely, (and this of the comic kind) no vizor, how grotesque soever, could appear more hideous and surprizing. By this time he had quite tir'd those who held him; when the perfidious messengers whom the nurse had sent to fetch a cord, came back; the one with an old well-rope, above twelve yards long, and the other with a huge roll of whip-cord. Clito, seeing these inauspicious clowns, whom he consider'd as his executioners, began again to cry, howl, kick; and all this with so much fury, that the spectators might justly suppose him to be out of his senses. — ‘ May the devil fly away with you all, (cried he) if you don't let me die in peace, and loose my hands and legs!’ — But 'twas in vain that poor Clito tore his throat with bawling; the inexorable

orable kindness of the nurse made her deaf to his sad moan.

They were some time in consultation, which of the two cords to tie him with. The servants were of opinion, that as Colin's fury was risen to such a height, 'twould be best to employ the well-rope, as being strongest; but the uncle and the rest of the gentlemen, concluded, that 'twas more proper to use the whip-cord, as the former might eat into his flesh. The nurse agreeing to this, the whip-cord was cut, and put double. Colin, beholding this mournful apparatus, made one powerful effort more to get out of their hands; but not succeeding in his attempt, his strength fail'd him, and he scarce mov'd. Those who held the whip-cord drew near, whilst others put Colin's legs forward, when his great soul could oppose this mighty insult no otherwise, than by a faint struggle. But lo! his feet are now bound. They seiz'd his hands, which are too weak to resist the affront put upon them. Colin, reclining his head on the arms of those who were tying him, and having no other weapon left than his teeth, employ'd them with so much vigour, that he never appeared more formidable than in his defeat. One of the servants, being furiously bit, roar'd aloud, and gave the squire a mighty blow on the head,

head to force him to quit his hold; but this servant was already wounded, and Clito had taken his revenge.

Colin being now completely tied, those about him resolv'd to stop his blood, which still trickled. To do this with the greater ease, they stretch'd him at full length on a long table. He now open'd broad his eyes, in which weariness and grief were painted. The nurse, arming herself with her scissors, cut the squire's hair, to examine the wound. A gentleman who pretended to be well skill'd in surgery, after declaring the wound to be very slight, and causing it to be wash'd, ordered a sort of plaister to be applied. This being done, they bound Colin's head, who rewarded them, no otherwise than by venting ten thousand curses, and wishing the devil might break their necks. Colin's head being bound, the nurse bid three or four servants lay him on the bed, till such time as his mad fit should be over. Accordingly the domesticks took him up in their arms, and carried him into a bed-chamber, where one of them staid to watch him.

Pharfamond's uncle, being greatly troubl'd at his nephew's frenzy, dismissed his neighbours; and went, with the nurse, into the knight's chamber. They found him lying upon

upon the bed, and plung'd in a deep sleep; bodily weariness having depriv'd him of the rapturous pleasure of contemplation. However, they did not think proper to wake him, hoping that *Morpheus*, by means of his wand, would charm his madness, and lull him to balmy rest. They now came both out, and shut him in his room. It being late, the servants withdrew, and every one went to bed.

On the morrow, the uncle rose pretty early, and called the nurse. He was for waking his nephew that instant, but she advised him, to first see what condition Colin was in; in order to discover, by his means, the whole truth, in case he should be restor'd to his senses. This advice being follow'd, they went to the place where Colin was, who, spite of his manacles, had long laid snoring. A servant had watch'd him a considerable time; but the deep sleep he was in, made the fellow who looked after him conclude, that 'twere needless to stay any longer in the room.

The squire, when the uncle and the nurse entered the chamber, was still sleeping, bound as he was. The noise they now made, wak'd him; when he started up, and cried: — 'What is it you want?' — Saying these words, and forgetting that he was tied, he attempted

attempted to draw the curtains; but the whip-cord round him, made him remember, that he had his tongue only at liberty. The first object that struck his eyes was the nurse, which threw him into such a rage, that he cried; — ‘ What in the devil’s name do you
 ‘ here? you to whom I am oblig’d for being
 ‘ thus shockingly bound. Came you hither
 ‘ to change my cords? stand off, (I say) for
 ‘ should you approach me, I’ll claw you in
 ‘ return for all the flea-bites with which I
 ‘ have been plagued this tedious night,
 ‘ without being once able to scratch. — I
 ‘ have been so cursedly maul’d, that one
 ‘ would have sworn those vermin knew that
 ‘ my hands were tied, and consequently that
 ‘ I was unable to defend myself.’ — ‘ My
 ‘ dear boy, replied the nurse, I am not come
 ‘ to hurt a hair of thy head. Didst thou
 ‘ but know how mad thou wert yesterday,
 ‘ thou would’st thank me, a thousand and a
 ‘ thousand times, for taking from thee the
 ‘ power of killing thyself.’ — ‘ You are an
 ‘ errant liar (says Colin) I never was di-
 ‘ stracted in my life; and I’ll stake the first
 ‘ mess of broth I got in my hands, that
 ‘ from Adam, down to the present time,
 ‘ there has not been a single madman in our
 ‘ family.’ — ‘ Softly, softly, my good lad,
 ‘ (replied the nurse) the noise thou makest,
 ‘ will

‘ will quite stupify thee, so that thou may’st
‘ again lose thy senses.’ — These words were
scarce out of her mouth, when the uncle,
who had overheard the squabble, came, in
order to soften Colin’s anger. — ‘ A good
‘ day to you, Sir, says Colin the instant he
‘ perceiv’d him; our parish priest has often
‘ told me, that it is the duty of a christian
‘ to return good for evil.’ — ‘ Well Colin,
‘ (replied the uncle) how dost thou do now?’
— ‘ Faith, Sir, (replied he) thanks to your
‘ kind commands, I should have been vastly
‘ bad, had it not been for this bed.’ —
‘ But, (continued the old gentleman) I’ll go
‘ and give orders for the unloosing of you,
‘ provided you’ll tell me where my nephew
‘ and you have been, and how both of you
‘ came to run distracted.’ — At these
words, Colin, who could not, at first, ima-
gine that he was really mad, began to be in
some doubt as to that article. — ‘ Sir, says he,
‘ looking at the uncle with an air of confi-
‘ dence; lay your hand on your heart, and
‘ then speak to me with the same sincerity as
‘ tho’ you were at confession. — Can you
‘ affirm for a truth, that I was out of my
‘ senses yesterday?’ — ‘ You certainly was
‘ (replied the uncle) since the servants were
‘ forc’d to tye you, after you had broke
‘ your own head; but now, that you have
an

‘ an interval of reason, tell me immediately
 ‘ your whole adventure.’ — ‘ Stay, good Sir,
 ‘ one moment, (says Colin) I should be glad
 ‘ to know what I have to trust to. By my
 ‘ troth, this is an affair of consequence; and
 ‘ if I was distracted yesterday, I certainly
 ‘ must be no less so at this time: for I ima-
 ‘ gine, that I was not madder yesterday,
 ‘ than I am now; excepting a few oaths,
 ‘ which I vented at our nurse. But now,
 ‘ be so good as to inform me, whether my
 ‘ head was really turn’d?’ — ‘ You may be-
 ‘ lieve me, (replied the uncle) but let not
 ‘ that trouble you; and since you are re-
 ‘ stored to your senses, tell me all that be-
 ‘ fell you during your absence?’ — ‘ I re-
 ‘ stored to my senses? (replied Colin,) that
 ‘ I myself cannot say, nor would I swear it.
 ‘ You fancy that I am in my wits again,
 ‘ but are not you yourself mistaken?’ —
 ‘ Be easy as to this article, (says the old
 ‘ gentleman;) and as a proof that I believe
 ‘ you perfectly recover’d, I’ll give orders
 ‘ this instant, for your being loosed.’ —
 ‘ Hold there, if you please,’ (says Colin
 ‘ eagerly, and drawing back his hands;) ‘ had
 ‘ I known that my brain was turn’d, I
 ‘ should not have been so exasperated at my
 ‘ being tied; and I must have been distrae-
 ‘ ced, since I did not perceive my being so.
 But

‘ But let my whip-cord alone, since I am
‘ bound with it. One misfortune is enough
‘ at a time; should I dash my head to
‘ pieces, this would be much worse than the
‘ being bit by fleas. I have a mind to pass
‘ the day in the manner I now lie, during
‘ which, you may order people to watch
‘ me, to see whether my frenzy will return;
‘ for I myself know not what to think a-
‘ bout it.’ — ‘ Well, (says the uncle) will
‘ you promise to reveal the whole truth, and
‘ nothing but the truth.’ — ‘ That I will
‘ (my good Sir, replied Colin;) I swear to
‘ do so; I swear, I say, by my poor brains,
‘ which, for ought I know, may be lost for
‘ ever; but which I beg of heaven, or good
‘ St. Anthony of Padua, (who can recover
‘ every thing,) to restore me. Question
‘ me article by article; and you’ll find that
‘ my answers will be as exact as if I read
‘ them out of a book.’

‘ Tell me then first, (replied the old gen-
‘ tleman) what was the reason of your set-
‘ ting out so early from hence yesterday
‘ morning? What design did you go upon,
‘ and what did you do?’ — ‘ Fair and
‘ softly, (says Colin,) let us reckon things
‘ one by one. First; — Stay; I have al-
‘ ready forgot the question you asked me.
‘ By my troth, I should be still much worse
‘ off,

‘ off, should I likewise lose my memory !
 ‘ Begin again : but hold : now I have it. —
 ‘ You desire to know the reason why young
 ‘ Mr Pharsamond and I set out from hence
 ‘ so early ?’ — ‘ What d’ye mean by Phar-
 ‘ samond ? cried the uncle ; what animal
 ‘ is this you are speaking of ?’ — ‘ I mean
 ‘ your nephew, (says Colin) who will be a
 ‘ very pretty fellow, when he also shall have
 ‘ recovered his wits. — But hush ! let us
 ‘ take but a single step at a time. He
 ‘ must be call’d Mr Pharsamond, a name
 ‘ which ought not to be envied him ; for I
 ‘ can assure you, that he justly deserves it,
 ‘ as I do that of Clito, lately bestow’d on
 ‘ me ; and confirm’d by a strong box o’ the
 ‘ ear, as well as by a great number of kicks
 ‘ both before and behind.’ — But to return
 to our first subject.

‘ For your better information, it will be
 ‘ necessary that I go above thirty miles a-
 ‘ bout, in relating our adventures. But
 ‘ while I think on’t, you promis’d me a
 ‘ drubbing yesterday ; now my conscience
 ‘ will not let me utter a word more, except
 ‘ you declare, this instant, that you will
 ‘ not put your first promise in execution.’ —
 ‘ I will not, upon my honour,’ (replied the
 uncle.) — ‘ O ! (says Colin,) I must desire
 ‘ you to swear to th’s.’

The uncle, quite impatient to be inform'd of the adventure in question, was upon the point of ordering Colin the promis'd bastinado, in order to force him to speak, but forbore, lest this should throw the fellow into a fresh fit of distraction ; and therefore chose rather to swear, as Colin requested. This being done. — ‘ I’ll now tell you every thing, continues Colin : And (let me observe by the way,) I must certainly have recover’d my wits, since I act with so much caution. You shall know, Sir ; or, (as the man says,) you shall know, because I will inform you ; I say then, you shall know all I can tell you.’ — ‘ Blood !’ (cries the old gentleman) ‘ tell me then all you do know.’ — ‘ I intend to do so, (replied Colin ;) but before I begin, it will be proper that you inform me, what name I must give your nephew ; shall I call him *Pharsamond*, or *Trumpington*?’ — ‘ Which you will (replies the uncle ;) pox of this impertinence of your’s, call him by what name you think proper, provided you do but answer all my questions.’ — ‘ If this be the case, (said Colin) I’ll continue to call him *Pharsamond* ; and at the same time, you’ll be so good as to let me go by the name of *Clito* : — *Clito* and *Pharsamond*, these are the two first points’ — ‘ I really grow impatient, (replied the uncle ;) will you

‘ you have done soon !’ — ‘ Indeed shall
 ‘ I (replies Colin ;) after I have made an
 ‘ end, I shall have no more to say : how-
 ‘ ever, don’t interrupt me. But you’ll fall
 ‘ in a passion again.’ — ‘ What is it you’d
 ‘ have ? speak, (said the uncle.)’ — ‘ I’m
 ‘ weary of these cords, (replied Colin ;) I
 ‘ cannot utter a word without having my
 ‘ hands and feet at liberty. Besides, I shall
 ‘ not run any hazard in being untied ; for,
 ‘ let the worst go to the worst, you’ll pre-
 ‘ vent my doing any mischief ; no one being
 ‘ better qualified to look after a madman
 ‘ than yourself.’

Colin then presented his hands and feet to
 the nurse, who untied them that instant. —
 ‘ Dear me ! (says he, stretching himself,)
 ‘ how easy have you made me ! I now feel
 ‘ more joy than I did when my mother was
 ‘ deliver’d of me. What a charming in-
 ‘ vention are the hands and feet ! I had ra-
 ‘ ther die than be without them.’ — Says
 the old gentleman, ‘ now you are quite at
 ‘ liberty, go on with your adventure.’ —
 ‘ You’re right, (says Colin ;) but in what
 ‘ part of it was I ? in finding my legs again,
 ‘ I have lost the thread of my story, but I
 ‘ have no more to do than to run after it ;
 ‘ let us come back once more, and then pro-
 ‘ ceed. I was, I was ; let me see ! — Was I at

‘ breakfast, I should not be so much at a loss
‘ to know where I am. (Be this, good Sir,
‘ said only by the bye.) But methinks my
‘ appetite is return’d with my hands and
‘ feet : I could eat with as much delight as
‘ I now stretch myself. Be therefore so cha-
‘ ritable, (good nurse) as to give me, at
‘ least, some bread and wine. I’ll lay you
‘ any wager that my reason will come back
‘ full gallop ; this must be the least that can
‘ happen, since a sop, in wine, can make
‘ even parrots speak.’

The uncle, at these words, was going to be right-down angry ; but the nurse nodded to him not to be impatient ; when calling a servant, she bid him bring Colin his breakfast. Presently after the servant came with a bottle, and a huge lunchion of bread. Colin jump’d for joy at the sight ; our hapless squire, having not only spent the night very restlessly, but had also gone to bed without supper ; whence he took what was presented to him with such eagerness, and eat and drank in so gluttonous a manner, that one would have thought he wanted to do both at once. — ‘ God be prais’d ! (says he) if
‘ he takes away with one hand, he bestows
‘ with the other. Was it not for my good
‘ stomach, I should die with grief that I
‘ have lost my senses.’ — Colin chew’d
heartily

heartily all the time he was speaking; and
 cramm'd the bread down so very fast, that
 in less than half a quarter of an hour, he had
 devour'd all that had been brought him,
 when wiping his mouth with his shirt-
 sleeve; — ‘ Let’s now see (says Colin,)
 ‘ what’s to be done. I find myself fresher
 ‘ than an egg just laid. And so, Sir, you
 ‘ may begin your questions; you’ll find
 ‘ me as ready in my answers, as an univer-
 ‘ sity-scholar.’

‘ Tell me then, (said the old gentleman,)
 ‘ what it was you did, at your setting out
 ‘ so early from hence?’ — ‘ Says Colin,
 ‘ we must, with your leave, go a step or two
 ‘ backwards.’

‘ Did you never look into any of those
 ‘ charming romances, where we read of a
 ‘ knight meeting with a princess in a
 ‘ wood, or snoring in a flowery arbour, on
 ‘ which occasion the knight is greatly asto-
 ‘ nished at finding her? The hero, on spy-
 ‘ ing so bright a treasure, turns either pale
 ‘ or red (for this is as it happens.) He then
 ‘ falls upon his knees before the sleeping
 ‘ fair-one, after which he vents two or three
 ‘ sighs, in proportion to the strength of the
 ‘ nymph’s slumbers. If she still continues
 ‘ plung’d in sleep, the knight, who by
 ‘ this time shakes as tho’ he had an ague,

lifts up one of her hands, white as chalk,
and adorn'd with fingers lovely as though
they had been made on purpose; and im-
mediately puts his mouth to her hand.
He then impresses his lips very strongly,
which waking the princess, she screams as
though she were fleeing, and endeavours
to fly; but the knight catching hold of
the tail of her gown, kisses the tip either
of her shoe or slipper, but which I cannot
directly say, books being quite silent as to
that matter.' — 'Why, fellow, (cried the
old gentleman) what has all this nonsense
to do with the things I ask of thee?' —
'Have patience, good Sir, (replies Colin,
with all imaginable phlegm;) and only
tell me whether you have never read of
those knights?' — 'I surely have (re-
plied the uncle,) but what has this to do
with your story?' — 'As much (con-
tinues the other) as bread has to do with
soop. Pray let me go on my own way.
I was got to the shoes, or slippers, which
the knight clasps. The princess then gives
him a look, and speaks certain harsh
words, all which are very different from
those employ'd by us. He then asks her
pardon, like a school-boy, whose master
is going to whip him. The knight tells
her of his burning flame, at which the flax
of

‘of his heart instantly takes fire; after
 ‘which they are reconciled, I cannot say
 ‘how; but this I well know, that the knight
 ‘rambles up and down like any mad thing;
 ‘immediately after this, another knight,
 ‘(but of the villainous sort) sets the prin-
 ‘cess on his horse, and rides away with her.
 ‘And now the knight’s appetite is taken
 ‘away; he roves, like the wandering Jew,
 ‘through groves and forests; he then fights
 ‘God knows how many battles, in which
 ‘both parties are as lavish of blood, as tho’
 ‘it were meer water.’

‘Now, most worthy Sir, you must have
 ‘read all these things, (continued Colin,) and
 ‘this is the reason why we left our house
 ‘by day-break this morning.’ — ‘I
 ‘don’t understand you (continued the un-
 ‘cle) why must you needs set out, because
 ‘you have read romantic adventures?’ —
 ‘Pray let me go on with my story, (says
 ‘Colin.)’

‘Young Mr Pharsamond, and I, had
 ‘studied, together, those charming roman-
 ‘ces. O my good Sir! there’s nothing
 ‘like a right turn of mind. We thought
 ‘there was something so extraordinary, so
 ‘very out of the way, in the life led by
 ‘those knights, that we often were tempted
 ‘to rove as they did, up and down; and

‘ fall in love with princesses as noble as
‘ theirs. All the young ladies, in our
‘ neighbourhood, seemed to us like so many
‘ cook-maids, in comparison of those I
‘ have been speaking of, for not one of the
‘ former has sense enough to go and sleep
‘ in a forest, or a bower; besides, instead of
‘ crying aloud, when their hands are kissed,
‘ they laugh in your face like so many fools.
‘ Only catch at their slippers, (or their
‘ shoes, if you will,) and see whether they’ll
‘ so much as guess at your meaning; in
‘ short (to proceed in my story) we don’t
‘ love such vulgar wenches. Now one lovely
‘ day, (which God was pleas’d to send us)
‘ Mr Pharsamond went to take an airing in
‘ a wood hard by, whilst you was running
‘ after a hare. But (good Sir) you’d never
‘ guess what our young gentleman found in
‘ that wood: he surely must have been
‘ wrapt in his mother’s shift, at his birth;
‘ for, (wou’d you think it?) he there met
‘ with a princess.’

‘ What mean you by *princess*, (replied
‘ the old gentleman) are there any in our
‘ country?’ ‘By my faith, (replied Colin)
‘ I am as incredulous as you can be in this
‘ matter; and in order to believe that part
‘ of the story, I would gladly have seen the
‘ arms of her principality, or family; but
‘ she

‘ she was as good as a princess, since she
 ‘ was there then, as such. And now Mr.
 ‘ Pharsamond fancying himself a knight,
 ‘ went directly up to her, when she would
 ‘ have fled.’ — ‘ But who was with her ?
 (says the uncle, interrupting him.) ‘ Her
 ‘ waiting-maid (replied the squire) for you
 ‘ are to know, Sir, that when princesses
 ‘ retire to woods or forests, they are never
 ‘ to have any other company. Our prin-
 ‘ cess, therefore, would have fled, which
 ‘ was the very thing she ought to do : but
 ‘ Mr Pharsamond stopping her, she cried,
 ‘ — Sir-knight, this way ; Sir-knight, that
 ‘ way. To make short, they parted ; Mr
 ‘ Pharsamond returned home, buried in
 ‘ contemplation, after which he told me
 ‘ the whole story, and so you need not
 ‘ doubt the rest.’

‘ Go on (continues the uncle) and conceal
 ‘ nothing from me.’ — ‘ When I had
 ‘ heard the story, continued Colin ; (and
 ‘ now I think on’t, ’twas one morning that
 ‘ he came and told me all this) he declar’d,
 ‘ that he had a mighty mind to ramble after
 ‘ the princess, and find out her haunts.
 ‘ Says I to him : — (Odds me ! I have for-
 ‘ got what I did say to him ;) but you your-
 ‘ self are in some doubt about this. —
 ‘ He again ask’d me, if I would go along
 ‘ with

with him ; I answer'd, yes ; and thus you see, that we were both willing. However, I fell a sleep again, when he drew off the bed clothes ; upon which I jumpt out in my shirt. I then open'd the window to see what weather it was, and found that it look'd exactly as when it will be a fine day. I rubbed my eyes two or three times, after which I yawn'd so violently. — In short, I huddled on my clothes, and this being done, Mr Pharsamond and I set out. I forgot to tell you, that we did not breakfast before our departure, of which I repented heartily afterwards. Behold us now gone forth. Mr Pharsamond mus'd, and did not speak a word ; whilst I held my tongue, and did not utter a syllable : We both were too wise to open our lips, being sensible that knights, during their peregrinations, should be down in the mouth, and so we were ; and surely he ought not to be a shoemaker, who will not stick in his awl. Don't fancy, Sir, that I was a knight, any otherwise than by my being mounted on a steed. I am noble only when on horse-back. You know that a fly is not an ox. I serv'd as squire to Mr Pharsamond, who was the knight ; so that 'tis plain I was the fly, and he the ox. We went into a wood or forest,

forest, when Mr Pharsamond stepp'd fore-
 most, and I (Colin) behind him. He gaz'd
 a long time on two or three bushes, and
 said a thousand tender things to them, be-
 cause this was the place where he had first
 met with his princess. Commend me to
 those who know their business: had my
 young master been apprentice to a surgeon
 or an apothecary, he must have handled
 the squirt to a miracle. 'T would have
 done your heart good, to have seen him
 act the knight-errant; and I would lay
 my head, that there is not a princess in
 the world but would gladly have given her
 old clothes to possess him. I hate a bo-
 ster, but had a queen's waiting-woman
 peep'd at my horse and me, thro' a key-
 hole, she would never have forgot us. After
 this (by our lady) we arrived, by I know
 not what chance, which I have quite for-
 got, at the little door of the garden be-
 longing to this mansion. Mr Pharsamond
 entered it, and I staid for him at the door,
 and waited there some hours, kicking my
 heels all the time. Finding my knight
 did not return, and that my teeth were
 grown as long, (at least) as my ears, I
 also went into the garden. Here I found
 wide walks, then wider and wider still,
 and afterwards narrow ones. I look'd

' about me, and, at last, perceived Mr
 ' Pharsamond at a distance, holding his
 ' sword, naked as my new-shaven head.
 ' He was kneeling before a young maiden,
 ' who neither stirred hand or foot. Know-
 ' ing that this was the princess, I went up
 ' to them, and would have brought away
 ' Mr Pharsamond. He laughed at me ; I
 ' I laughed at him ; I said not a word ; he
 ' fell backwards, after which many people
 ' coming up, they carried him off, as tho'
 ' he had been a sack of corn, and the prin-
 ' cess was dragg'd along by the arm. We
 ' now were carried into a fine house, when
 ' some people laid Mr Pharsamond between
 ' two delicate fine sheets, white as milk.
 ' During this interval, in came a surgeon's
 ' man who dressed the wound (for there was
 ' one) when I threw myself into an easy
 ' chair. I then found myself sick at heart,
 ' upon which, water was thrown over my
 ' face to recover me ; but it had no more
 ' effect upon me, than meer element, which
 ' it really was. At last, some good soul
 ' brought me a bottle of wine, and pour'd
 ' away. I drank ; good heavens ! I open'd
 ' my eyes, then mov'd my lips ; afterwards
 ' my hands, my legs, in short my
 ' every thing was in motion ; for I seiz'd
 ' the bottle, and left nothing but the glass.
 ' We

' We afterwards liv'd all the time in this
 ' fine house, and were fed like pigs that
 ' were fattening. Body o' me! if we did but
 ' hem, instantly turkies and fowls were put
 ' on the spit, and bacon in the pot; and
 ' (the merriest thing of all,) we were as
 ' much made of as though we had been a
 ' couple of young puppies. The whole fa-
 ' mily was so fond and fearful of losing us,
 ' that one would have sworn that we had
 ' been wedges of gold. However, I must
 ' confess, that I yesterday was highly exas-
 ' perated against both our princess and her
 ' waiting-woman; for which I beg their
 ' pardons ten thousand times, being really
 ' out of my senses. Ah! the sweet girls!
 ' Had you once beheld the waiting-woman,
 ' (my dearest love) you could not have for-
 ' bore setting out, as early as we did, in
 ' search of her. Her hair (let me tell you,
 ' nurse) is not like your's, and yet 'tis nei-
 ' ther like horse-hair, nor hemp: but you
 ' know there are different kinds of hair; her
 ' hair is as strongly rooted in her head as
 ' hair should be, and black as ink; whilst
 ' her face on the other hand, is whiter than
 ' meal. Now, imagine this face set off with
 ' eyes, a nose, a mouth. — But hold,
 ' this is not all; for the words *eyes*, *nose*,
 ' *mouth*, are soon spoke; but you must
 ' know

‘ know how they are form’d. And
 ‘ Hobby, our foster-father, has, like other
 ‘ folks, something of all these in his face ;
 ‘ but tho’ he has as much of them, as my
 ‘ sweet darling, he yet resembles a he-ma-
 ‘ stiff, and my darling is no ways like a
 ‘ mastiff-bitch.

‘ A bitch yourself, (cried the nurse) ex-
 ‘ asperated at the odious comparison ; and
 ‘ your sweet-heart is an ugly monkey. An
 ‘ impertinent wretch ! — If I am a bitch,
 ‘ pray what must my husband be ? Was
 ‘ our master not here, (you little jacka-
 ‘ napes) I’d give you a good dounce on the
 ‘ chops.’ — ‘ Hold your tongue, (cow’s
 ‘ dug !) replied Colin.’ — The nurse rous’d
 ‘ to fury at these words, gave Colin a punch
 ‘ in the stomach with all her might.’
 Colin, having now both hands and legs
 at liberty, flew to her cap, and pulled
 it off ; when the uncle ran between
 them, in order to put an end to the fray ;
 and commanded them with a magisterial
 voice, to stop. — ‘ I stop, Sir, cried the
 ‘ nurse ; I’ll tear the villain’s eyes out.’ —
 ‘ And I, (old harridan, added Colin) will
 ‘ pull out your tongue by the roots.’ —
 Such was the language in which they greeted
 each other, and continued fighting all the
 time.

But

But now the uncle being determin'd to part them, endeavour'd to draw Colin to him; when the latter, to save his chops from the nurse, (she levelling at them with her clench'd fist) entwin'd his leg in that of his master, when both fell, Colin at top, and the master under him. The nurse, rushing forward, fell over Colin; upon which the master bawl'd, that he was almost stifled. Colin was taken by the ears, and roar'd out that devils were tearing them off. The nurse, snuffling thro' her nose, which Colin squeez'd as hard as he could, vented a thousand imprecations. During this hot work, the foster-father burst in. — 'So ho!' (cries the old fellow to his wife, seeing her upon Colin and the uncle) 'why all this pressing! 'do'st take our master and Colin for a couple of bunches of grapes?' He then endeavour'd to drag away his wife, out of the battle. — Let me alone, (old nizey) says she to him. — Upon this the foster-father, (a true clown) gave her a strong box o'the ear, to stop her impertinence. The petulant female now forgetting her enemy, rises on her feet, and pushes away her husband with all her might. Upon this her husband falls, with his side, against the lock of the door; when the pain he felt, putting him out of all temper, which he hitherto had endeavour'd

endeavour'd to curb; he again attack'd his wife, whom he threw on the ground, holding her fast by the hair. The old gentleman, who by this time was got upon his legs again, did all he could to put an end to the fray; during which Colin besought Andrew to well drub his wife. — 'Courage, (my lad, says he) should you kill her, what would it signify? we have no more occasion for a bubby.'

But now the husband's rage abated. — 'Here's enough for to day,' (says he, letting go his wife) 'we'll keep the rest for another time.' — 'Villain that thou art, (replied the nurse, her hair flying about her ears;) 'tis very happy for thee that thou art the strongest. But thou shalt pay for this, (drunken sot) or I'll die for it. With what joy could I see thee hang'd, as well as those who married us. But stay; I'll fly to the parish priest, and he shall unmarry me. I'll rather go barefooted to Rome, and speak to his Holiness.' — 'Thou hast no more to do but to set out this moment, replied the husband; I'll give thee our she-ass and her foal. But return not back, for I swear by all the cardinals in the world, that I'll make thee drink of our well-water, whilst the bull is getting ready.' — The nurse said a thousand
land

said things more, and then held her peace.

But now fresh cares making the old gentleman insensible of the pain caus'd by his fall, he went into his nephew's chamber, supported by the foster-father and Colin.

For a long time Pharsamond (for by this name I shall afterwards call him) had been awake; and having slept seven or eight hours, he found his ideas greatly chang'd. The moment he broke from his slumbers, he called to mind the adventure of the preceding evening; his resistance against those who had pulled him from his horse; the answers he made to his uncle, and those who spoke to him: all these particulars returned to his imagination, when his remembrance of them filled him with a sort of shame, which made him dread the old gentleman's presence. He could not even conceive, how it was possible for him to forget himself so far, as to think it incumbent on him to copy after those heroes of romance of whom he had read. Nevertheless, their adventures appear'd glorious in his eye; and at the same time that he own'd within himself, that it would be right down madness to endeavour to imitate them; he still could not forbear wishing, that the age he lived in, wou'd permit the species of
passion

passion with which those heroes had been inflam'd. But this reflexion, was only the effect of a tender mind, too susceptible of impressions. And tho' he was not possess'd of reason enough, to suppress an extravagant sensibility; he yet had the power to point out to himself his error, in giving way to that sensibility, which he was allow'd to feel, but not to listen to and follow.

Having made these reflexions, he ruminated on what he had best say to his uncle, when he should visit him, and enquire into the motives of his absence. As it was not possible for Pharsamond to hit upon a single reason to colour his mad conduct, he therefore resolv'd to give a fair and natural account of every thing; besides his calling to mind, that Colin must have told the whole story by this time. He had just form'd this resolution, when his uncle entred, he having left his two squires at the door. Pharsamond then beheld the old gentleman, with such a modest and confus'd air, as instantly gave him to understand, that his kinsman's frenzy had quite left him. The old gentleman having a strong affection for his nephew, flew to embrace him, when clasping him in his arms: — 'Can I, at last, (says he dearest nephew) enjoy the sweet consolation

' lation, of believing that you now have
 ' a due sense of the folly of your rambles ?
 ' Don't deny any thing, my dear boy : I've
 ' heard all.' — ' Good Sir,' (replied Phar-
 samond, quite melted at his uncle's ten-
 derness) ' I intend not to conceal the least
 ' circumstance from you. Clito has told
 ' you nothing but the truth, I heartily re-
 ' pent of what I have done ; I see all my
 ' folly ; but youth, and my too great ap-
 ' plication to reading, had disturbed my
 ' brain. Henceforward I'll atone, by the
 ' strict regularity of my conduct, for all the
 ' ridiculous actions I have committed. I
 ' have only one favour to beg, which is,
 ' that you will promise never to speak a
 ' word more about what has befallen me.
 ' My confession is a proof sufficient that I am
 ' duly sensible of my extravagance ; save
 ' me only from the confusion of hearing
 ' others discant upon it.' — ' This I solemn-
 ' ly promise, dear kinsman, (replied the
 ' uncle) I'll ever erase the whole from my
 ' memory. All I wished for, was, that
 ' you might be restored to your senses ; and
 ' since you are so well recovered, the grea-
 ' test pleasure I can find in the world, will
 ' be, to see you continue so. But permit
 ' me, (dear nephew,) to say a word or two
 ' more to you on this head. You confess,
 ' that

‘ that you owe your distraction to roman-
‘ ces. Give them therefore all to me. But,
‘ (alas!) you perhaps may still wish to pe-
‘ ruse them. Let me, then, commit them
‘ to the flames, Look upon them as a
‘ dangerous rock, against which you have
‘ already split. I’ll put other books into
‘ your hands, which will both divert and
‘ instruct you. Alas! I did not imagine
‘ that romances could have produced such
‘ fatal effects. On the other hand, I’ll do
‘ all that lies in my power to procure your
‘ pleasure, for ’twill be necessary that you
‘ divert yourself. Diversions will draw off
‘ your mind, from the attention you, other-
‘ wise, might be prompted to give to the
‘ subjects which you have so eagerly studied.
‘ This is the last time I’ll ever speak to you
‘ on this matter, since my renewing it
‘ would only give you pain.’

Pharsamond and his uncle embraced each other with the utmost tenderness, when tears started in the eyes of the latter. Colin, who, with the foster-father, had staid at the door, overheard the whole conversation. So highly was he charm’d with the answer which Pharsamond made his uncle, that he was tempted to enter, in order to listen with the greater ease; but, on hearing the conclusion of the uncle’s discourse;

course ; and imagining that they were embracing, from certain sighs which the old gentleman vented, as he clasp'd his nephew in his arms ; Colin, touch'd to the soul, with a tenderness, which he consider'd as Pharsamond's reconciliation, both to his uncle and to reason ; Colin, (I say) affected with an action that reminded him of his own extravagance, burst open the door ; when entering in, he took off his cap respectfully. And now like to those who are guided only by an unreserved zeal, he threw himself at the uncle's feet, crying : — ‘ O blessed, ‘ blessed gentleman ! may heavens preserve ‘ you from all harm ! Pity your life could not ‘ be lasting as that of oaks ! Go, go, my ‘ good young master,’ (addressing himself to Pharsamond) ‘ embrace your dear uncle. ‘ Much rather would I see all the princesses ‘ in the world, and their knights, die in a ‘ garret, than behold a single hair fall from ‘ his venerable head.’

Colin continued these careffes, all the time he was speaking ; and himself melting, in proportion as he endeavour'd to melt others, he soon wept also, when the uncle burst again into tears at this sight. Pharsamond, having a soul that was infinitely soft, wept likewise. Colin, surpriz'd to find himself so much softned, and to have softned others

to so great a degree, continued to weep for joy, at the pleasure he himself felt in forcing tears from his eyes. Their sensibility was, at last, so great, that the uncle, the nephew and Colin, seem'd but one. For now they embrace mutually, and fold their arms lovingly round each other; their tears are mixed as well as their caresses: in short, never was so moving a spectacle. They all three continued, for a considerable time, in this posture; but, at last, their fondness being quite exhausted, they broke one from the other; each wiping his eyes with a handkerchief he pulled out of his pocket. — ‘ Ah !’ (cries Collin, wiping his cheeks) ‘ I never was so delighted in my whole life. ‘ I am not worth a six-penny piece; and ‘ yet I would not for a shilling, but both ‘ your good kinsman and I had run mad.’ — Scarce had Colin pronounc'd these words, when the foster-father, who had been below came to tell them dinner was ready. Pharsamond, hearing this, dressed himself as fast as he could, when all three went down stairs. Passing through one of the rooms, they met the nurse; upon which Colin, (his soul fill'd with the remains of tenderness,) ran to her with open arms. — ‘ Good nurse, (cries ‘ he) let me embrace you, and be all animosity laid aside. I no longer think of ‘ my

‘ my ears which you lugged so stoutly ;
 ‘ do you on the other hand, forget my pul-
 ‘ ling you by the nose.’ — ‘ I shall not be
 ‘ easy, (says she, drawing back) till they
 ‘ are both cut off.’ ‘ How now vixen,
 ‘ (replies Colin) with your nose as long as
 ‘ my arm.’ — ‘ Hold, (says the foster-fa-
 ‘ ther) my wife is my wife ; and her nose is
 ‘ as good as your’s, nay a much better.’ —
 ‘ Farewel,’ (says Colin, following Pharsa-
 mond and his uncle) ‘ I smell the dinner ;
 ‘ I am your humble servant, and that of
 ‘ your wife’s nose.’ — Saying these words,
 they went into the parlour, when Pharsa-
 mond and his uncle sat down to table, Co-
 lin waiting upon them. Not long after the
 dinner was over, some serious company came
 to wait upon the uncle ; when Pharsamond
 withdrew, fearing they should discourse
 about his adventure. The uncle, at Pharsa-
 mond’s withdrawing, assured him, that he
 would soon send them all away ; after which
 they would go together and hunt a hare.
 Colin having also din’d, followed Pharsa-
 mond, who, spite of his uncle’s endear-
 ments, and the strong desire he discovered to
 do every thing in his power to divert him,
 could not be merry. And now Pharsamond
 descending into a wide extended garden, Co-
 lin follow’d, when the former stopt under a
 bower

bower, and there seated himself; Colin
 squatting down by his side. — ‘ You seem
 ‘ in deep melancholy, (said the latter) what
 ‘ is it you want ?’ — ‘ Leave me, (said
 ‘ Pharsamond) I am very much vex’d with
 ‘ you. How came it into your head, to
 ‘ give my uncle a distinct account of every
 ‘ thing which befel me ?’ — ‘ Does your
 ‘ brain still run on these fooleries ? replied
 ‘ Colin. ’Twas a mad, youthful frolick of
 ‘ both of us.’ — ‘ I am not so angry,
 ‘ (continued Pharsamond) for what you
 ‘ told concerning me, as I am for the reso-
 ‘ lution taken by my uncle to burn all my
 ‘ romances.’ — ‘ I don’t see any great
 ‘ harm in that, replied Colin, they’ll suffer
 ‘ no pain on that occasion ; for ’tis many
 ‘ years since all the knights they treat of are
 ‘ dead.’ — ‘ That’s nothing to the pur-
 ‘ pose, (replied Pharsamond) the perusal of
 ‘ their actions gives high pleasure.’ —
 ‘ For my part, (says Colin) I shall never
 ‘ relish this study more. Oons! they made
 ‘ your brains and mine run round like whir-
 ‘ ligiggs. Let us therefore bid adieu to all
 ‘ those wicked books ; they certainly are of
 ‘ the devil’s invention.’ — ‘ But tell me,
 ‘ Clito, (continued Pharsamond) will it not
 ‘ be possible for us to save some of them ?’
 ‘ So, you are there again with your *Clito*,’
 (replied

replied Colin) ‘ but I’ll go no more by that
 ‘ cursed name ; call me plain Colin. But
 ‘ come, let us change the discourse, and
 ‘ chat a little about your princess and mine.’
 — ‘ The sweet creature !’ (cried Pharsa-
 mond with a passionate tone of voice) ‘ what
 ‘ would I give to see her !’ — ‘ What a
 ‘ whimsical company were there of us ;
 ‘ (says Colin) we could not have made up
 ‘ one grain of sense among us all ; but on
 ‘ the other hand, we might have furnish’d
 ‘ love enough for a whole city. To say the
 ‘ truth, I should not be sorry to see the cham-
 ‘ ber-maid again. Had we all been living
 ‘ in the blessed days of chivalry, that brisk
 ‘ girl would have become as great a lady as
 ‘ her mistress. Thrice happy for me, that
 ‘ I did not live in those times ! for many a
 ‘ pint of blood should I have spilt in her
 ‘ service, and got my ears cropp’d into the
 ‘ bargain. ’Tis an ill wind that blows no
 ‘ body good. I am not a knight, but so
 ‘ much the better for me. But now we
 ‘ are upon this subject, I should be glad to
 ‘ know, how our ladies are in health.’ —
 ‘ But, seriously, Colin, (says Pharsamond)
 ‘ would this give you any concern ?’ —
 ‘ Not quite so much (replied Colin) as I
 ‘ should be about my supper, was I to
 ‘ be disappointed of it. But be this as it
 VOL. I G ‘ will

‘ will, I should be glad, for curiosity
‘ sake, to see what sort of figure they
‘ make in our absence.’ ——— ‘ I am
‘ sensible, (says Pharsamond) that I was
‘ very silly to act the knight, and to con-
‘ sider my fair-one as a princess; but, if
‘ we lay aside this circumstance, ’tis certain
‘ that no woman in the world deserves
‘ more to be beloved than Cedalisa;
‘ and I frankly confess, that I should be
‘ exceedingly glad to cultivate an acquaint-
‘ tance with her. I am sensible, that I
‘ shall be unhappy if I see her no more;
‘ it being impossible for me ever to for-
‘ get her.’ ——— ‘ Zoons! you make
‘ me quite melancholy, (says Colin) pray
‘ no more of these mournful subjects,
‘ for this brings Fatima to my memory.
‘ Methinks I again see those sweet eyes of
‘ her’s, black as a coal. The poor girls! they
‘ surely must be run distracted. Let us
‘ beseech heaven to restore their senses; for
‘ this can never be done without a mi-
‘ racle.’

They were conversing in this manner, when the foster-father came running, to inform Pharsamond that all the company was gone, and that his uncle waited for him to go a sporting. Pharsamond ran immediately to his uncle, during which

which Colin went and saddled a horse for him. Soon after they had lost sight of the mansion, they met with other hunters, and joyn'd company with them. And now, an unusual gayety sparkled in Pharsamond's countenance; which the old gentleman perceiving, consider'd it as a proof of his kinsman's perfect recovery. But alas! these were all fallacious glimmerings; the gayety which appeared in Pharsamond, arising solely from the delight he felt in being in the fields, and passing through woods on horseback. These frantic ideas ow'd their rise to this dangerous pleasure; and his frenzy, which had only disappear'd for one day, reviv'd again, almost insensibly, in his brain.. At the smallest thicket he met with, he would feel a secret temptation to enter it, there to muse at leisure. This temptation was, as yet, risen to no greater height, than merely to give his heart a pleasing sensation. He was in this frame of mind, when a brace of hares started at the same time, and divided the sportsmen; each of whom followed that hare which was nearest to him. In the heat of the chace, the old gentleman, who was as much charm'd with the sight of a hare, as Pharsamond could have been at that of Cedalifa; the uncle (I say) losing sight of his kinsman,

gave himself up entirely to the pleasure of the chace. As for Pharsamond, he follow'd the other division of sportsmen, without once minding which way the old gentleman went. Colin follow'd Pharsamond, when both entering a forest, every one struck into the first path he met with. That which Pharsamond and Colin took, led them far from the sport; and carried them, after a quarter of an hour's rambling, near to a small mansion, beautiful as 'twas possible for art and nature united to render it. Pharsamond was enchanted with the structure of this little box, and no less charm'd with the delicious spot on which it stood; whence he concluded, that the owner of it must needs be a person of exquisite taste. Which way soever he turned his eyes, he saw lovely scenes, in short every charm of rural nature. Here nothing was heard but the sweet melody of birds; the leaves of the trees were fann'd by the softest zephyrs; and such a calm reign'd universally, as diffus'd itself even to the soul. The beauty of these scenes, was heighten'd by the sweet remembrance of Cedalisa, which was imag'd this instant, to his fancy.—‘O Clitô!’ says he, (turning about to his squire) ‘what an enchanting spot is this! ‘can any one in the whole compass of nature, ‘better suit the mind of an amorous knight, ‘if

' if yet there can be any such? Have we not
 ' here a fine picture of the solitary recesses,
 ' in which those famous lovers us'd to stop,
 ' either to repose themselves, or follow some
 ' unknown fair-one, to whom chance had
 ' directed them. Here let us lie down,
 ' (my dear Clito) and imitate those renown'd
 ' heroes: perhaps we may be the only
 ' persons since those knights, whom
 ' chance has conducted hither." ———

Saying these words, Pharsamond, as an example to Clito, alighted from his horse. Let us leave them there an instant; (for methinks I hear my reader enquire, by this time, after the uncle, whom we left in eager pursuit of a hare; tho' the reader might have conducted him back home, had I myself forgot to do so.) I really don't know of any adventure he has met with, worthy to break in upon the course of the incidents, which, hence forward, will relate wholly to Pharsamond. However, as this may be thought necessary, I shall observe, that the chace being ended, the company met; when the old gentleman perceiving in an instant, that his kinsman was not there, every one ran as eagerly in search of him, as they had before in pursuit of the hare. They call'd him by his name, they sounded all their horns; but alas! unhappily for the old

gentleman, they were for ever going farther and farther from the place whither chance had conducted Pharsamond. They all met together at the rendezvous appointed, but without discovering the least footsteps of our knight; and the only result of their random expedition was, that the greatest part of them almost killed their horses. They therefore were all oblig'd to return home. The old gentleman was so strongly affected with an accident, which succeeded so suddenly to the short pleasure he enjoy'd, that he had scarce power to lead his horse. The sportsmen who had shared with him in the chase, returned also to their respective houses, after dividing the dead game among themselves. And now the afflicted uncle rode towards his own house; and I think it needless to observe, that he sigh'd and groan'd all the way. The nurse being at the door as he enter'd the court-yard, darted forward to help her master to alight. —

‘ But where’s my son, (good Sir)’ says she to the old gentleman? — ‘ Woe is me !

‘ (replied he, my poor nurse) I shall never

‘ set eyes on him again; he is irrecover-

‘ ably lost.’ — ‘ What a lamentable thing

‘ this is!’ (replied she, taking down the game from the horse’s crupper;) ‘ What

‘ charm-

‘ charming game is here ! Ah me ! my poor
‘ boy won’t eat a bit of it !’

After these words, the old gentleman, who by this time was alighted, went into his house, where I shall leave him with the nurse, who will not fail to wipe away his tears, or mix her’s with his ; and return to Pharsamond, whom I will no more lose sight of ; and whose story will be much more entertaining, than the detail of the sighs and groans with which the uncle’s house echo’d.

The end of the second PART.





PHARSAMOND.

PART III.

PHARSAMOND, after fully contemplating the beauties of the place he was then in; —
 ‘ Clito, (says he) I have a
 ‘ strong inclination to enquire
 ‘ whom this house belongs to. ’Tis so de-
 ‘ lightful, and the spot on which it stands
 ‘ is so peculiarly enchanting, that it must
 ‘ needs be the abode of some hapless lover,
 ‘ who has entirely lost the hopes of being
 ‘ ever blest again with the sight of his mi-
 ‘ stress;

‘ stress; and who chose this delicious soli-
 ‘ tude, there to sigh and abandon himself
 ‘ entirely to his sorrow. What multitudes
 ‘ are made unhappy by love! I my
 ‘ self may, perhaps, be one day a still
 ‘ greater object of pity! Dear, dear Ceda-
 ‘ lisa! alas! these places, (the daily con-
 ‘ fidant of the pangs of the person who in-
 ‘ habits them,) increase my fondness, and
 ‘ the grief I feel at being torn from you.’

—— ‘ How! is Cedalisa again brought on
 ‘ the carpet? (says Clito) For heaven’s
 ‘ sake, good Sir, let us move off; the
 ‘ Devil must be somewhere hereabouts,
 ‘ and tempting us both. I myself also feel
 ‘ I know not how; these confidants, as you
 ‘ call the delightful scenes round us; this
 ‘ verdure, these trees, the gentle breeze
 ‘ which wantons through them; these seve-
 ‘ ral things, I will frankly confess, tickle my
 ‘ heart no less than they do your’s. My
 ‘ sweetest Fatima! had it not been for that
 ‘ old crone your mistress, and the base man-
 ‘ ner in which she turned us out of doors, I
 ‘ should be again tempted to be my worthy
 ‘ master’s squire. It must be own’d, that
 ‘ love has something vastly delightful in it.
 ‘ Faith and troth, my heart is so noble, that
 ‘ I cannot think I ever wore wooden shoes.
 ‘ But, Sir, once again, remember the box

‘ o’ the ear I receiv’d ; the affronts you your-
‘ self met with ; the fondness of your poor
‘ uncle, on whose soul heaven have mercy ;
‘ for, should we stay here any longer, I
‘ shall conclude him a dead man. Remem-
‘ ber my broken head, and the cords with
‘ which I was bound. All these are most
‘ scandalous incidents. I am as desirous as
‘ you can be, to imitate our heroes of ro-
‘ mance ; but, unluckily, we came four
‘ hundred years too late. Be therefore ad-
‘ vised, and let us go away. Hunger will
‘ inevitably seize us in this forest ; we are
‘ not acquainted with a foul in this house ;
‘ and we shall perhaps be taken for thieves.
‘ My dear, sweet master ! return to your
‘ wits. ’Tis now late ; a good supper
‘ waits for us ; let us take advantage of
‘ the appetite we should naturally have by
‘ this time, and employ it as one means to
‘ resist temptation ; our appetite was given
‘ us, (by Heaven,) for no other purpose.
‘ Tell me, are not you yourself vastly hun-
‘ gry ?’ — ‘ Away, away, Clito,’ (in-
‘ terrupted Pharsamond, with an air intoxi-
‘ cated by love ;) ‘ return back to my uncle,
‘ and say thou knowest not what is be-
‘ come of me. I won’t force thee to stay
‘ here against thy will. If the lives of those
‘ illustrious men, who were distinguished
‘ from

' from the herd of mortals, by their noble
 ' flame and their exalted sentiments : If the
 ' honour with which they were attended ; if
 ' their remembrance, which still exists, can-
 ' not once move thy heart, 'twill be vain
 ' for me to attempt it. Like me, like
 ' mighty Pharsamond, they soar'd above
 ' that groveling conduct which leads to o-
 ' blivion. They made choice, in love, of
 ' such objects as were worthy of ingrossing
 ' their hearts ; and their tenderness made
 ' them what they were. My heart is of the
 ' same cast with theirs. The object on
 ' whom I bestowed it, merits my whole
 ' adoration. Cedalisa shall know every part
 ' of my merit on this occasion ; and I hope
 ' to be one day as much indebted to her, as
 ' those famous knights were to their prin-
 ' cesses. Leave me ; I don't hold thee ; re-
 ' turn back to thy brother clowns ; and, if
 ' thy heart is insensible to the greatness with
 ' which I would inspire thee, leave me alone
 ' in this place. Heaven will, I doubt not,
 ' soon throw into my way a man, worthy
 ' to fill up the post thou refuseth.' — Phar-
 ' samond, after saying these words, turn'd a-
 ' bout towards the house, when he seem'd
 ' rais'd to extasy. Clito had been strongly
 ' affected by his master's words ; but his too
 ' recent return to the uncle's house, the
 G 6. stomach.

stomach he had got in hunting, and which was one of the greatest obstacles to the secret inclination he had to follow Pharsamond; the remembrance of the shocking adventures they both met with; these several things clash'd so much with his resolution, that good sense was very near prevailing on this occasion. But alas! the poor fellow could not avoid his destiny; and he was form'd to be the inseparable squire of the ill-fated Pharsamond. Heaven had made choice of him to be the illustrious partner of the misfortunes of this new knight; and his brain, already strongly prepossess'd in favour of romantick love, was not of so happy a texture, as to be directed by what was right. Nevertheless, one would have concluded, at first, that Clito's reason, or rather his fear, would have got the ascendant. — 'Farewel then,' (says he to Pharsamond, taking off his hat) 'farewel, my dear, dear master; since you are not afraid, either of being starved, or of the drubbing you may meet with, from persons not knowing who you are. Farewel. 'Tis not in my power to hold out here any longer. I'll e'en return home, and there die with grief. But I solemnly promise you, to forsake all company for your sake; and to treasure up for ever,

in

‘ in my mind, the instructions with which
 ‘ you favour’d me. Should you happen to
 ‘ meet with Fatima in your travels, my
 ‘ compliments to her, and say, that I’ll
 ‘ never forget her ; that I wish both her
 ‘ lady, and yourself, a principality ; and
 ‘ that, should this happen, I desire that
 ‘ notice may be sent me of it, in order that
 ‘ I may go and marry her. Pray don’t fail
 ‘ to give her my direction ; and for fear of
 ‘ mistake, tell her, when she writes the su-
 ‘ perscription, to word it thus ; — — To
 ‘ her hapless lover, Mr Clito, sadder than
 ‘ an owl, yellower than saffron, and leaner
 ‘ than the consumptive horse in our stable ;
 ‘ living in a little room joining to the
 ‘ kitchen, which I shall now make my
 ‘ abode. ’Twill not be possible to mistake.
 ‘ Adieu, my dear, dear Sir ; permit me,
 ‘ before I go, to embrace you.’

Clito, after he had ended this lamentable
 harangue, clasp’d his master, who was now
 so fondly wrapt in extasy, that he became
 quite insensible to this tender separation.
 The squire wept, and sigh’d as tho’ his heart
 would break, and sobb’d all the time he
 was mounting his horse. He had now rid
 about thirty paces, when, either curiosity, or
 fondness for his master, making him look
 back ; he perceived the knight, standing
 in

in the same place where he left him, fix'd in meditation, and staring wildly round. Clito's reason abandon'd him that instant. Fatima, the beauteous Fatima, rush'd at once upon his soul; and he found his passion for her so strong, that it would have been impossible for him ever to give over his search for her. Now hope springs up again in his mind; he is affected and animated by the grandeur of the profession he was going to relinquish; upon which he turned his horse's bridle, and came back to Pharsamond, who was advancing towards the little mansion. — 'Stop, Sir,' (cried he, as loud as he could bawl) 'I'm coming again to see you; happen what will, I'll follow you to the world's end.' — Pharsamond, overjoy'd at his squire's return, bid him approach, when he clasp'd him in his arms; and this with such warmth of affection, that Clito was now fix'd in his resolution. — 'Let us march forward, (says Pharsamond) and enter this house. Doubtless some lover, (as I observ'd) must dwell there; the resemblance of whose misfortunes, with mine, must make him sympathize with my sorrows. 'Tis late; night draws on; we'll therefore spend it here, and talk over our various griefs.' — Saying these words, he went in, the door happening to be

be open ; he went (I mean) into a court yard. Immediately a great mastiff, who lay as centinel there, wak'd at the noise they made in walking ; and barking, ran up to them, showing his teeth. Our adventurers retire ; the mastiff advances forward, and attempts to bite them. Clito spying a stick, seizes it, and stands in a posture of defence ; when some servants run out, hearing the noise. — ‘ What’s the matter ?’ (cried a huge fat cook ;) ‘ against whom is all this ‘ rage ?’ — ‘ My rage, (replied Clito) is ‘ only against that dog, who wants to bite ‘ me.’ — ‘ We are two strangers, (says ‘ Pharsamond) whom chance has conducted ‘ hither. Being unacquainted with the ‘ paths of this wood, and night drawing on, ‘ we took shelter near your house. Be so ‘ kind, therefore, as to speak to your master, who, I flatter myself, will receive us ‘ hospitably.’ — At these words, one of the servants bid our rambles wait a moment ; presently after which a young gentleman, finely shap’d and vastly handsome, appeared ; when saluting Pharsamond, he invited him to enter and repose himself. Pharsamond ; at the first sight of the young gentleman, did not doubt but he had guessed the motive of his living in this solitude. His beauty, his youth, and a languishing air expressed

expressed in his face ; these several particulars caus'd our knight to be firmly of opinion, that the master of the house must be a luckless lover. The reader will soon find, that Pharsamond was partly right in his conjectures. The conformity (as he supposed) in misfortunes between the young gentleman and himself, made Pharsamond receive the compliments of the anchoret, with an air of confidence and grandeur. Our knight was well shap'd ; and, if we except his frenzy, few men had a more amiable aspect. Such too he appeared in the eyes of the master of this house ; who, on the other hand, did not doubt, from Pharsamond's carriage, but that he was of a distinguish'd birth.

Near to the anchoret, stood another young man of the same age with him, whose beauty was not far inferior to his. Clito, the instant this young man appeared, was struck with no less affection for him, than Pharsamond had been for his master. The young man, and Clito, survey'd each other attentively ; for Clito, tho' born in a village, and among Peasants, yet made a tolerable good appearance in his way. His countenance was fresh and sprightly ; and spite of the irregularity of his features, which, singly, were homely enough ; yet the whole together form'd a comic face, that diverted the
beholders,

beholders, without exhibiting any thing disagreeable. After some compliments had pass'd, with the greatest politeness, on each side ; they went up into an apartment, that was furnish'd with an elegant simplicity, suitable to the natural beauties of this delicious solitude.

Methinks I now hear some critic object : — This seems to promise an adventure of the heroic kind. You are deviating from the cast of your subject : we expect comic incidents ; and this opening does not seem to offer any thing of that sort. — The critic is right in the main ; for I should not have attempted a description of the adventure in question. The comic part of it may, perhaps, not please ; I say, perhaps, for I'll do all I can to make it agreeable. However, 'twould have argued more prudence in me, not to have run any hazard on this occasion. Hence I have half a mind to blot out the strokes I have writ above. What says my reader ? — 'Tis a good thought. — But hold ; this would be an additional trouble, and I dread every thing of that kind. I'll therefore proceed. Must I, (good Mr Critic,) be oblig'd to furnish you, always, with subjects for laughter, because I have done this several times ? I beg you to forgive me in this respect. I myself am delighted with
variety.

variety. Follow me, therefore, (gentle reader ;) I will be so ingenuous as to confess, that I don't well know whither I am going; but then the journey will give pleasure. We are now in a solitude, let us e'en stay there some time. We'll afterwards do our best, to get ourselves out of it, as well as our various personages.

The anchoret naturally imagin'd that our rambler wanted repose. ' You must needs
' be fatigued, (says he to them ;) so that
' I'll take my leave of you till supper-time.'

—— The only answer that Pharsamond made the master, at his going away, was a low bow ; when our knight continued with no one but his most worthy squire. Pharsamond pass'd, at first, some moments in meditation, with his eyes turned towards heaven. This dumb language was heighten'd by certain sighs ; and he concluded with the following exclamation, in honour of his peerless Cedalifa. —— ' In vain, (said he,)
' dear princess, are endeavours us'd, to
' make me obliterate my woes. My sad
' heart is insensible to all things but the de-
' pair of having lost you ! — ' Be not (dear
' Sir, says Clito, interrupting him,) so soon
' buried in contemplation ; and talk a little
' with me. The master of this house, must
' be a worthy gentleman. Pray what do
' you

‘ you think of him? Did we but know
 ‘ where our fair-ones are at this time, we
 ‘ would write to them to come to us.’ —
 ‘ In how vulgar a strain dost thou express
 ‘ thyself! (replied Pharsamond;) and why
 ‘ interrupt me so disrespectfully? Can’st
 ‘ thou be ignorant, that it no way becomes
 ‘ a squire, to speak to his master with so
 ‘ little ceremony. It should be thy delight,
 ‘ to observe religiously a proper decorum
 ‘ with regard to me; instead of which, thou
 ‘ breakest in upon the sweet pleasures I
 ‘ enjoy, in devoting my whole soul to fond-
 ‘ ness: but let me tell thee, it is no ways
 ‘ proper thou should’st be so free with me.
 ‘ Call to mind who I am, and what thou
 ‘ thyself art; and let me abandon myself
 ‘ wholly to my passion.’ — ‘ You ought
 ‘ surely (says Clito,) to overlook these small
 ‘ faults, as we have been engaged so very
 ‘ short a time in our profession. Permit me
 ‘ to go on. I am delighted with the sport,
 ‘ and you’ll soon find me an excellent squire.
 ‘ I’ll disturb you no more. Make as many
 ‘ wry faces as you please; I’ll sit apart in
 ‘ yon chair, and gaze upon you in order to
 ‘ learn.’

Clito, after this discourse, withdrew re-
 spectfully from Pharsamond. Our knight
 was overjoy’d at the situation they were
 both

both going to be in. He first darted a glance at Clito, to see whether he sat in a proper attitude; after which, leaning one of his arms on the table, and letting the other hang carelessly on his side; he exerted his utmost endeavours, to imitate the manner of such famous knights, as happen'd to be at a distance from their mistresses.'——

' 'Tis in vain, (cried he) that fate pursues me; I'll pass my whole life, (dearest princess!) in searching after, and in loving thee!' —— His words were sometimes

interrupted by sighs. Clito, as he listn'd to his master, melted by insensible degrees. He fancied that no knight in the whole universe, could be a more perfect master of the passion of love. The squire could not once take his eyes from him. His strong attention awaking, at last, all his tenderness, and inspiring him with sentiments truly heroic; he, at first, mixed some sighs with those vented by his master. This tender enthusiasm increas'd; and after that Pharsamond had ended an exclamation begun by him, our heroic Clito forgetting himself, began likewise; I do not say, to speak, but to declaim as follows, with a thundering voice. — ' Sweet Mademoiselle Fatima! (for fate, still more jealous than satan, will not permit you to be a princess yet; however

‘ however, I doubt not but that you’ll be a
 ‘ princess one time or other ;) my absence
 ‘ from you, is death to me ; and was it not
 ‘ for a blessed appetite, that heaven gave me,
 ‘ and which I beseech it to preserve ; your
 ‘ poor, your wretched lover would have
 ‘ been in his grave by this time. Alas !
 ‘ when will my eyes be again blessed with
 ‘ the sight of you ? Why have the cruel
 ‘ destinies separated us. But I will seek
 ‘ you with so much attention, that tho’
 ‘ you should be hid under twenty trusses of
 ‘ straw ; and I be forced to cuff a million
 ‘ of old harridans, such as dame Margaret ;
 ‘ tho’ I should be whipp’d like a top ;
 ‘ bang’d like an ass, or have both my legs
 ‘ and arms broke : you shall see me over-
 ‘ joy’d, tho’ a cripple, and maim’d in every
 ‘ part of my body, as this will be for your
 ‘ honour and glory : all this I vow, I pro-
 ‘ test, I swear, by the most beautiful ro-
 ‘ mance I ever read in my life.’

During this noble exclamation, Pharsa-
 mond, whose contemplation the squire had
 broke in upon, listen’d to him with the
 most patient astonishment. The moment he
 had done speaking :—‘ But my good friend,
 ‘ Clito, (says he,) how strangely you for-
 ‘ get yourself ! Go, go, and bellow in the
 ‘ court-yard.’ — ‘ Stay a moment, (says
 Clito,

‘ Clito, in a solemn tone of voice ;) I shall
‘ soon have done ; but there is still some-
‘ thing upon my heart, which I must out with.’
— ‘ Hold your nonsense, (cries Pharsa-
‘ mond ; and if you can’t keep in that clack,
‘ leave me ; for I won’t be plagu’d with
‘ your company any longer.’ — ‘ A mo-
‘ ment’s patience more, (good Sir, replied
‘ the squire ;) since you are in such furious
‘ haste, I’ll lop off what I had to say, tho’
‘ I can assure you that the cream was all to
‘ come. But I might as well have not ut-
‘ ter’d a word, were I not to breathe a few
‘ sighs. I desire no more time than just to
‘ vent exactly four ; and surely you, who
‘ have exhal’d above a thousand, cannot
‘ think these too many. A little more time
‘ then, I beseech you.’ — Clito, saying
these words, endeavoured to draw a few
sad groans from his harmonious throat ;
when the young anchoret entred their cham-
ber, and deprived Clito of the sweet delight
of sighing. — ‘ Good my lord, (said he to
‘ Pharsamond,) come and take some re-
‘ freshment : I’ll do all that lies in my
‘ power, to recover you from the deep
‘ melancholy in which you seem’d plung’d.’
— ‘ Generous unknown, (replied Pharsa-
‘ samond,) the attention you are so good
‘ as to bestow on me, claims an eternal ac-
‘ knowledgment ;

‘ knowledgment ; but I solemnly declare,
 ‘ that I love you still more, from sympathy
 ‘ than gratitude.’ — Clito was going to re-
 turn him thanks in his way, when Pharsa-
 mond perceiving this, darted such a look
 on his prattling squire, as oblig’d him to
 hold his tongue. They then went down in-
 to a parlour, the extreme neatness of which
 made magnificence unnecessary. A moment
 after supper was served up, when Pharsamond
 and the anchoret sat down at table. Clito per-
 ceiving that not the least notice was taken of
 him, crept softly towards our knight, and
 whisper’d him thus : — ‘ I beg your advice
 ‘ (sweet Sir,) for I really know not how to
 ‘ act. Shall I sit down to table, or eat at
 ‘ the side-board ? for I don’t find a word
 ‘ relating to this in any of our books.’ —
 ‘ Thou imprudent wretch ! (cried Pharsa-
 ‘ mond,) begone, and trouble me no more.’
 — ‘ Well,’ (cries Clito, so loud as to be
 over heard,) ‘ honour is infinitely preferable
 ‘ to a supper. It shall never be said that a
 ‘ squire supp’d in the kitchen. This is a mat-
 ‘ ter of infinite consequence.’ — The anchoret
 heard imperfectly what Clito said ; when
 imagining that he did not care to eat with
 the servants, he order’d a napkin to be
 spread for him in the same room. That
 instant the young man, who seem’d to be
 the

the anchoret's companion, came in. 'If 'tis
'so,' (said Clito, the moment he perceiv'd
him,) 'you'll be so kind as to keep me
'company; our reckoning will be as good
'as that of others.' — The anchoret then
nodd'd to the young man, to accept of the
invitation; after which they served them
at a side-table.

I know not whether decorum will permit
our strollers to talk; for it will be no easy
matter to give them time to eat and speak
together; I myself know, that it was al-
ways a difficult task for me to do both at
once. But then, (will it be said,) nothing
is more common than for people to chat at
table; and you may, without injuring their
appetites in any manner, put such discourse
into their mouths as good manners may re-
quire. I therefore shall consent to let them
speak a few words, I myself not being fond
of long conversations on these occasions.
And now methinks I see Pharsamond with
his eyes fix'd and wrapt in contemplation,
forgetting that he sits with his fork uplifted;
whilst Clito, hungry as a hound, employs
both his hands at once, that he may lose no
time. — 'Every thing is excellent, (cried
'he each moment) your cook must be a
'very clever fellow.' Had our knight er-
rants of romance met with such, they would
have

have spent more time in eating than in musing. — The young man gaz'd with admiration at our squire's activity. — ' Bravo !
' (cries he,) good Mr Squire, since you are
' such.' — ' That I am, by my troth, (replied he;) but I paid dear for my title.
' If you'll but hear me, I'll inform you of
' every thing about it, the moment after I
' shall have dispatch'd what is before me.'

Whilst that Clito utter'd (all the time he was chewing) a parcel of unmeaning words; the young anchoret, after having long paid a regard to Pharsamond's meditations, resolved to interrupt them. — ' My lord,
' (says he,) I must beseech you to calm
' your transports. The sorrow to which
' I perceive you are become a prey, affects
' me exceedingly. I myself cannot forbear
' sympathizing with the unfortunate; and
' my own luckless condition induces me to
' pity you.' — ' My fate, (replies our
' knight,) is wretched; whence I hope
' you'll forgive me, if I yield to the melancholy which sits brooding over me,
' spite of the great civilities I am honour'd
' with by you. But then the cause of my
' melancholy is so natural, that you could
' not forbear pitying me still more, was I to
' inform you of it.' — ' I hope (replied the
' anchoret,) that you will be so good as

' to acquaint me with the cause of your
 ' grief ; and I, in return, will make you
 ' the confidant of mine. I nevertheless
 ' would have you believe, that 'tis not so
 ' much curiosity that prompts me to en-
 ' quire into your misfortunes, as a warmth
 ' of friendship for you, with which I was
 ' inspir'd the first moment I saw you.' —
 ' The great esteem, (says Pharsamond,)
 ' you discover for me, gives me infinite
 ' pleasure ; and this alone would be capable
 ' of easing my heart, could it admit of
 ' the least consolation. And give me leave,
 ' on the other hand, to assure you, that
 ' you cannot possibly revere me more than
 ' I do you.'

Enough, enough, I am quite tir'd with
 these insipid compliments with which most
 romances are larded. Pharsamond and the
 anchoret shall put a truce to theirs. They
 have been almost an hour at table ; at least
 I intended they should continue so long
 there. 'Tis therefore high time that they
 withdraw ; and I shall make them end their
 meal, after we have listned a moment to
 Clito, who has quite lost his appetite. —

' Let us talk away, my good friend, (says
 ' the squire :) I shall not now be at a loss for
 ' words. Tell me, (adds Clito ;) are you
 ' not some captain who are retir'd hither to
 ' fatten

‘fatten yourself again next campaign? the
 ‘winter-quarters here are excellent; and
 ‘would be complete, had we but women
 ‘about us.’ — ‘Alas! Mr Squire, (re-
 ‘plied the young man,) we reside in this
 ‘house for a very different reason.’ —
 ‘Faith and troth (replied Clito,) I’d gladly
 ‘live in it, without any reason at all.’ —
 ‘You are vastly good natur’d; your com-
 ‘pany is most delightful, (says the young
 ‘man;) and I assure you, that I shall be in-
 ‘finitely better pleas’d with this abode, if
 ‘you will but be so kind as to stay with us.’
 — ‘I am very much oblig’d to you, (says
 ‘Colin;) had I eat less, I could have
 ‘thank’d you in a much better manner;
 ‘but I am almost choak’d, so pray let me
 ‘take a little breath.’ — ‘Are you always
 ‘so merry, (continued the young man,) as
 ‘now?’ — ‘Indeed am I, (replies Clito;)
 ‘I am never out of temper except on ash-
 ‘wednesday, on vigils, and during Lent;
 ‘but at all other times I am wakeful as a
 ‘Clock. But now I’m speaking of clocks;
 ‘do you go to bed early here?’ — ‘This is
 ‘left to every one’s pleasure, said the young
 ‘man.’ — ‘A charming house! (cries the
 ‘squire;) may those who built it,
 ‘as well as all who reside here, live for
 ‘ever.’ — ‘Do you also make love some-

‘ times ?’ — ‘ We should do so, (continued Clito) if this were necessary, but we have not even one woman among us. — Fy ! (replied Clito ;) ’twas very wrong of you not to provide against this want ; it being impossible that your family should last any time, as it consists of none but men. But what was I going to say farther ? give me some account of the life you lead in this place. Handsome as you are, you surely must have been teiz’d almost to death by the waiting-maids. But tell me, are you not acquainted with a certain brunette, neither fat nor lean, tall nor short, nam’d Mademoiselle Fatima ? ’ — I don’t know any such person, replied the young man. During the twelve months that we have dwelt in this solitude, we have seen none but a few sportsmen, who, now and then, were flung out of the chace.’ — ‘ I am overjoy’d, (replied Clito,) that you know nothing about her ; for I must be so frank as to declare, that you would be a very improper acquaintance for this enchanting creature’ — ‘ Why so ?’ (said the young man.) — ‘ I could inform you why, (continued the squire ;) and you shall be told the reason of this to-morrow. But you observ’d to me, that folks, in this house,

‘house, go to bed when they please;
 ‘and you must know that my eyes begin
 ‘to draw straws; so that, in case my bed
 ‘be made, I’ll run into it this moment.’ —
 ‘You seem in vast haste, (said the young
 ‘man;) but ’tis not late yet.’ — ‘Your
 ‘clock, (said Clito,) must certainly go too
 ‘slow; but my eyes are, to me, as a
 ‘dial: when they shut, it must be mid-
 ‘night. — Good night to you: ’twill be
 ‘day light to-morrow.’

Scarce had Clito pronounc’d these last
 words, but Pharsamond and the anchoret
 rose from table, in which they did well;
 for Clito, had his tongue run on, would not
 have known what he said. — ‘Sir,’ (said the
 anchoret to the knight,) if you have no
 ‘inclination to go to bed yet, there is a
 ‘little garden hard by; so that, if you think
 ‘proper, we’ll go and take a turn in it.
 ‘Solitude, silence, and night, suit persons
 ‘whose souls are a prey to grief; and they
 ‘perhaps, may administer some pleasure to
 ‘you.’ — ‘I wish for no other pleasure,
 ‘(replied Pharsamond, venting a deep sigh,)
 ‘than that which I shall enjoy by means of
 ‘your company; and since you are so kind
 ‘as to let me share as much of it as I please,
 ‘I will endeavour to converse with you as
 ‘long as I can.’ — Saying these words,
 H 3 they

they both went into the garden; when the young man conducted Clito to the chambers, where beds were prepared for them; and our squire, after embracing his guide, in return for the excellent meal with which he had been favour'd, got to bed as fast as possible, in order to digest his meal with the greater ease.

Pharsamond and our anchoret walk'd some moments, without opening their lips. The knight proceeded with a solemn peace, and stopt by intervals. The anchoret then, surveying him attentively, was struck with the most tender compassion. — How extreme must this poor gentleman's misfortunes be! (said he, softly, to himself.)

By this time they were advanced insensibly into a walk, whose gloom recovered Pharsamond from his profound contemplation. — 'I would do all that lies in my power, (said the anchoret,) to calm your woes; and if the relation of those I feel, can suspend them ever so little, I am ready to inform you of all things relating to myself, provided this may be agreeable. You possibly will hear incidents which may surprise you, and be highly worthy of your curiosity.' — — 'The beholding of you only,' (excellent Sir, replied Pharsamond,) 'will persuade every one, that the relation
of

of your adventures must be something very
 extraordinary. Amiable as you are, in
 every respect, we easily guess the cause of
 your woe ; and surely, love only can ruf-
 fle the mind of so very deserving a gentle-
 man." " You say true, (replied the ancho-
 ret ;) that passion alone, has, like the can-
 ker-worm, prey'd on my youthful days.
 But since you are so kind as to promise
 me your attention, I'll now begin my
 mournful story."





THE STORY OF THE ANCHORET.

I Have lived a year in this solitude : but before I tell you the motives for my residing in it, give me leave to inform you of my birth. A young man of quality, Tarmino by name, who dwelt usually in a country seat near Paris, saw a gentlewoman at a friend's house whom he went to visit. Being struck with the beauties of her person, he enquir'd who she was ; when his friend replied, that she was daughter to a gentleman, who died some time before in the army ; and that she lived with her mother, in an adjacent village. He added,

added, that as his daughter had contracted a friendship with this young gentlewoman, she had prevail'd with her to spend some time at his house; and he concluded with observing, that she was in very unhappy circumstances. — Tarmino was overjoy'd to hear of her being well born. He came, on the morrow, to pay his friend another visit, when he found an opportunity of speaking to the young gentlewoman, whom I shall call Persiana. Tarmino was finely shap'd, sweet temper'd, and had a most amiable countenance. He then reveal'd to Persiana, the impression she had made on his heart; and spoke this with so graceful, so persuasive an air, that tho' Persiana, did all she could, to conceal the inclination she had for him; she yet could not forbear shewing, by her answer, that she was not insensible to his passion. A second interview compleated the conquest of the restraint which she, for the sake of prudence and decency, had put on her heart. And now Tarmino open'd his whole soul, and address'd her, not as a mistress for whom he had some regard, but as one whom he lov'd and respected; and wish'd might be joyn'd with him, in the bands of wedlock. This was so very advantageous a match for the unhappy Persiana; and his person was so

exceedingly engaging, that she could no longer conceal her sentiments; nor forbear to hint, how much he was dear to her. Hitherto she had made only half a discovery; but, at last, so far from hiding her flame, she reveal'd it fully. This declaration was made in so unaffected a manner, as gave it infinite charms; and Tarmino was thereby much more sensible of the value of the heart which the fair-one devoted to him. His father was still living, who, being a morose and covetous old man, the youth could not flatter himself with the hopes, that his parent would any way approve of the choice he had made; the riches he possess'd being a great obstacle to it. Nevertheless, Tarmino prevail'd with some friends to sound him; but the old gentleman always return'd such answers, as made the youth despair of ever obtaining his consent. Our lover inform'd his mistress of the mighty remoras he met with to their happiness; when his sincerity, and the rectitude of all his actions, increased Persiana's flame. Nothing but falsehood, in a passion built on esteem, can lessen the delight found in loving. Tarmينو, charm'd with the unvarying fondness his mistress discover'd for him, was resolv'd to address his father. On this occasion he employ'd intreaties, submissions, and tears; in

in short, every thing which was thought capable of mollifying the old man, but all to no purpose; and the latter was even upon the point of commanding his son to never see her more. What a grief must this be to a lover, who knows no other felicity, than that of being joyn'd for ever to the fair-one who forms his whole delight! Tarmino and Persiana spent, secretly, some days in mixing their fond tears; when these affecting circumstances inflaming their passion, they resolved to tye the nuptial knot, whatever might be the consequence. Love on such occasions, sets aside, and erazes the remembrance of the usual formalities; and truth, joyn'd with honour, are commonly thought to be riches sufficient. However, they found means to win over Tarmino's friend to their interest; and the private chapel of this friend was the place where this fond pair, intoxicated with the joy of adoring each other, bound themselves, by the most solemn ties, to retain a reciprocal love so long as life should last.

Their nuptials were known only to three persons besides themselves; and they spent three months, in such a manner, as made their friends and acquaintance imagine, that their late passion was sunk to indifference. But now Persiana inform'd Tarmino of an

accident common to a new married woman, upon which proper care was taken to conceal Persiana's pregnancy. She afterwards brought forth a child, which she naturally concluded to be in safety ; firmly relying on the oath whereby Tarmino had bound himself to her, at the foot of the sacred altar.

Tarmino's valet de chambre, who was one of the three witnesses to the marriage, had formerly liv'd as a servant with his father. The old gentleman, on occasion of some whispers, question'd this domestick ; and, to engage him to discover the whole secret, promis'd not only to settle an annuity upon him, but likewise to give him a considerable sum of money beforehand. This valet de chambre was base enough to accept of the bribe ; and had inform'd the old gentleman of all he knew, a few days before Persiana's delivery. The father would hear no more. He now feign'd to be kindly reconciled to a thing, which, being done, could not be undone. Upon this he sent for his son, when, after slightly reprimanding him for taking such a step against his express consent, he declared to him, that, since he was married, he would forgive him. The old man went such lengths in his hypocrisy, as even to order his son to introduce his wife to him. The son obey'd, when the
deceitful

deceitful father conceal'd, under the veil of kindness and humanity, a barbarous design which he was then meditating against the offspring of our fond couple.

I myself don't know all the steps he took, in order to put his wicked design in execution; but a fortnight after Persiana's delivery, her child disappeared on a sudden, but by what accident no one could tell. The nurse vanish'd at the same time; a circumstance which plung'd Tarmino and Persiana into the extremes of despair. The former made every enquiry possible; his search was universal, but all in vain, for not a word could he hear concerning his dear infant. He then complained to his father; and, in the height of his anguish, proceeded so far as to say, that he only could have been guilty of so horrid a deed. The old man pretended to be exasperated against his son; and carried his resentment so far, as to threaten to get his marriage dissolved. He was as good as his word, he taking all the measures necessary for that purpose.

Not long after, and at the time that the father was pursuing this affair with vigour, he was taken ill, and snatch'd out of the world. Tarmino, spite of his father's severity and ill usage, having naturally a tender heart, was affected at the old man's death.

His

His care now was, (after burying his parent) to solemnize his nuptials publickly, and with the due formalities. He then rewarded very liberally all his father's late servants, in hopes that some one of them would be able to inform him, concerning his father's contrivance in getting the child off, and the place where the latter then was. But the old gentleman had manag'd this affair with such privacy, that not one of them could give him the least light into it.

Tarmino and Persiana were inconsolable at this loss; and near eighteen years passed away, without their having any other offspring. During this interval, the infant, who was carried off, had been brought up in a place about fifty miles from their country seat, at a farmer's, whose wife took care of the child. I will not inform you how Tarmino's father came to hear of this farmer; let it suffice when I tell you, that I was this child, and that I am a woman.

Pharsamond, struck with amazement at these words, cried: — ‘How! you are not a man!’ — I am not indeed, Sir, (replied the anchoret;) and you shall soon be told the motives for my assuming this disguise. — ‘Heavens!’ (cried our knight, enraptur'd with an adventure that abounded with the marvellous; and which approach'd him,

him, (as it were) to those ages, of the renown'd knights, who frequently met with the like;) 'Heavens! how surprizing is the fate of some men! But go on, (lovely female stranger;) I am impatient to know the conclusion of so remarkable a story.'—The fair anchoret then proceeded in manner following.

After spending three years at the farmer's to whose care I had been committed, chance directed to our village, a company of ladies and gentlemen; and my foster-father rented some lands under one of the latter. This farmer had a pleasant garden, which the whole company chose to dine in; thinking that so delightful a spot wou'd add to the pleasures of their repast. I was in the garden when they all came in. Now it happen'd, that one of those ladies, the Countess of * * * *, who was advanc'd in years, and had no children; spying me, ask'd my foster-father whether I was his daughter? He replied very naturally, that I was not, and went on as follows. — I really don't know who are her parents. A certain sum was given me, three years since, to take charge of her; and a promise made that she should be sent for away soon. As no one came for that purpose, charity and compassion prompted me to keep her, and to treat her exactly
as

as I do my own children. — The farmer after this frank declaration, set forth, in too favourable a light, certain good qualities I possessed; all which, (he declared,) seem'd to prognosticate that I should one day be a most amiable woman.—The whole company look'd upon this adventure as very singular, upon which they began to discourse with me; and 'twas, (very probably) the extraordinary circumstance with regard to my birth, which struck the lady in question so greatly in my favour. She then took me in her arms; when she was so partial, as to fancy I should one day be very handsome, and seem'd quite enchanted with my behaviour. To make short, she told the ladies and gentlemen round her, that she would take me to her house, where she would bring me up, and treat me in the same manner as if I had been her daughter. — The farmer consented to part with me; but not (as I was inform'd afterwards) without some regret. The countess, to console the good peasant, gave him some money; and, the repast being ended, she took me in her coach, and carried me to her seat, sixteen miles from this place.

I lived with this lady till I was seventeen. 'Twere needless to tell you, that in changing (as it were) my master, my carriage and habits

bits chang'd by insensible degrees; such an education being bestow'd upon me, as suited the daughter of a person of the first rank. Tho' our house was twelve miles from the nearest town, I yet was waited upon by singing and dancing masters; and the progress I made under both, made the countess extremely well pleas'd with the care she took in bringing me up. For many years I imagin'd myself her daughter, she always calling me such, without once hinting at the manner in which she had taken me from the farmer's; and all the servants in the house were order'd, upon pain of being turn'd away, not to give me the least information as to this matter. Education had inspir'd me with that tenderness for the old lady, which children usually have for a mother; but chance, in whose disposal I always was, at last acquainted me with every thing to which I had so long been a stranger.

During the whole time that I have been speaking of, all the people in the neighbourhood of my good lady, were wholly taken up with diversions and sports of various kinds. 'Twas now an universal holiday, and every one was employ'd in forming new parties of pleasure. I was then near sixteen, and could boast some little beauty. A great number of persons, of various ranks, had already

already presented themselves to me as suitors ; but none of these had yet made so strong an impression, as to make me sensible that I had a heart to bestow. They would divert me, indeed, but without affording me any real joy ; whilst I, without discovering the least preference for any one in particular, treated them all in such manner, as did not bereave them of the hopes, that they might one day touch my heart ; and this hope caus'd them to rack their inventions for new subjects of delight, merely to entertain me. The good lady to whom I had such obligations, was overjoy'd at my prudent conduct on every occasion ; and I obey'd her implicitly in all things. The great regard I paid to her advice, increas'd still more her fondness for me ; but the time was drawing near, when I should violate, on occasion of a luckless passion, the exact obedience I had till then, shewn to all her commands.

Among these various diversions in which I shar'd perpetually, my gallants propos'd acting a tragedy, and insisted that I should play the principal female character. The novelty of this entertainment pleas'd every one ; and it being mentioned to the countess, she consented to it at once. The parts were then given out to us, the chief whereof,
were

were a prince and a princess, who, being struck with a violent passion for each other ; a jealous king, at whose palace they were then supposed to be, endeavoured to separate them by forcible methods. The part of the princess was put into my hands ; on which occasion I was desired to name, among the several young gentlemen of our acquaintance, the person whom I should desire, might act the prince. I giggled at this proposal, and begg'd I might be allow'd, till the morrow, before I determin'd ; and laughing on, added that, in order to chuse with the greater justice, it would be necessary that all such young gentlemen as might be candidates for the part, should meet next day at our house ; and that then, after my surveying them at leisure, either heaven or my own heart would inspire me in so important a choice as was that of a lover. The countess was present at this conference, and every one laugh'd at my declaration. All the young gentlemen who met at our house, became, from that instant, much more assiduous in their addresses ; but I declar'd, that I would not suffer myself to be prejudic'd in favour of any one, till the moment should happen, which was to determine both that person's fate and mine. This declaration, which was pronounc'd with the same air as

I had

I had assumed at first, put an end to their several addresses. And now their eyes only employ'd all their art, in order to obtain the preference, (if possible) by their silent language ; and after the company had debated long enough on my proposal, and the answer I made, I was called upon to keep my promise. The hour of assembly was agreed upon, after which they all retir'd to their respective homes.

As soon as we were returned to our house, the countess ask'd whether I spoke seriously, when I had engaged to give the preference to one young gentleman. I reply'd, that I only jok'd, and would be far from executing what I had promis'd. That though I should be forc'd to declare for one in particular, I did not know which of them to point out, as they all pleas'd me alike ; or in other words, were equally indifferent to me.

She applauded me for entertaining so prudent a resolution ; adding, that if the young gentlemen should insist upon my declaring, I should say, that my pretended choice was made merely at random, and to divert the company ; and that I should be greatly puzzled, was I forc'd to give the preference to one, among a set of gentlemen whose merit was equal. I assur'd the countess,

ness, that I would pay the most exact obedience to her commands : but (alas!) no person ought to be lavish of his promises, in matters of this sort.

One of the ladies of the company, of the preceding evening, had a son about twenty, who for some time had been studying the Law at Paris; and, for that reason, had not yet made his appearance among us.

This youth happen'd to arrive at his mother's house, the very night that the promise in question had been made. 'Twas then vacation time, and he was come to spend it at his mother's. This lady, who had no other child, and lov'd her son almost to distraction, inform'd him of the agreement, and that I was to make choice of the principal male-performer. The young gentleman hearing this, begg'd his mother to let him be a candidate. She complied at once, and this with the greater satisfaction, as there was not, in all this company, one that exceeded him in the noblest qualifications, both of mind and person.

This youth, overjoy'd that he should arrive at so auspicious a juncture, went, next morning, to visit some young gentlemen in the neighbourhood; when he inform'd them of his intention to venture in the choice which was to be made. The other young people,
(being

(being each prejudic'd in his own favour,) were no ways intimidated at this new candidate. They met, and proceeded together, to the countess's seat, with the rest of the company; who were as much delighted with the thoughts of this singular diversion, as the eager young gentlemen could possibly be.

I appear'd, bursting into a laugh, as I came in, at my reflecting on their credulity. As the countess had taught me my lesson the night before, she seem'd to join with the whole company, in urging me to declare, when I still refus'd. The young gentleman, lately come from Paris, was introduc'd by his mother, and desir'd that I would permit him to be a candidate. I had taken no notice of him before; but I now felt, at seeing him, a secret pleasure which the sight of no man had ever rais'd in me till then. He appeared less eager in his addresses than the rest; I even fancied I perceiv'd, that, if he were urgent in his compliments, (as the other candidates,) this was merely for form sake; and I discover'd, by the drift of his discourse, that he could have wish'd chance might decide on that occasion, rather than a preference; he considering this as a choice made by the heart, to which he imagin'd a new-comer could not have the least pretensions. The uneasiness he felt on this occasion

caſion pleas'd me, and inspir'd me with the like. I wiſh'd it were poſſible for him to gueſs, that I was more delighted with him, than with any of the reſt. In order to give my young gentleman ſome little notion of this, I ſaid (looking at him with an air of good nature;) — I will not, (Sir) declare in favour of any one; and if you can be concern'd at the choice I ſhall make; you may be aſſur'd, that you will not have the mortification to ſee any perſon preferr'd to yourſelf. — Doubt not, (young lady, ſays he haſtily,) but that I ſhall be concern'd: Tho' but juſt now arriv'd, I perhaps may be more ſtrongly affected than any other man; I therefore, will urge you no farther, becauſe I have more cauſe to fear than the reſt of the candidates.

In the mean time, the others perſiſted in calling out for the choice; when one of them finding me abſolutely bent not to make a declaration, deſir'd that I would agree to an expedient which he himſelf had thought on this moment. — Since you are afraid, (ſays he, young lady,) of exciting jealousy; give orders that he, among us, who may repeat his part ſoonest, ſhall have the honour of acting with you. This young gentleman probably flatter'd himſelf, that his great ſtrength of memory would obtain him the prize.

Prize. At this proposal, the young gentlemen suspended their intreaties for some time. I approved of the hint, and by this means got rid of importunities which now began to be troublesome. They then consulted together ; and, at last, agreed unanimously, that the prize should be bestow'd on him who shou'd repeat the part in question first.

Scarce was this expedient agreed to, but the young gentleman just arrived from Paris said : — That since the preference was to be given to him, (among them) who should soonest say by heart, the part in question ; there consequently would be no occasion for a second meeting, in order to declare the victor, since he could repeat the part, about which the contest arose ; he having perform'd that part at a friend's house in Paris, where this tragedy had been acted. And therefore, that as his fellow candidates had themselves enacted the law, they could have no room to complain ; whence he no ways doubted but that I would declare in his favour, as I had agreed to name that person as conqueror, who should first repeat this part.

I will confess I was overjoy'd, that the chance which had made him learn it, should tally so exactly with my inclination. I did not
now

now wait from the least reply from his brother candidates ; I haſting, (perhaps with an imprudent eagernels) to declare that he had won the prize ; and conſequently that it was him I choſe.

His rivals, ſurpriz'd at an accident which at once crush'd all their fond expectations in the birth, were ſtruck dumb at this deciſion. Immediately they all beheld him with an envious eye ; and were almoſt tempted to quarrel with the gentleman who had propos'd ſo fatal an expedient. He himſelf ſeem'd vex'd to the ſoul. However, no one conteſted the choice ; and he it fell upon, (whom I ſhall call Oriantes,) was appointed to act the part of a prince, with me, in the tragedy in queſtion. We now gaz'd at each other ; when I fancied I ſaw, in his eyes, the pleaſure that this gave him ; and I doubt not but that mine told him the ſatisfaction which I myſelf felt likewiſe. The converſation was now carried on far leſs briskly than before ; the other candidates being inſoluble at their having loſt, in an inſtant, all hopes ; and their uneaſineſs was painted, but too viſibly, in their reſpective countenances. However, I did all that lay in my power, (ſo far as compliments and civility would go,) to ſooth their ſorrows. I obſerv'd, that no one of them had the

least cause to be uneasy at this accident ; and that they should not be any ways affected with a choice, which chance alone had directed. They now seemed to acquiesce with my reasons. We then gave out the other parts ; and after having fix'd upon a day for the rehearsal, the company withdrew, and I continued alone with my lady.

I did not dare, at first, to ask whether her ladyship was pleas'd with my conduct on this occasion. She spar'd me this trouble ; and the manner in which she deliver'd herself, made me conclude that she was satisfied in general, with my whole behaviour. She objected only to one thing, and that was, that I had nam'd *Oriantes* too hastily. A young woman, (says she,) cannot discover too much reserve and indifference on such occasions. She continued to observe, that I ought to have permitted the young gentlemen to pronounce, who, notwithstanding their jealousy, would probably have acted agreeably to the dictates of justice ; and she ascrib'd, in a great measure, their uneasiness to the hasty manner in which I had made my declaration. However, that she herself was persuaded, my impetuosity was merely the effect of carelessness ; but that I must take more care for the future. I will confess, that I was surpriz'd at her great sagacity,

gacity, in taking such notice of my eagerness in making the declaration ; and I myself had forgot it, so sudden and involuntary was the impulse which had given rise to it. However, I replied, that I probably might have been too hasty on this occasion ; but that it was owing wholly to my desire of putting an end to a contest, which must necessarily have happen'd among the young gentlemen ; but that she might be assured, this was the sole reason why I had behav'd in such a manner.

We then talk'd no more on this subject ; but I could not forbear reflecting, the whole evening, on all that had past ; when I perceiv'd, very sensibly, that I took a pleasure in thinking on Oriantes. I was so little acquainted with the passion of love, that I abandon'd myself, without the least reserve, to my first sensations. I went to bed, impatient for the return of the day, as this would give me the pleasure of seeing my young gentleman again ; I not doubting but that he would pay me a visit. He came accordingly on the morrow, but not till after dinner, the laws of decorum not permitting him to see me in the morning. The countess was then not at home ; an affair relating to her estate, having oblig'd her to go three or four miles from her seat ; so that Oriantes

found me alone. The reception I gave him shew'd, that I was highly delighted with his company ; and I can assure you, that nothing I had ever met with in my life, gave me a more sensible pleasure, than that of seeing myself with him, without any other witnesses but ourselves. At his coming up to me, he seem'd in some confusion, which prevented his observing mine ; however, we soon recover'd ourselves. Heavens ! what a conversation had we, and how greatly did it inchant us both ! our eyes made, reciprocally, a thousand protestations of the most tender passion, before we dar'd to pronounce it with our lips. I will not give you the particulars of our conversation, such pleasing those only who are the actors in them. He mention'd to me the chance which had procur'd him a felicity he would have preferr'd to all sublunary ones, tho' it might have been the lot of another. — The answer I made, seem'd to hint, that I only wish'd he then spoke the truth. He understood my meaning ; and thank'd me for this, in words overflowing with tenderness. My heart conspir'd but too strongly, to render these testimonies he gave me of his passion persuasive. I now imagin'd, that I ought no longer to harbour the least doubt with regard to the sincerity of his intentions ; however,

ever, I made him a slight answer ; but then, how eloquent were my eyes ! — What shall I say farther ? — He made me an offer of his heart ; he ask'd whether I wou'd accept of it ; he fell at my feet. I blush'd, I trembled. I now was no longer able to observe a silence, which, tho' eloquent, fav'd my modesty the trouble of making a declaration with my lips. — Rise, Oriantes, (said I ;) I ought to blush with confusion. No one of your competitors, ever since the vows they made of loving me, has hitherto had the advantage of making so free a declaration as you have. You arriv'd but yesterday ; and yet, you now venture to declare a passion for me. Still I have not bid you be silent ; I listen to you ; you fall down before me, and I cannot even feign anger. Save me, (Oriantes) save me from the confusion which both your conduct and mine ought to fill me with ! Why cannot I persuade you, that you should still doubt whether I really have an inclination for you ! But, alas ! this is no longer in my power. You perceive how dearly I love you ; this conquest was too cheap, and you will too soon be habituated to the certainty of my being charm'd in your favour. Take back therefore, (Oriantes) that heart, and let me be at rest. I am not my own mistress, and

I 3

must

must shape my will after that of my mother's. Be persuaded, however, that nothing in this world could give me so much delight, as for her to consent to the love I have for you; but it is fit we both stop here. — 'Twas now impossible for Oriantes to conceal his joy; when the greatness of his passion inflam'd me still more. — He begg'd I would give him leave to swear eternal constancy. I have forgot the several particulars I said to him on this occasion; however, we at last agreed to love each other, and to conceal our flame from all the world. As we had been near two hours together, I begg'd him to withdraw; I expecting the countess every moment, and he obey'd. I then went and shut myself up in my chamber, where grief, pleasure, fear, shame; in short, a thousand different passions prey'd upon me at once. But when persons are in love, the reflections they make, in their own mind, have a stronger effect upon them than the presence of the object beloved. I felt within myself, that I doated on Oriantes: I knew no other pleasure than that of gazing upon him, of presenting my heart, and of hearing him offer me his. By this time the countess was returned home, when I said that Oriantes had been to pay her a visit. My lady seem'd to give little attention

tion to this, it being natural that he should come and see us. With regard to myself, I concealed, as carefully as I possibly could, all my fond impulses, and this I did very happily at first; but those impulses grew afterwards so strong, by the pleasure I found in seeing my lover perpetually, that they were soon discovered by any one, who took the least pains to examine me.

'Twere needless to tell you the several things which pass'd, till the time of performing the tragedy. I saw Oriantes every day, and frequently alone. And now the day of playing was fix'd. If it might not be look'd upon as vanity in me, to observe how much Oriantes and I delighted all the spectators, I wou'd affirm, that no actors ever play'd their parts with greater energy than we. But how prodigiously were those who beheld us, mistaken on this occasion! Our fondness one for the other, was suppos'd to be the effect of art only; and yet, I believe no passion was ever painted in more strong and lively colours. Both of us found so delicate a pleasure, in vowing an eternal constancy, before those from whom, at another time, we should have concealed it with the utmost care; that I am of opinion, no two hearts ever spoke with less reserve than ours; by the blissful opportunity indulg'd us, of performing

forming those parts, as tho' they had been merely fictitious.

A thousand compliments were afterwards paid us, for our feigning so very successfully; and so many pleasant things were then said to us, that Oriantes and I could by this means, speak with greater familiarity, in presence of any one, than we dar'd to do before. He styl'd me, on every occasion, his *princess*; whilst I always call'd him, (agreeably to the tragedy,) *my lord*; and this is now become so habitual to me, (continued the fair anchoret,) that I gave you the same title, when I first address'd you; and I beg you to let me always call you so.

Four months more pass'd, without any one's perceiving the mutual passion with which we were inflam'd; but at the end of that time, Oriantes, who now had finish'd his study of the Law, grew melancholy and pensive, the characteristicks that distinguish those who are prey'd upon by a violent passion. And now his mother, who doated upon him, griev'd at the gloom to which he was a prey, enquired several times the cause of it. Oriantes made some difficulty, at first, to gratify her kind curiosity; but at last, as she one day press'd him more earnestly than usual; this darling son, after
fondly

Fondly clasping his indulgent mother, confess'd that he lov'd me ; and added, that it would be impossible for him ever to be happy without me. — His mother, without discovering the least surprize, only observ'd, in the softest manner, that he was as yet too young to form such an engagement ; and that, supposing my mother, (the old lady,) should give her consent ; he yet might, afterwards, regret in vain his loss of liberty. — I had infinitely rather, (says he, with the greatest warmth,) deplore my want of liberty, (if it be possible I cou'd deplore it, when given up for the sake of so dearly beloved an object,) than languish in an expectation which I very possibly could not resist. I therefore, (dear, dear Madam,) conjure you, whom I reverence more than any thing in the world, to let me be happy. You know that I am well born, and heir to great riches ; so that if you will but be so gracious, as to inform the mother of her whom I adore, of the mighty passion I have for her daughter, she surely will not oppose what only can make me blest. Oriantes's mother thought, that it would be to no purpose for her to endeavour to divert him from his passion. She therefore promis'd to speak to the countess about it that very day, and was as good as her word. I was tak-

ing the air upon the terrafs when ſhe return'd home ; which gave the lady in queſtion, all the time requiſite for propoſing our marriage to my imagin'd mother.

The counteſs was ſurpriz'd and confounded at this compliment. The match would, indeed, have been quite ſuitable, had I been her daughter ; but, ſpite of the affection ſhe had for me, 'twas no eaſy matter for a perſon, on this occaſion, to go ſuch lengths, as to deprive heirs of an inheritance which was their natural right ; merely for the ſake of one no ways related to her, and to whom ſhe was bound by no other tye than that of a generous compaſſion. Accordingly juſtice would not permit her to hesitate a moment on this occaſion ; but as ſhe had a real love for me, and was unwilling to diſvulge my obſcure birth, ſhe form'd a reſolution, which, without ſubjecting her to any engagement, ſatiſfied this good lady in ſome meaſure.

The counteſs therefore, after returning the kindeſt reply to this propoſal, added, that before ſhe wou'd give a poſitive answer, ſhe muſt firſt ſound my inclination in private ; and that, ſhou'd ſhe find me diſpos'd like her ſon, ſhe then would certainly conſent, with joy, to our nuptials.

Oriantes's

Oriantes's mother, after this assurance had been given her, withdrew ; and flew to her son, whom she inform'd of the auspicious news. My young lover did not doubt of success, as the decision of this affair depended on me.

But now the countess, who had postpon'd it for no other reason, than to inform me that I was not her daughter ; and to engage me, by the discovery, to declare that I wou'd not marry, for some time, came to me in my chamber, whither I was retir'd. The uneasiness which appear'd in her countenance, and her precaution in shutting the door after her, (looking first to see if no one could overhear us,) all this seemed to forbode evil ; and made me conclude, that she was going to acquaint me with some very disagreeable particulars. I even ask'd her, with an air of confusion, what she was going to do ; when her ladyship, coming up, drew a chair close to mine, and seated herself. I gaz'd at her in great perplexity, when she at last broke her silence, and spoke thus.

I have some strange matters to tell you, (my dear girl,) which you would never have been let into, had you liv'd a thousand years, but for an accident that happen'd just now. Know that I sympathize beforehand with

You, in the grief with which you must necessarily be seiz'd, but can conceal nothing from you. Oriantes is fallen in love with you; and I am ignorant whether or no your affection be reciprocal. I consequently cannot say, whether you have given him any hopes. However, you may have done this without incurring the least guilt; and I doubt not but that all the impulses of your heart, were directed by wisdom. You naturally imagin'd that your birth and fortune were upon a foot with his; but it is high time I undeceive you concerning this suppos'd equality, which, very probably, may have misled you.—Know that you are not my daughter, nor can I tell who you are.

Heavens! (cried I, pale and in the deepest confusion;) O my good lady! I imagin'd you to be my mother, and you, (alas) are no ways related to me! — My sighs and tears prevented my saying a word more. I then fell back in my chair, without showing scarce the least signs of life. — I am greatly afflicted, (says she, taking me in her arms,) to see you in this deplorable condition; but be comforted, my dear child. If you are desirous of being still called my daughter, and of always styling me your mother, you may do this as long as you live. — Can you be so cruel, (my lady, says I,) as
to

to inform me of these dreadful particulars, without telling me whose child I am? —

Pray who are my parents? (good my lady;)

— To whom do I owe my birth? —

She then related, how she had found me, and likewise what she had been told by the farmer, who had brought me up till three years old; after which she continued her discourse as follows.

Oriantes is then in love with you: for this I was told by his mother, who went out just now, and desired my consent for you to marry him. I deferr'd giving a positive answer, upon pretence that I wou'd first advise with you about it. Methinks you cannot expect that my affection, for you, should be carried so far, as that, (forgetting those who are united to me by the ties of blood) I shou'd bequeath to you, an estate devolv'd to me from my ancestors, and which consequently ought to descend to my family. However I promise, to have no less regard for you, so long as I live, than if you were my own child; and you may expect great things in time to come, both from the natural generosity of my temper, and from the strong love I have for you. The only return I ask, is, that you would take advantage of, and comply with the advice I have to give you. Be, therefore, henceforward,
more

more on the reserve with respect to Oriantes ; behave to him with that cold civility, which rids us of those whom we are desirous to shake off. In a few days I'll send you five or six miles from hence, where you shall stay some time, in order that absence may compleat the cure which your coldness shall have begun : and as I am to give his mother an answer to-morrow, I'll tell her that, after informing you of the desire Oriantes had to make his addressees, you conjur'd me to let you enjoy your liberty ; whence, (I shall add,) I concluded that you had an aversion to marriage.

All the time that the countess was talking in this strain, the tears ran down my cheeks ; but, particularly, when I was told the reply she design'd to make, on the morrow, to Oriantes's mother ; 'twas then, (great gods !) that my reason fled me in an instant, and was succeeded by black despair. —

What's the meaning of all this ? (cried she ;) are you griev'd, (my dear girl,) at the answer I am to make ? Is it possible that you can be struck with so violent a passion for Oriantes ? — 'Tis but too true, (my good lady, replied I, squeezing her hand in mine ;) Yes, yes, I do love him, (mother,) for this name is so dear to me, that I shall never cease calling you by it. An equal sympathy
has

has united both our hearts; and it was in pursuance of my advice, that his mother open'd herself to you. I do not desire you to leave me your estate; the education which you have bestow'd on me, and the pity you indulg'd me at the time when my condition was deplorable, are possessions so valuable in themselves, that I cannot desire any thing greater; but be so good, (dear, dear parent,) as to compleat your kindness to me. Know that I am distractedly fond of Oriantes, and that he burns with no less violent a flame for me. Alas! he wou'd die, should he think I had refus'd to marry him. Ah no! I cannot prevail with myself to put my lover to so severe a trial; I am perfectly well acquainted with the extreme tenderness of his soul, for which reason he deserves a quite different recompence. I have only one favour to beg, which is, that when Oriantes's mother shall come to morrow, to know your reply; be pleas'd to say, that you spoke to me, but that I had not yet taken my resolution; and that I desir'd to answer her son myself. Heaven will be so gracious, between this and next morning, as to inspire me with such a reply as it may be proper for me to make. The countess listen'd to me with the greatest attention, and seem'd to pity me from her heart.—

heart. — My dear girl, (says she,) as you are exceedingly pressing, I'll do what you desire, but I'll now leave you. Reflect at leisure on all I have said. Be only sure of this, (and don't forget it,) that I'll love you for ever; and now make one noble effort to merit the very high regard I have for you: farewell. — Saying these words she left me, when poor I staid alone in my chamber, a sad prey to the most killing anguish. 'Twould only tire, should I tell you the various reflections I made on this occasion. At last I went to bed, but could not shut my eyes all night. I water'd my bed with my tears; and regretted my want of an estate, and the uncertainty of my birth, no farther than as they influenc'd my passion; and I compar'd the person whom Oriantes, in bestowing his affection on me, had thought he lov'd, with her who would appear before him the next day. — How gloomy will be his thoughts, (said I to myself,) when, instead of a young gentlewoman, of a good family, and a considerable fortune, he will find, (in me,) an unhappy creature, who owes, entirely, all that she seems to be, to the compassion which a good lady had for her; and who, but for this compassion, wou'd perhaps have been now reduced to the extremes of poverty! A young woman quite

quite nameless, without one relation, and with not a shilling in the world. Reflect, (my good lord,) how horrid an idea I must then have entertain'd of my situation.

By this time 'twas day-light, when Orientes's mother came, as she promis'd, to enquire my answer. I know not, (said the countess) what may be her design, I not having been able to draw any thing out of her, by which I cou'd guess her thoughts; she only desiring leave to speak to your son.

— Very well, (says Orientes's mother;) I'll bid him go this afternoon and pay her a visit; whereby we possibly shall know, tomorrow, what is to be done; and provided (Madam,) you do but approve of the match so well as I do, and things are found suitable, I hope my son will be entirely pleas'd.

— You may be persuaded, (replied the countess,) that I shall be perfectly well satisfied with all you do, in case the sentiments of my daughter, happen to correspond with mine.

The lady, after pronouncing these words, went away, and the countess came to me in my chamber. I was then in a most deplorable frame of mind, upon which her ladyship did all she cou'd to console me; and, for this purpose, employ'd the fondness caresses, and the most tender expressions; but,
alas!

alas ! 'twas not possible for her to soften the rigour of my woe. In a word, my dispondency was so great, that I had not power to speak a word, and answer'd no otherwise than by my sighs. Dinner was now serv'd up in my chamber, when my lady sent away all the servants ; she being unwilling that they should see me on this occasion. Dinner being ended, word was brought, that Oriantes was come to visit me ; upon which, the countess order'd him to be introduc'd into my chamber, and immediately left us together. My lover, who had been told my reply, by his mother, was tortur'd with the deepest anguish. He could not conceive the reason why I shou'd desire to speak with him ; as all that now remained, for our concluding the nuptials, was my saying *yes*, which he imagin'd it would be impossible for me to refuse doing. On this account he trembled all over at his coming in. The instant he cast his eyes on me : — Heavens ! (cries he,) what do I behold ! What is it can have diminish'd the lustre of those soul-delighting eyes ? Why has this paleness over-spread your cheeks ? ah ! why so much sorrow in this countenance ? how deadly are these omens ? (loveliest of the creation !) what am I to think of all this ? O free me from the dire pangs

pangs I feel ! Can I believe what I see? — Oriantes, Oriantes, (said I to him,) the sad state in which you now behold me, is the effect of the most just grief. Alas! my woe is past all description ; and never wretch was so unfortunate as I. — Gods ! (cried he,) what expressions are these ! tell me, (thou dearest creature,) what is it that can thus pierce your soul with anguish ? pour out your whole heart before me. — Pray sit down, (says I,) and interrupt me not. — I then spake to him as follows.

You have lov'd me, (Oriantes,) and you still love me with a passion which was one day to form my sole felicity, but, alas ! 'tis all at an end. That passion which inspir'd me with the strongest, the most sincere affection for you ; that passion, continued with so many vows and protestations, must be no more. — No more ! (cried he, in the deepest agonies ;) tear, O tear then, from my breast, the heart which it ingrosses entirely, since I cannot live a moment longer than I am permitted to love ! — My good Oriantes, (said I,) I besought you not to interrupt me. Perhaps your pangs may be soften'd, if you will but have the patience to listen to me. 'Twas not without reason I observ'd to you, that you ought to love me no longer : know that your honour is concern'd,

concern'd, as well as that of the lady who gave you birth, and even the fate of her on whom you design to bestow your affection ; all, all, cry aloud for you to love me no longer, and prove the absolute necessity for this. Be so indulgent therefore only as to hear me. You fondly imagin'd me to be the countess's daughter ; but, (woe is me !) so far from my being such, even I myself am ignorant who it is that gave me birth. A farmer, who likewise was a stranger to this particular, and to whom some money had been given to bring me up, gave me to the countess at her request. This good lady has brought me up hitherto, as her daughter ; and I never knew but that I was such, till your addresses to me, caus'd her to disclose the whole secret. I have said enough to you. Farewel, (Oriantes,) alas ! farewel, for ever ! I am no longer worthy of your regard ; the only thing I can claim is your pity, and this I must beg you to indulge me. 'Twould be impossible for words to describe how justly I may claim it ; how dreadful my fate is, and how dearly I love you (at this instant,) spite of the eternal obstacle to our passion, which I have now told you. Once again, farewel. Alas ! the more I behold you, the more I must adore you. Fly

Fly me, fly an unfortunate wretch, whom you cannot love with honour.

Whilst I was thus a prey to the most bitter affliction, Oriantes had seiz'd one of my hands, which I endeavour'd to draw back, but in vain ; he having got fast hold of it, and seeming quite out of his senses. When I had done speaking, his head fell on that hand, when bedewing it with his tears, and sighing as tho' his heart would break ; — Inchanting creature ! (says he, softly, and in a tone of despair,) death only shall separate, shall tear me from you. — He repeated these words a multitude of times. Gods ! what tongue could describe the impulses of our souls on this occasion ! at last Oriantes recovering his senses, seem'd to have taken some mighty resolution. — Hear me, (says he,) either for the last time, or else to determine you to see me for ever.

I know not, (continues he) charming angel ! who you are, nor do I desire to be satisfied in this particular. As I love you from my soul, merely on account of your numberless charms, I prefer you to any of your sex, how conspicuous soever for family or fortune. Farther, the obscurity of your birth, so far from lessening you in my esteem, only endears you the more. Yes, (peerless maid !) I love you a thousand times

times dearer for that very reason. 'Twere impossible this should be otherwise, as you have inspir'd me with the strongest passion, which increases every time I view that generous countenance ; as well as when I reflect on your most engaging carriage, which you doubtless must owe to the parents you sprung from, and not to education. In a word, (sweetest creature !) I swear to love you, so long as heaven shall permit me to draw this vital air. Talk not to me of the farmer who first took pity on you ; of the countess's charitable favour, nor of the ignominy which you imagine this will bring upon me ; diminutive objects all ! trifling considerations ! which cannot make the least impression on a heart you have once touch'd. From this moment I give up all claim to my patrimony and to my family. I will preserve nothing but you, and you shall be all things to me. If therefore I am dear to you, fly me not ; or be assured, that you'll have cause to reproach yourself with being the occasion of my death, should you take the least step to break off from me. 'Tis you are to bid me either live or die. Now consider whether you ought to put a period to my life, rather than prolong it, when it will be devoted to you only.

I will

I will confess, that I was quite charm'd, with the warmth and generosity of Oriantes's passion. I wept, but my tears did not proceed so much from grief, as from joy to find him so inexpressibly kind. During some moments I felt, (so mighty is love,) a secret passion in the strange adventure, which inform'd me that I was a poor foundling; as this circumstance gave Oriantes an opportunity of proving how dear I was to him.

Is it possible, (said I,) that all I have said, should only increase your fondness for me! Heavens! is it just that a heart so generous, so constant as your's, should be won by an ill fated wretch, who knows not her birth? — You are then so indulgent, (dear Oriantes, says I,) as to put your life in my hands, so that it is in my power either to prolong or end it. Now can you once imagine, after all I have heard, that I can balance a single moment to preserve it; a life the sole support of mine, and without which the greatest blessings would become insupportable to me. O! yes, I'll preserve that precious life; and be assur'd that you commit it to the care of one, to whom it is dearer than even to her from whom you sprung. You must, you shall live, since your days are in my disposal; but then you are dependant on a
mother,

mother, who will be inform'd how mean the creature is, whom you condescend to love ; for the countess, who (as I observ'd,) is not my parent, has in some measure forbid me ever to see you more ; she even declaring, that I must go several miles from hence, to break off all correspondence with you. My refusal to obey her command (never to see you again,) will exasperate her against me. She then will divulge the whole secret of my birth, when your mother will immediately enjoin you to shun me. Your refusal to comply, will inflame her vengeance, the dire effects of which will fall on my head. Immediately the countess and she, will unite in persecuting me. However, imagine not that fear will ever be capable of lessening the fondness I have for you. But I conjure you (adorable Oriantes!) before I run the hazard of all the dangers, which I both foresee and defy, to reflect on the peril to which you yourself will thereby be expos'd ? consider, (consider, I say,) that you depend wholly on your mother ; that your disobedience will show too evidently, your disregard for her ; and that the only sad fruit of your disobedience to her will, will be the loss of her affection, and that
of

of the esteem of every one. — I should have proceeded farther in my remonstrances, had Oriantes permitted me to do it, but as they were altogether displeasing to him, he wou'd not let me say a word more, but interrupting me, spoke as follows : Be assured that I intend not to disobey my mother in any respect, I being perfectly sensible of the reverence due to her ; besides, those only offend, who disobey when it is in their power to do otherwise ; but you know very well, (dear creature !) that I am no longer my own master ; and consequently, that whatever my actions may be, they will claim pity more than anger. After all, my intreaties and my tears may perhaps make a stronger impression on my mother, than we dare yet hope for. However, let the worst go to the worst ; and though she should continue inflexible, I again declare, that my passion can never be extinguish'd but with life.

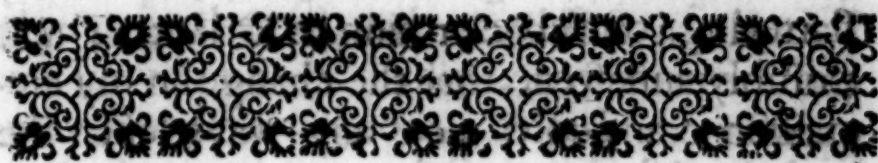
Oriantes said a thousand things more ; and surely no lover ever discover'd more fondness, or greater regard, than he indulg'd me ; whilst I, in return, promis'd to comply with all his desires. Alas ! I imagin'd that he, who gave me his heart without the least reserve, had a just title to mine. We then consulted together

for expedients, in order to prevent this incident from being made publick ; vainly flattering ourselves, that something might possibly intervene, which wou'd favour our passion ; and after a thousand mutual vows and protestations, Oriantes left me.

The end of the third P A R T.



P H A R-



PHARSAMOND.

PART IV.



THE moment after Oriantes was withdrawn, the countess came into my chamber, to hear the things I had said to him. What strange effects are wrought, by love, upon hearts ! The moment she came in, I consider'd her as an enemy with whom I must dissemble ; and all I had promis'd, all I ow'd her, was instantly eraz'd from my memory. Well, (my dear girl, says she,

as she came up to me,) what have you resolv'd upon? — Alas! madam, (replied I,) I made a full declaration to Oriantes; and tho' he protested, that the change in my circumstances cou'd not any ways lessen the love he bears me; I yet am persuaded, from the coldness and indifference with which he made this protestation, that his passion will not long be able to withstand the reasons that so justly call upon him, to banish me for ever from his memory. Indeed, I myself, (the better to impose on her ladyship,) was determin'd to pay an implicit obedience to all her instructions; I being firmly persuaded, that they would be dictated wholly by affection and good nature.

During this interval, Oriantes being returned home, his mother concluded, by the melancholy which appeared in his countenance, that I had not given a favourable answer to his addresses. This fir'd her with indignation, for the contempt, (as she imagin'd) in which we held her son. — She took notice of it with great warmth, some days after to the countess; who supposing that, instead of the confidence which I had declared I had made to my lover, I, on the contrary, had accus'd him of being the sole obstacle to our marriage; let the mother
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of Oriantes into the whole secret, and frankly told the manner in which she first found me. The lady upon hearing my story, was all astonishment. She own'd, that she had been greatly offended, at the cold reception she suppos'd that her son had met with, in his courtship; and took her leave, with assuring, that she wou'd command him, to never see me more; adding, that the best way to prevent our ever meeting again would be, for her ladyship to send me at a distance from her sight, for some time; and the countess promis'd to comply with her desires. Her ladyship kept her word, she declaring to me, this very day, that I should be instantly remov'd from her house. Hearing these words, I shudder'd; my tears, (spite of my endeavours to restrain them) show'd but too visibly how griev'd I was, at the sad thoughts of banishment to which I was condemn'd; but the countess expressed herself with so much severity, that I did not doubt but she would put her menaces in execution. I then went and shut myself up in my bed-chamber, to consider what course it would be proper for me to take; but my spirits were in too great a flutter, for me to fix upon any thing, my soul being wholly engrossed by my sorrows.

In the mean time, the moment Oriantes's mother was got home, she inform'd her son of every particular she knew concerning me, imagining that he was quite in the dark as to this affair; and that when he should be told who I was, this would put an end to his passion at once. But Oriantes, on the contrary, had inform'd her of every thing; adding, that the obscurity of my birth, was no reason why I should appear less amiable in his eyes. He then expatiated on a thousand good qualities, (doubtless not possess'd by me) which love had painted in his imagination. His mother, amaz'd to find that my story had no effect upon him; aham'd that her son should be so great a slave to a passion, which she thought reflected eternal dishonour on him; after declaring, that he must not expect the least favour from her, in case he continued to visit me; and that tho' she had the greatest affection for him, it yet was not so violent, as to make her consent to a marriage which must bring eternal infamy on their family; added a numberless multitude of reflections more, intimating that my birth might possibly be attended with the most contemptible, as well as most odious circumstances; and concluded her discourse, by commanding him, not only to lay aside all farther thoughts of so disgrace-

disgraceful a match; but likewise to never see me more, upon pain of feeling the most bitter effects of her resentment. Oriantes rising up at these words: — I will not, (says he, honour'd madam,) exasperate you farther, by telling you how dearly I love Clorinna; I hope that time will mollify you, and make you compassionate the fondness with which I burn for her. Let it suffice that I solemnly declare, I bear all possible reverence to you, (my indulgent parent!) but in regard to your conjuring me to forget for ever Clorinna; I shall only follow, in disobeying you, impulses that are wholly involuntary, and which drag me along, spite of myself. — Proper care, (said his mother,) shall be taken, to prevent the shocking effects of your weakness. Iphila (for this was the countess's name,) has promis'd me to send her from her house. Absence may, very probably, lessen the violence of your love; and, at last, make you forget her. — Heavens! (cried Oriantes in the strongest agony,) is Clorinna to be sent away from the countess's! and cou'd you yourself desire, nay strongly urge her removal? Alas! this will be destroying the life you gave me. But I will return it to you; for know, that death will be an inestimable blessing to me, compar'd to the

anguish of living without Clorinna. But I will fly, and prevent her being carried off. Adieu, Madam. Gods ! restore to me my dear, dear Clorinna !

Oriantes, having pronounc'd these words, arriv'd at Iphila's in the utmost rage ; when spying me, at a distance, seated in the middle of the garden, on a turf which I water'd with my tears ; — How ! (enchanted creature, says he advancing forward) is it you I see ? and have I the exquisite pleasure of beholding you once again ? I was told that you were dragging from this house ; upon which I flew hither, firmly resolv'd to carry you off, or lose my life. — What dreadful resolution is this ? (said I ;) For Heavens sake, (much lov'd Oriantes,) calm your transports ; what would you have me do, after the solemn promise I made to see you whenever it should be in my power ? Ah me ! I did not think our enemies wou'd have proceeded to such violent lengths. What can I do ? — Alas nothing. I a poor wretch, whose only defence is sighs and tears. — Just as he had utter'd these words, we perceiv'd Iphila hastening towards us, and inflam'd with anger. — Ungrateful creature ! (says she,) I find that you are not afraid of disobeying my commands ; tho' you are bound to me by such obligations as you can
never

never repay. Pennylefs and an outcast as you are, what can you expect from the young gentleman whose passion you inflame? have you the leaft claim to any fortune? But, for my pity, what would have become of you now, and what would you have been had I not given you shelter? Should I abandon you, this wou'd be taking but half my revenge for your black ingratitude to me. Know, that the education I beftow'd on you, (merely out of charity,) gives me a power over you, and this power I will exert; and after you fhall have felt the moft dire effects of my juft refentment, I'll then complete my vengeance, by returning you back, to all the meanness; all the ignominy of the condition out of which I took you.

I have infinite obligations to your ladyship (fays I in a tone mix'd with pride and refpect). You indeed have brought me up hitherto; and you threaten me with the fevereft punifhment for my ingratitude. Your ladyship is to act as you please on this occafion. Hitherto, indeed, I could have recourse to no one but you, madam. I myfelf don't know who were my parents. Perhaps too, the education you thought fit to beftow upon me, may be far above my birth; nevertheless, what expreffions foever you ufe, to convince me of the vilenefs of

my extraction, I yet may perhaps be nobly born. The words which you employ, in order to fill me with confusion, have a quite contrary effect from what you intended; they inspiring me with a certain pride, which proves the greatness of my descent. Now this pride fills me with all imaginable gratitude for you; and if I cherish this gratitude, after the many bitter things you have here said to me, you can expect nothing more. This is the only answer I have to make; and you now may exercise, as you shall think proper, all the power which you pretend to have over me.

Dearest Clorinna, (said Oriantes with transport) this power shall never be employ'd against you, so long as life shall be indulg'd me. — Pray, Sir, remember, (said Iphila to him,) that as you are in my house, it does not become you to talk in this strain. — As to you, (Clorinna,) follow me this moment, or I shall use force. — Iphila saying these words, seiz'd me by the arm, and pushing me, oblig'd me to walk before her. Oriantes was going to oppose this violent treatment, when anger bereaving him of his strength, we saw him fall in a swoon. As the countess had the highest regard for my dear Oriantes's mother, she called

called out for some servants to take care of him ; and then forc'd me up into my chamber, where she shut me in.

She judg'd that, as soon as my lover should be come to himself, 'twould be difficult for her to remove me from the house, without some fatal accident ; for which reason she resolv'd to send me away with all possible speed. Coming, about an hour after, into the room where I was confin'd ; — Follow me, (says she,) in a severe tone. — I went after her without making the least resistance, or so much as uttering a single word. I then was thrust into a chaise, unaccompanied by any person, when immediately we drove from the house. And now, the reflection, that I possibly might never see Oriantes again, check'd all my pride in an instant. His anguish, and the condition in which I had left him, griev'd me as much as the sad loss I should sustain, by never seeing him more. I now fill'd the solitudes through which I pass'd with my moan. What shall I say farther ? After riding four hours, we came into a wood, which we pass'd through. At the end of this wood, I spied an old mansion, and there the chaise stopped. Immediately the two men on horseback alighted ; I then was taken out of the chaise, and forc'd into the house ; when the house-

keeper opening a dark room that was well enough furnish'd, he put me into it. I imagin'd, observing the faces of those who accompanied me, that my youth and my tears had excited their pity. I was going to speak to them, without knowing what I had to say, when these men, (afraid perhaps of the compassion, for me, which was stealing upon them,) left me a moment after I had retir'd to the chamber. Thus I found myself in an instant, quite alone; without assistance, without a companion, and (the most direful of all reflections,) without hopes of ever beholding my Orientes, whose dear remembrance alone kept me alive, and without which I should have died with anguish.

Sustenance was brought me regularly twice a day, and I was as well fed here, as I had been at the countess's. I spent about three months, alone, in this room, which plung'd me into so deep a melancholy, that I found my strength and health decay perpetually. Life was now become odious to me. I would often call upon my dear, dear Orientes, and still found a pleasure in the name; which indeed, was the only one I enjoy'd in this place.

You'll easily figure to yourself (good my lord,) the despair with which my lover was seiz'd,

feiz'd, the moment he found I was gone. He had been a long time in a swoon, during which Iphila had given orders for his being convey'd to his mother's, whom she inform'd, (by letter,) of all she had said to me, and the reason of her son's fainting away. As soon as Oriantes was recovered, the first words he spake, were, to ask where I was. As his mother stood near him, he, at first, turned away his eyes, that he might not behold her. But she address'd him in such melting language, that Oriantes, spite of the violence of his resentment, express'd it only by his sighs. His mother then shew'd him Iphila's letter, which struck him dumb, and his cheeks were instantly overspread with a deadly paleness.—I very possibly (says he,) shall never see her again. You now will be satisfied. — He did not say a word more; however, his air seem'd to show, that his grief was not so deep but that time might dispel it. Alas! his silence proceeded from the extremes of despair; he forming a resolution, within himself, to leave his mother, and search every where till he had found me. Accordingly he set out next day, upon pretence of a hunting match. I shall not tire you with the particulars of his mother's dreadful uneasiness, the moment she heard of his being gone away;

away: all I will inform you of is, that chance, long after his departure, directed him to the old mansion in which I was immur'd. He arriv'd there in the night; and it being the only house in that neighbourhood, Oriantes besought the housekeeper to let him stay there till next morning. This favour was not refus'd him; and he was permitted to lie in the very next room to mine. The wall which separated us, was not so thick as to prevent those (in one of the two rooms,) who rais'd their voices a little, from being pretty distinctly heard in the other. You will naturally suppose that the housekeeper, when he conducted Oriantes into this Chamber, did not know who he was. I had got to bed before he came into this apartment, and heard him walk. And now, a certain curiosity, (for which I cou'd not account) dispelled, at this juncture, the deep melancholy which till then, had oppress'd me. I listned to the sound of the feet, which I heard in this room; and from time to time, heard sighs which excited my attention to such a degree, that at last my heart felt the strongest emotions. A moment after, I heard words utter'd by a voice which made me start. I found myself change colour on a sudden; when the confusion

fusion into which the voice I overheard, threw me, forc'd from me likewise a deep sigh. I now thought, that that person I overheard stood still, and listen'd also. — Heavens ! (said I to myself,) what can this mean ? — I imagin'd that this person immediately after drew still nearer to me. — Gods ! (cried he, in the utmost transports, drawing nearer to the wall) can it be she ? This must be her voice.

At the time that this person spoke, methought the voice I heard, did not differ from that of my Orientes ; a circumstance which made me grieve still more for the absence of that much lov'd man. And now, abandoning myself to all the anguish of my reflexions, I only vented a few sad, involuntary sighs, and listen'd no more. On the other hand, Orientes finding me cease to speak, went to bed ; resolving to enquire, next day, who was the person, in the adjoining room, whose moan he had overheard. He even waited impatiently for day-light ; and, the instant it appear'd, he huddled on his clothes, and came down stairs. And now, without showing the least curiosity or concern, he desir'd the housekeeper to inform him, about the unfortunate woman that lay in the next room. — She is a young gentlewoman, (says he,) who

who has been here these three months. She never stirs out, but abandons herself wholly to her sorrows. — Can you tell me her name? (said Oriantes). — No, (replied the housekeeper, with an air which seem'd to show that he did not speak truth;) but she is a most lovely creature, and was sent hither by the lady to whom this mansion belongs. — As she is handsome, (replied Oriantes,) I should be glad to get a glimpse of her, and I myself be unseen. — Sir, (says the housekeeper,) I cannot permit you to go into her chamber; but this I'll tell you, that she sometimes puts her head out of a window which looks into yon garden. Now all that you can do, in order to satisfy your curiosity, will be, to stay an hour or two; and to take some turns in the garden, where you will see her, in case she should come to the window. — I can stay, (said Oriantes,) that time; and, if you'll give me leave, I'll take a breakfast with you.

Oriantes staid so long in the house, and then went into the garden; a little after which, I open'd my window. My lover had hid himself in a tufted arbour, whence he could easily see me, without being himself perceiv'd. I now appeared, when he knew me instantly. So great were the transports of his joy, that he had like to have betray'd

tray'd himself; he, at first, being strongly tempted to come out from the arbour, and stand under my window. However, a reflexion or two check'd his ardour; he considering, that he would lose me a second time, should he discover that he was acquainted with me. He therefore put a restraint upon himself; and as he intended to get me away from this place, it was necessary I should know of his being there, and that he had found me. To lessen the surprise I shou'd be in, at seeing him again, he humm'd over a song, which we had often sung together. I first listen'd very attentively, being now in doubt whether the whole was not a dream. — Ah no! (says I;) 'tis he! 'tis his voice! he sees me, tho' he himself be hid! — Scarce had I utter'd these words, when he came from under the arbour; not perceiving the amazement with which I had been seiz'd, at my knowing him. — Heavens! (cried I, the moment he came forth, but not loud enough to be heard). — Oriantes then made a sign to me, with his hand, to be silent; when, advancing nearer to my window; — My angel! (says he) don't take the least notice as though you knew me; and leave to me the care of getting you out of this house. — He repeated this two or three times; but spoke
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so very softly, that I could scarce understand him. — He now drew out his pocket-book, and wrote some minutes. He then made signs, a second time, for me to open all my windows; which being done, he threw a letter into my chamber. I perus'd the dear paper, the contents whereof were these.

YOU fill'd me with inexpressible anxiety last night. I imagin'd that I overheard you, and was not mistaken. Being firmly persuaded that it could be no one but yourself, I reflected how to procure an opportunity of seeing you, as though it had been merely out of curiosity. No one, in this house thinks that I am acquainted with you, and I myself am not known here. Feign as though you had not seen me. I, on the other hand, will pretend to set out; but shall find means to return, at twelve to night, into this garden. Chuse now, (thou idol of my soul!) either to trust yourself to a man who adores you; or else to behold him lying breathless, and pierc'd with numberless wounds, should you refuse to follow him. Be assur'd that I'll act with the utmost caution, and lodge you in a place of safety. A friend's house, in this neighbourhood, will be your asylum. Consult your heart.

Consult.

Consult my heart! Heavens! (says I to myself,) a heart that lives for him only. Yes, I'll follow, my adorable Oriantes. Who shall withhold me? Alas! a hapless wretch, oppress'd with evils as I am, may justly endeavour to free herself from them the first opportunity. After making this short reflection, I wrote the following answer.

I Have consulted my heart, (dearest Oriantes,) I know you; I love you; and am certain that your passion is reciprocal. I shall be ready to follow you at midnight.

The instant I had writ, I threw him my letter, which he perused with the utmost eagerness; when I cou'd perceive joy sparkling in his eyes. He then smiling, saluted me with an air of rapture; and made signs to me that he wou'd retire, for fear of raising a suspicion in the housekeeper. He went away that moment, to his friend, to give him notice of his design; being resolv'd to return under my window at the hour appointed. Oriantes had before taken care to survey the garden, which was fenc'd in only with a hedge. My window was, indeed, a great height from the ground; but

but the sequel will show, that he found a remedy to this, and every other difficulty.

During this interval, Iphila's intention, in confining me in this mansion, was only that I might thereby be forc'd to lay aside all thoughts of Oriantes. There us'd to come, very frequently, to this place, a man, who always enquir'd, (in her name,) what I said, and how I behav'd. On this occasion, so melancholy an account was given her of my condition, that she was greatly mov'd; upon which she resolv'd to free me from my confinement; and endeavour, by gentle methods, to make me think no more of Oriantes. The very day that this dear man had discover'd me, the housekeeper receiv'd a letter from Iphila, declaring, that she should come that very night to this mansion, in order to spend some days there. The housekeeper did not inform me of it, till Oriantes was gone away. Alas! this circumstance, which I could not possibly foresee, is the sad cause of all my misfortunes! This account which I receiv'd from the housekeeper, griev'd me exceedingly; I being afraid that the arrival of Iphila, would break all the measures taken by Oriantes. I now trembled for the idol of my affections; my heart having al-
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ways forewarn'd me, of every impending evil.

I pass'd the day in great anxiety. Iphila arriv'd in the evening, and came immediately into my chamber. The moment her ladyship beheld me, she burst into tears, seeing the paleness of my face, and my dejected air. She then fetch'd a deep sigh, which show'd that her heart was really mov'd to compassion. — Ah! my lady, (says I after a cold salute,) is it possible you can betray so much weakness, as to pity me, after having plung'd me into so many evils. — She answered me no otherwise than by embracing me, and holding me a long time clasp'd in her arms.

I will confess that, spite of her tyrannical treatment, yet the habit of giving credit to all she said, and my having always call'd her by the dear name of mother, wak'd, in an instant, all my fondness for her. I now embrac'd her likewise, and mix'd my tears with her's. — I have persecuted you grievously, (said she;) but heaven will bear me witness, (dearest daughter!) that my sole view in this, was, to prevent my being forc'd, spite of myself, to withdraw my affection from you. I imagin'd, as I had brought you up from your infancy, that this gave me some right over you; but be persuaded

suaded that all I did was for your good. And now assure yourself, (my dearest girl,) that I restore you all my fondness, all my heart; whence I hope that you, in return, will sacrifice a passion which it would be impossible for you ever to gratify. — After saying these words, she inform'd me of all I have told you, concerning Oriantes's departure; adding, that no one could tell what was become of him.

I made no other answer to what she urg'd; as well as to all which she hop'd for from me, than by venting many deep sighs. But now, methought her ladyship discover'd so great a tenderness for me, in her behaviour; and express'd such prodigious uneasiness, on account of her ill usage of me, that I was almost sorry that I had consented to Oriantes's proposal; especially as I concluded, that his attempt would be of no service to me. However, I could not forbear wishing, presently after, that his design might succeed; as I found it would be impossible for me ever to make that sacrifice, for which Iphila contended so strenuously. Supper was brought into my chamber; and it being very late when Iphila arriv'd, 'twas almost midnight before the cloth was taken away. I pretended to be vastly sleepy, in hopes that this would make
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the countess withdraw to her chamber; upon which she wish'd me good night.

As soon as she was gone, I open'd my window; and was some time in doubt whether I should follow Oriantes. From my window I could see the stables, which form'd part of one of the wings of the house, when I found that all the grooms were up. This was a very unlucky circumstance for me; to which I must add, that the moon shone so very bright, that I cou'd perceive objects at a considerable distance.

In the midst of these reflexions, I heard a ladder gently approaching my window. Oriantes had got this ladder brought from his friend's house, by two men, who were with him in the garden. But, alas! an accident follow'd, which was a thousand times more grievous to me than my own death. This ladder, which Oriantes and the two men were fixing against the wall, was spy'd, in the moon-shine, by one of the servants belonging to the stable; who immediately pointed it out to some of the grooms, when they ran and took up guns; after which they stole softly forward, in order to discover what my lover was about. And now Oriantes, my dear ill-fated Oriantes had got half way up the ladder; I had even spoke to him, and conjur'd him to go back; when
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one of the abovemention'd fellows perceiving him, fir'd his piece and shot him dead. The two men who had attended upon him, terrified at this sad accident, fled away with all imaginable speed. The servants now brought a candle, to see who it was that had fallen from the ladder. One of them had often seen my dear, dear lover, at the time when he us'd to come to Iphila's ; and his dress show'd, that he was not a person who intended to rob the house.

By this time the report of the musket had alarm'd the whole family. With regard to myself, the moment I saw Oriantes fall, I fainted away, and sunk into an easy chair that stood by me. I know not what happen'd during my swoon, which continued near an hour ; but when I reviv'd, I found myself in the arms of Iphila, who did all that lay in her power to comfort me. I open'd my eyes, but clos'd them immediately. Not long after, deep groans burst from me, and show'd but too evidently the misery of my condition. Iphila ask'd me, why Oriantes had come there with a ladder. ——— Leave, leave me, (cruel woman ! says I ;) 'tis his dire misfortune, as well as mine, that providence gave birth to you. — These were the only words she could draw from me ; upon which she ordered me to be put
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to bed, and I then let the maids undress me. Grief had quite spent me, and deprived me of all motion. For several hours I was distracted. However, I at last recovered my senses, but this serv'd only to plunge me into still greater horrors. I now look'd upon all those who were endeavouring to succour me, as so many executioners ; and thought they prolong'd my life, only to lengthen my languish. I now cou'd think of nothing but death. This form'd all my hopes, and I consider'd it as a blessing.

But now admire, (good my lord,) the surprising effects of chance ! at the very time that I was in so dreadful a state, as made every one despair of my life ; Tarmينو, the husband of Persiana, (I mean my father) arrived at Iphila's on a full gallop ; guided by a transport of joy, which had fondly flatter'd him with the hopes of meeting with me at her house. Shou'd you ask how he came to find that this Clorinna, (whom he had heard of) was his daughter ; listen to me and you shall hear.

The nurse, whom my mother trusted with the care of me, at my birth, had been brib'd by Tarmينو's father. He gave her a considerable sum of money, which enabled her to live independent. She then left the place she dwelt in, and was gone no

one knew whither ; previous to which she had consigned me to that revengeful old man ; after showing him a place whither (she assur'd him,) I might be sent ; and that it would be impossible I should ever be heard of more. Now this place was the farmer's house where I liv'd three years ; and who had so long expected, but to no purpose, my being sent for away. It happen'd that this nurse, who had not dar'd to shew herself from that time, fell dangerously ill. During her sickness, she had sent a person to acquaint my father, that in such a village, (naming it,) was a dying woman ; who could inform him of some particulars, with regard to the child he had lost eighteen years before. This message was brought to my father ; and you'll suppose that he came, with all possible speed, to this woman, whom he did not recollect immediately. She then told him her name. — 'Twas to me, (said the nurse,) that you gave your Child. Forgive, (good Sir,) a wretch, who, allur'd by money, was wicked enough to put this child into the hands of your merciless father. I concealed myself, to prevent my being examin'd ; and your daughter was carried to a farmer's, who lives in such a village. 'Twas I advis'd your father to get her convey'd thither. This farmer will be able

able to inform you where she now is. I implore your forgiveness, (good Sir,) for my guilt; and hope that it will be attended with no other consequence, than the inspiring you with the greater joy, to find your daughter so unexpectedly; and adorn'd with every virtue. — The nurse said no more, and some time after expired.

My father was so extremely impatient to see me, that he would not return home, till he had first sought for me; he setting out that instant for the house of the farmer who had taken care of me, and arriv'd at it next day. This honest man, (now far advanc'd in years,) was still living. My father ask'd him the requisite questions, to which he return'd the most satisfactory replies. He inform'd him of every particular relating to myself and the countess, whose name and place of abode, he also let him into. My father flew immediately to Iphila's, and arriv'd there pretty late. He there was told, that Iphila had set out from thence not long before; in order to go and pass some days at another of her country houses, several miles distant from that in which he then was. He was inform'd where this house stood; when setting out, he arriv'd at it by five next morning. My father then alighted, with his servants, in an adjoining wood; and

stay'd there till it was time to see Iphila; and after waiting some hours, he went and knocked at the gate of the mansion; desiring to speak with the lady of it, on an affair of the highest consequence. Word of this being brought to Iphila, she came down, when he begg'd leave to speak to her privately. When they were alone:—Madam, (said he,) you behold a man, to whom you have done the most important services your goodness could possibly have indulg'd. I have infinite obligations to you; (he spoke in this manner, because he had heard, at Iphila's, that I still lived with her.) In a word, (Madam,) I owe you what is dearer to me than any other earthly blessing, since you have been so gracious as to preserve my daughter. — Words could never express the surprize of Iphila, who surveying my father's features, thought she discovered a strong resemblance between them and mine; which perswaded her that all he said was true. — Alas! Sir, (said she, turning up her eyes;) what strange things are all these! poor, dear girl! you indeed, will see her; I have preserv'd her for you; and will assure you, that the earth cannot show a more amiable creature. What a piece of news, (added she) will this be for her! But then, (good Sir,) how will you exclaim against me!

me ! your daughter is, indeed, living ; and I can justly affirm, that I have us'd her as tho' she had been my own child, ever since she has lived with me. I have given her the best education, and indulg'd her a maternal fondness ; but alas ! notwithstanding all I tell you, I cannot have the pleasure of showing her to you in good health. You will find the dear girl in a most lamentable condition ; you happen to come at a time when my house is fill'd with sorrow. A most dreadful accident has just now happen'd in it.

Iphila, after this discourse, gave my father a short relation of my fondness for Oriantes ; the advice she had given me ; the endeavours employ'd by her to break off our engagement ; and, lastly, the sad fate of my lover ; with the deplorable state of my mind, and my extreme despair. My father was so enchanted with the thoughts of meeting with me again ; and so great were his transports, that the account which Iphila gave him of my wretched state, did not affect him so strongly as it must have done at any other time. — Come, (Madam, says he to Iphila ;) let us go and try whether the pleasure of finding again a father, may not blot a lover from her mind ; let us see, whether the tender impulses of nature, will

not compensate for a passion with which she burns for a man who is no more. Having said these words, he intreated Iphila to conduct him that moment to my apartment, and accordingly they both came into it. I, at this time, was so utterly regardless of the care which was taken to comfort me, that I scarce turn'd my eyes to look at those who stood round my bed; so that I scarce took any notice either of my father, or of Iphila. He gaz'd at me. Some beauty he thought he saw in me, and a resemblance between my features, and those of my mother, whom he fancied then stood before him; these things struck him to such a degree, the moment he beheld me, that he cried in extasy: — Dear, dear daughter! — When, throwing his arms round my neck, as I lay in bed, he embrac'd me, and continued motionless upon my face. Iphila, mov'd at this affecting sight, burst into tears; during which I myself, tho' I had not yet look'd at my father, was greatly affected. How forcible are the ties of blood! My fond parent bedew'd my face with his tears, and utter'd a few words which sighs interrupted. My heart, as I held him fast, flutter'd strongly in my bosom. — After folding him for some time in my arms; — My dear, dear father (says I,) none but yourself, none but
but

but a parent, could raise such emotions in me. — I then fainted away a second time. And now my father, being recovered from the mighty joy which had engross'd all his soul, took notice of my feeble condition. Sunk to despair, he observ'd this to Iphila; and thought that I was going to expire. — Fatal joy! (said he;) Ah! Madam, you should have prepar'd her for this interview. Was she in a condition to embrace a parent! Heavens! this dear hapless creature, oppress'd with grief, and breathing her last, could she have strength enough left, to sustain the mighty efforts with which her fondness for me must inspire her soul? Thou God, who hast restor'd her, didst thou show her to me, so exquisitely charming, only to deprive me of her for ever!

Whilst he was thus pouring forth his anguish, a medicine I took, recover'd my senses, but not my strength. Perceiving my father in agonies as he lay by me, I turn'd my eyes, with a languishing air, towards him. Those about me plainly perceiv'd, spite of my weakness, the strong indications I should have given him of my affection, had I not been so prodigiously sunk. I now endeavour'd to put forward my hand, in order to grasp his; when this best of fa-

thers, perceiving my intention, advanc'd his own ; upon which I carried it gently to my mouth, and killed it a thousand times. My father, overjoy'd at my tenderness, repaid it with words that were inexpressibly kind. — Do all you can (says he,) my sweetest girl ! to recover your strength and overcome your sorrows. You now ought to live for the sake of a father, who should be dearer to you than any other object in the world. Ah ! make him the dear returns of fondness ; live, my darling child. — Whilst that he was thus breathing the fondest affection over me, I squeez'd his hand in mine. I gaz'd upon him, to assure him that, spite of the sad anguish of my soul, I, at this instant, was susceptible to no other impression than that of the exquisite joy of beholding him again, and of being once again blessed with his company.

He spoke to me some time longer ; and I answer'd him in a dumb (as it were) but very emphatic language. Every one perceiving that I was in want of rest, they left my chamber.

I know not what conversation my father and Iphila had together. As to myself, 'twould not be in the power of words to express how strongly I was affected with this so unexpected meeting my father. There is

no doubt but the reflexion, that I shou'd now be out of the power of Iphila, contributed as much to this joy, as the happiness of seeing him. Nevertheless, spite of the pleasure I felt, in considering that I should be freed from the tyranny of Iphila, (whom I now could not think of without horror;) yet the sad death of my much-lov'd Oriantes, made me resolve to abandon myself for ever to my sorrows. His mother was soon inform'd of his tragical exit, at the news of which she was inconsolable; and continued so till she died.

Some time after, my father imagin'd that I might leave this place, without endangering my health. Accordingly he resolv'd that we should set out, weak as I was. He gave infinite thanks to Iphila at our departure, declaring that he could never return the kindness I had receiv'd from her. That lady then embraced me with tears in her eyes; and seem'd to be as much griev'd at parting with me, as if I had been her own daughter: Whilst I, on the other hand, return'd her fondness, as well as I cou'd. — We then set out on your journey.

I now was got to my father's. He had told me, as we travelled, that my mother had been dead some years, which affected me no less than if I had known her. I

spent six months in my father's house, reflecting for ever on the sad fate of my adorable Oriantes. The only things I now had remaining of that worthiest of men, were his picture and some letters, the dear pledges of his love. My good father employ'd his utmost endeavours to dispel my perpetual melancholy ; but alas ! pleasures, so far from easing me, serv'd only to make me regret still more the loss of my enchanting husband.

Not long after, as I was sent into the world, to serve as an example of the severest rigours fate cou'd exercise ; a fall which my father had from a horse in the chace, brought him to his end, after lying sick some time. These lamentable accidents, succeeding one another, made so deep an impression on my mind, that I could not bear either the place of my birth, or my acquaintance. The only consolation now left me was, the thoughts of retiring to some sequestred place, where not a soul might know me. Accordingly I sold part of the possessions my father had left me, which amounting to a considerable sum, I left his house. disguised in the manner you now see me ; accompanied only by a female servant, who had waited upon my mother, and whose temper was very much like mine.

After

After roving some days, in no other view than that of flying, as it were, from myself, chance conducted me to this abode. I was delighted with the situation; and as this solitude suited the sorrows which engrossed my soul, I resolv'd to dwell here, in case I could have an opportunity for it. The owner, who resided here, and did not know me, sold me his house. I have now been a twelve month in it. The only pleasure I have tasted hitherto, has been to gaze on my husband's picture; and to peruse his letters, expressive of his passion for me. All that remains for me to say, (added Clorinna) is, to assure you that, since my being in this retirement, nothing has given me greater satisfaction, than my having had an opportunity of obliging so agreeable a gentleman as yourself. I will even own, that I was greatly struck with the bare sight of you. Your features very much resemble those of the dear lover whom I so sadly regret, and must ever do so; your air, your figure is exactly the same; and I am firmly persuaded, from these several circumstances, that you glow with all his honour and fidelity.

Conclusion of the story of the Anchoret.

CLORINNA ended here her story, after pronouncing these last words in a most pathetic tone. Pharsamond, who, all the time they sat at table, had observ'd the great attention with which our fair anchoret survey'd him, imagin'd he had guess'd the reason why she employ'd such tender expressions. He now wish'd secretly within himself, that he might be indulg'd an opportunity, in this place, of signaling his fidelity for Cedalifa, in the same manner as his masters (those great models) had done on such occasions. This wish, which was involuntary, might probably give rise to the graceful answer he made to Clorinna. —

‘ I am overjoy’d, (says he,) to bear any
 ‘ resemblance to a gentleman, who was able
 ‘ to move so strongly, a heart like your’s ;
 ‘ and I wou’d it were in my power, not
 ‘ only to revive, in you, the remembrance
 ‘ of so dearly beloved an object, by a faint
 ‘ similitude of him ; but also to gratify your
 ‘ fond desires, by restoring him to life.’ —

‘ I am greatly oblig’d to you,’ (says Clorinna, with an air in which prudence and folly were mix’d,) ‘ for this testimony of your
 ‘ kindness. ’Tis not necessary, in order to
 ‘ excite all my gratitude, that you should
 ‘ bring him to life ; and I shall taste an in-
 ‘ finite

‘ finite pleasure in beholding him, in you,
 ‘ if you will but indulge me that happiness so long as I shall desire it.’ — ‘ This
 ‘ melancholy pleasure, (replied Pharsamond, shaking his head,) would soon be
 ‘ succeeded by satiety. But the satisfaction
 ‘ I enjoy in your company, makes me forget (fair lady,) that it grows late; and
 ‘ that I deprive you of the repose, which
 ‘ you would have taken had I not been
 ‘ here.’ — ‘ I have long been a stranger
 ‘ to rest (says she, as they walk’d together;) and I cannot say whether I should prefer
 ‘ it to your conversation; how pleasing so-
 ‘ ever this repose might be.’ — By
 this time they were got to the garden gate.
 I know not what answer Pharsamond gave
 to this fresh attack on his heart; but am
 persuaded that it was such a one as became
 the noblest chevalier. — ‘ Good night,’
 (my lord, said our beautiful anchoress, as
 she parted;) ‘ go to bed. Take that rest
 ‘ which it will be impossible for me to en-
 ‘ joy; and remember that you owe me the
 ‘ recital of your adventures.’

Pharsamond, as soon as the fair-one had
 ended, took leave of Clorinna, and retir’d
 to his chamber.

Well, (gentle reader,) are you satisfied
 with this story of our fair anchoress? —

I was

I was sometimes, (will you answer,) greatly puzzled. — What does this signify? if I have extricated myself well, the more praise I shall deserve. When a person rambles he knows not whither, if he happens to guide himself tolerably, he deserves applause more than those who travel with a map. I can assure you (be this said without vanity,) that I shall not be a little delighted with myself, if I can but get Pharsamond away from hence as successfully. Let us therefore proceed under the direction of chance. To which of the two shall we go first, to Clorinna or Pharsamond? — Let us speak a word or so concerning Clorinna; and this being done, we will make a transition to Pharsamond, who will not be tired with waiting for us.

Clorinna, after bidding Pharsamond good night, went into her bed-chamber, where she was expected by her confidant, the (suppos'd) beautiful youth, the sight of whom had made such an impression on Clito, as cou'd not be term'd either love or friendship. The disguise which this fair-one had assum'd, might possibly have given rise to this mixture of impulses.

The name of this confidant was Elisa. Her mind was very near of the same cast with that of her mistress; and the reader may

may have observ'd, that that of Clorinna, was a compound of reason and extravagance. To abandon her native country, with a resolution to travel the world over, in order to sooth her grief for the loss of a man she idoliz'd ; to stop, and settle in a house, merely because it stood in a beautiful solitude ; to disguise herself in a male habit, and this merely thro' an excess of tenderness ; these several things cannot be considered as the actions of a discreet person. I myself look upon them as being a little maddish, and a critic may think them quite so ; and possibly will take me likewise to be distracted. E'en let him ; for this will give me no pain ; but there may, perhaps, be as much folly in his gloomy disposition, as in Clorinna's turn of mind, and that of his most humble servant, the author. To return therefore to my subject. — Elisa wou'd not have follow'd a woman, of Clorinna's turn, had not her own reason been tinctur'd with folly. This young woman, if we except the incidents relating to her birth, had met with as many occasions for sorrow, arising from love, as her mistress. *Mars* had torn her fond lover from her arms ; a cruel war having forc'd him to bid adieu to the soft sound of rural pipes, to march and hear the sprightly clangor of trumpets ; I mean, that

that this hapless swain had serv'd his sovereign, and embark'd so far in his quarrels, that he fell gloriously in the field. This doleful news had been carried, but too faithfully, to the weeping Elisa, a young country girl, whom Clorinna's mother took into the house, some months before she died. Clorinna happen'd to arrive, just at the time when the death of Elisa's lover was still recent. And presently after her father had left the world, Elisa and her mistress form'd a society, as it were, of despair; and were resolutely bent to fly from places, which call'd up the idea of their past, sad misfortunes. — This is all I shall now say concerning Elisa's story.

The moment this confidant saw her mistress enter: — ‘ You have been walking a long time, (Madam, says she).’ — ‘ Dear Elisa, (replied Clorinna,) my soul is still all tumult, occasion'd by the relation I have been making to this stranger, of my numberless calamities. But now tell me your real thoughts: what's your opinion of him? don't you think him vastly like my lover's picture?’ — I indeed thought so, Madam, at first, (replied Elisa;) and was persuaded that you would be delighted with this resemblance.’ — ‘ You don't yet know, (replied Clorinna,) what an exquisite

' exquisite pleasure this gives me. So ex-
 ' cessive was my fondness for my dear, dear
 ' Oriantes, that this image of him inspires
 ' me also with love. Yes, (dearest Elisa,)
 ' this stranger appears charming in my eyes.
 ' Did you observe how beautiful his person
 ' is? how graceful his utterance! how no-
 ' ble his every gesture! his contemplative
 ' and melancholy turn of mind, heighten
 ' his other charms. These are the charac-
 ' teristics of a noble and tender soul, like to
 ' that which animated my adorable Oriantes.
 ' Methought that he stood before me. I
 ' imagin'd that I spoke to him. For some
 ' moments, I could scarce restrain the fond
 ' emotions with which my heart was agi-
 ' tated. From these several indications, he
 ' might easily form a judgment of the dis-
 ' position of my mind. My dear Elisa, I
 ' should no longer complain of fate, tho'
 ' it has so long made me the object of
 ' it's vengeance, would it only atone for
 ' all the evils I have suffered, by bestowing
 ' on me the heart of this stranger. I wou'd
 ' do whatever lay in my power to move it.
 ' He seem'd, to me, confus'd in the replies
 ' he made me; and I look upon this per-
 ' plexity as a good omen. He cannot have
 ' an opportunity of putting a bad construc-
 ' tion on the tenderness I shall discover for
 him ;

him ; since the resemblance he bears to
 Orientes, will naturally plead my apology. I therefore may own the exquisite
 pleasure which his presence gives me,
 without his blaming me for it. Heavens !
 what happiness have I in store, in case his
 sentiments do but sympathize with mine !
 ‘ Don’t fondly imagine, (replied Elisa,)
 that this stranger will stay with us. ’Tis
 plain, from the gloom spread over his
 countenance, that he either is ill treated
 by his mistress, or has lost her.’ — ‘ Ill
 treated ! (says Clorinna,) say, rather is
 ador’d by her ; for were it possible for any
 woman to behold him, without being in-
 stantly fir’d with love ? But (Elisa,) do
 not forbode any thing sinister. Perhaps
 he may fly that mistress. Let me still
 continue in my error. I know not what
 violent lengths I may go, should this
 stranger be so cruel as to leave me. But
 no : I perplex myself without rea-
 son. He, perhaps, may love me, (tho’
 there should be no resemblance in the case)
 as much, (or perhaps more,) than I do
 him.’ — ‘ You’ll be so good as to tell me
 all this to-morrow, (said Elisa, half a-
 sleep ;) ’twill soon be day-light. Be so
 kind, (dear Madam,) as to go to bed.
 I wish, as ardently as you can do, that this
 stranger

‘stranger may prompt you to leave this
 ‘solitude ; for I must tell you, that I am
 ‘most heartily tir’d of it. I did not think,
 ‘at our arrival in this place, that I ever
 ‘should have wish’d to leave it. But I see
 ‘that no one ought to make vows, these
 ‘being too difficult to keep. Good night,
 ‘(Madam;) I am so very sleepy, that I can’t
 ‘say a word more.’ — ‘How happy art
 ‘thou to be able to take thy rest!’ replied
 Clorinna. — ‘You quite tire me, (said Elisa,)
 ‘with your tattle. I beseech you (Madam)
 ‘to go to bed. Eating (as the proverb says,)
 ‘gets us a stomach ; and therefore going to
 ‘bed may, perhaps, promote sleep.’ — ‘I
 ‘sleep ! (cried Clorinna;) alas ! can per-
 ‘sons in love take any repose ?’ — ‘Be so
 ‘good (dear Madam, continues Elisa,) for
 ‘my sake, for the sake of my eyes which
 ‘are half shut, as to feign sleep, and then
 ‘be as distractedly in love as you please.
 ‘Good night, once again. Heaven grant
 ‘that your tongue may lie still till next
 ‘morning !’

Clorinna thought proper, at last, to com-
 ply with Elisa’s intreaties, and said no more ;
 if we can call, say no more, the repeating
 (at intervals) a thousand times the words,
Heavens ! Gods ! enforc’d by as many
 sighs.

At

At last, bodily fatigue got the better of the tender transports of the soul. Clorinna fell into a slumber, with a fond exclamation and a sigh on her lips. Let us now therefore draw the curtain, to give her an opportunity of taking her rest; and return we to our illustrious knight, (Sir Pharsamond,) whom I see walking hastily up and down his bed-chamber. He like another *Sofia*, is going to set his candle on the ground, to make a speech to it, as tho' it were a woman. He now lifts his hands up to heaven; he stops; he draws back; he cries aloud; and all this in honour of Clorinna, whom he imagines himself addressing; emboldened by the tender compliments she had made him, at the close of her story. Pharsamond images to himself an inexhaustible fund of tenderness, which he supposes she is going to pour forth. Upon this he puts many questions to himself; and his replies to them occasion the great agitation of mind in which I now perceive him. How delighted is he with the thoughts, of making the most cruel returns to Clorinna's fond passion! — 'No, no,' (fair lady, cries he, intoxicated beforehand with the ungrateful part he is resolv'd to act;) 'no, I am no longer master of my own heart; Cedalisfa, the enchanting Cedalisfa, ingrosses

it

it entirely. In vain are all your endeavours to tear her adorable idea from my mind ; my passion for her makes me insensible to the extravagant fondness you discover for me. Let me set out. Cruel Clorinna ! what can you hope for by withholding me ?

Let us now, (gentle reader,) admire the resemblance between our knight's folly and that of Clorinna. The former fancies, as he is musing, that Clorinna will force him to stay ; whilst the fair-one supposes, that should Pharsamond resolve to abandon her, she would proceed to the most violent lengths, in order to keep him with her : let us admire, (I say,) how it came to pass, that the minds of these two personages should be so exactly alike. But now, Pharsamond grew so vociferacious in his exclamations, that he wak'd Clito. — ' Who's there ?' (cried the latter, starting up, and rubbing his eyes.) — As he spoke these words, he perceiv'd Pharsamond, by the light of the candle. Clito then stole out of bed, whilst our Knight's back was turn'd to him ; so that he could not see his squire, who, seiz'd with a panic, and stretching forth his hand, went to feel his master. Pharsamond then turn'd about ; when Clito, all over in a tremor, and pale as death, cries aloud :

aloud: — ‘Thou madman! thou devil!
 ‘or whatever thou be, what canst thou
 ‘want?’ — ‘Gods! (cried Pharfamond,)
 ‘what are you dreaming of? dost thou not
 ‘know me? awake! ’tis I; ’tis thy ma-
 ‘ster.’ — Clito, at the sound of these words,
 recovers; yawns; and rubbing his eyes: —
 ‘What diabolical incantations (says he,)
 ‘are you about, at this dead of night?
 ‘who is it you are speaking to?’ —
 ‘With no one, my dear Clito, (replied our
 ‘knight;) I’m only talking to myself. Go
 ‘to bed again, or put on thy clothes, and
 ‘I’ll tell thee what has happen’d to me.’ —
 ‘I have not leisure for this yet, (replied
 ‘Clito;) and must sleep four hours more.’
 ‘Well, e’en go to sleep,’ (said Pharfamond,)
 in an angry tone; ‘you don’t deserve the
 ‘honour I intended you.’ — ‘The devil
 ‘take honour! (said Clito,) when it comes
 ‘at midnight. However, talk on, (my
 ‘dear Sir;) I hear you.’ — ‘Know
 ‘that the young anchoret, (says Pharfamond,) the possessor of this house, is a
 ‘young lady, whom luckless love induc’d
 ‘to make choice of this solitude for her
 ‘abode; and the supposed young man,
 ‘whom thou hast eat with, is her confi-
 ‘dant.’ — ‘What’s this you tell me?’
 (replied Clito;) I now am more awake
 than

‘ than the morning-star ; may I die if I
 ‘ did not take her to be a woman, as she
 ‘ and I sat at table together. — Well, (good-
 ‘ Sir,) I must beseech you to proceed ; are
 ‘ they fallen in love with us ?’ — ‘ I have
 ‘ all the reason in the world, (said Pharsa-
 ‘ mond ;) to believe that the mistress is
 ‘ really smit with me.’ — ‘ Excellent !
 ‘ (cries Clito,) this is just as we would have
 ‘ it. Our quarters are incomparable ; be-
 ‘ sides, there is here no old choleric dame
 ‘ Margaret, nor ill natur’d mother, to turn
 ‘ us out of doors. Heavens be prais’d ! I
 ‘ doat on feasting and love, and we have
 ‘ both in this place. There is not a single
 ‘ squire, in any one of our books, who,
 ‘ were he able to speak, but wou’d wish
 ‘ his master might be fix’d in so snug a
 ‘ house as this.’ — ‘ How ! (cried Pharsa-
 ‘ mond ;) and would you advise me to
 ‘ listen to the passion which the mi-
 ‘ stress of this mansion discovers for me ?
 ‘ and cou’d you ever think of making this
 ‘ place your abode ?’ — ‘ What a question
 ‘ you ask me, (says Clito :) we are treated
 ‘ here like kings, our sheets are whiter
 ‘ than snow, and softer than velvet ; the
 ‘ mistress of the house is a most amiable
 ‘ woman, and her confidant also : the two
 ‘ fair-ones idolize us ; we are young, and
 ‘ skilful

• skilful cooks ; to which let me add, that
• the young lady of the house is vastly
• handsome ; now will not this tempt
• you ? — ‘ Gods ! (cried Pharsamond,) I
• am greatly offended at these words : How !
• shall I renounce Cedalifa ? ’ — ‘ Now you
• are talking of Cedalifa, (replied Clito ;)
• this puts me in mind of both her and Fa-
• tima. Let me see. Sleep, and good
• cheer had drove them quite from my
• memory : but I was in the wrong. They
• are the oldest in date, as to acquaintance,
• with us, and therefore we ought first to
• go in quest of them. This is right. But
• then, on the other hand, here are two
• poor fond creatures dying for us. I really
• am so much puzzled, that I know not
• what course to take ; and I would chuse
• to reside here, rather than determine.’ —
• No, no, Clito, (says the knight,) there
• shou’d be no doubt on this occa-
• sion. To me, the most supreme feli-
• city, without my Cedalifa, wou’d have
• no charms, let us therefore fly from this
• place.’ — ‘ But hark’ee, (good Sir, says
• Clito :) should you ever get into an ugly
• scrape again, I wou’d beg you not to pour
• forth your moan to me ; for be assured,
• that I’d have no more mercy upon you,
• than on a bottle of wine, were I parch’d
• with

‘ with thirst. Let me tell you, that our
 ‘ heroes of romance, how violent soever
 ‘ their flames might be, wou’d not have
 ‘ been so very scrupulous as you are, had
 ‘ there been such charming houses, in their
 ‘ time, as that we are now in ; and there-
 ‘ fore — But methinks you sleep as you
 ‘ stand ;’ and indeed Clito spoke the truth.
 Pharsamond was quite exhausted, and could
 scarce keep upon his legs. — ‘ Thou art in
 ‘ the right, (says our chevalier ;) I really
 ‘ find myself fatigued, and therefore will
 ‘ lie down on thy bed.’ — ‘ With all my
 ‘ heart, (says Clito :) sleep will recover you ;
 ‘ and, indeed, I am apt to think that you
 ‘ have been in a dream all the time you
 ‘ were talking to me. But take heart, (my
 ‘ dear Sir :) shut your eyes close, and be sure
 ‘ not to open them, till I bid you.’

Our two rambles now fell into a slumber ;
 and I wou’d have observ’d, that they strove
 who should snore loudest, was I not afraid
 of debasing the grandeur, which ought
 to be inseparable from a gentleman of
 Pharsamond’s dignity, even in the most
 indifferent action. But whether Pharsa-
 mond and his squire snor’d or not, ’tis
 certain that they slept full six hours.

Our chevalier wak'd first. 'Twas now broad day-light, when Pharsamond, impatient to set out, and travel in search of his dear Cedalifa, pull'd Clito, who, stretching out his arms and legs, cried : — ' Ah !
' (dear Sir,) you have wak'd me out of
' the sweetest dream ! surely the devil,
' who, (you know,) delights in doing ill,
' push'd forward your hand. 'Twould be
' in vain for me to run farther in search of
' what I held, for I probably may never
' get hold of it again.' — ' What extraordinary vision (replied Pharsamond,) is this
' you was favour'd with ?' — ' Listen attentively to me, (says he :) methought
' I saw Cedalifa and Fatima in their
' kitchen ; the latter of whom, having a
' lighted candle in her hand, (whence you
' may judge that it was night,) was peeping
' into every cupboard, every dish, to see
' for victuals. Each of them held a huge
' piece of bread, and cut me some slices ;
' enquiring, at the same time, after your
' health. I then inform'd them of our
' excellent supper last night. — Plague !
' (says Cedalifa ;) should he continue to be
' fed in this manner, He'll grow as fat as a
' hog.' — ' Fie, fie, (said Pharsamond,
' interrupting him ;) thou must still be
' in a dream ; Cedalifa is too polite to em-
' ploy

‘ ploy such vile expressions.’ — ‘ Polite !
 ‘ quoth-a, (replied Clito ;) poor girl, in the
 ‘ condition she was then in, ’twas very na-
 ‘ tural for her to speak so. I have been in-
 ‘ form’d, that, ever since our being
 ‘ turn’d away from that house, her mother
 ‘ has kept her upon bread and water ; which
 ‘ was the reason why she pronounc’d so
 ‘ emphatically these words, “ He’ll grow
 “ as fat as a hog.” — ‘ Finish your dream,
 ‘ (says Pharsamond,) and this as fast as
 ‘ possible.’ — ‘ To return to the poor fa-
 ‘ mish’d creatures, (for Fatima, as I heard
 ‘ also, had been obliged to do penance for
 ‘ our mad pranks ;) I dreamt that they
 ‘ could find nothing but the pitiful carcass
 ‘ of a fowl, and a leg of mutton (I mean
 ‘ the bone). They then put this carcass,
 ‘ together with the bone, into a dish, wher
 ‘ we all sat down at table. But alas ! as we
 ‘ were just beginning to gnaw away, in
 ‘ pushes dame Margaret, with a broom-
 ‘ stick, and levels it at my shoulders, the
 ‘ moment she spied me. But, odsfackins !
 ‘ I parried the stroke, and ran after her,
 ‘ when we presently came to blows. We
 ‘ fought lustily, when I tore her cap off,
 ‘ and she bawl’d out for her husband to
 ‘ come to her aid. Methought he was ly-
 ‘ ing in bed, and cried feebly, that he had

‘ the gout ; which raising my courage, I
 ‘ forc’d dame Margaret to cry *peccavi*. The
 ‘ old harridan, after wishing me to the
 ‘ devil and his imps, (but this she only
 ‘ mutter’d,) fell upon her knees. Then
 ‘ came Fatima, who giving me a violent
 ‘ slap on the backside; I ran after her, when
 ‘ the wind blew her down; and I had
 ‘ catch’d her by the heel, just as you
 ‘ wak’d me.’

‘ A fine dream, indeed, (says Pharsa-
 ‘ mond,) and full worthy of thy diminutive
 ‘ genius!’ — ‘ What is there so ugly
 ‘ in it? (said Clito.) If I take away (good
 ‘ Sir,) the carcass of the fowl, and the
 ‘ mutton bone; will you then consider, as
 ‘ nothing, the holding our best beloved by
 ‘ the heel?’ — ‘ Dress thyself, (said the
 ‘ knight,) and let us think about setting
 ‘ out. Every moment’s delay increases my
 ‘ anguish, for being absent from my inchant-
 ‘ ing Cedalifa.’ — ‘ But should you
 ‘ never meet with her more,’ (said Clito as
 he was putting on his clothes,) ‘ your an-
 ‘ guish would increase prodigiously.’ Pharsa-
 mond made no farther reply to the ques-
 tions of Clito, who now was vastly cheer’d
 by his long sleep, and his hopes of meeting
 with a good breakfast.

Both

Both of them soon got their clothes on ; and Clito was at the last button, when the confidant of the fair anchoret imagining, by the sound of their voices, that they were up, came into their room, and approaching Pharsamond, spoke thus : — ‘ My ‘ mistress (Sir,) is waiting for you in the ‘ parlour. She bid me go and assure you, ‘ that she is impatient to see you, and hear ‘ your adventures.’ — ‘ I’ll follow you, (re- ‘ plied Pharsamond ;) go on.’ — ‘ Come ‘ hither, (says Clito,) come hither thou ‘ beautiful boy.’ Clito spoke these words with such an air, as gave the confidant to understand, that he knew she was a woman, which made her smile. — ‘ Well, ‘ (squire, says she,) have you past the ‘ night well ?’ — ‘ Yes, (lovely squire’s re- ‘ plies he,) and am very much at your ‘ service. But know, that I am always ‘ seiz’d with a distemper when I wake.’ — ‘ What is it you want ?’ replied the con- fidant ;) — ‘ Only some victuals and drink,’ (says Colin.) — ‘ If that be all, (replied ‘ Elisa,) you shall be cur’d presently. — ‘ Follow me, good squire.’ — ‘ Make haste, ‘ fly then,’ (my sweet girl !) says he. — And now Clito, and the confidant, breakfasted together ; whilst that Pharsamond went

down into the parlour, where Clorinna waited for him.

Clorinna seem'd fix'd in thought, at his coming in; but the moment she perceiv'd him, she advanc'd forward with an obliging smile.—‘May I enquire, (says she my lord,) whether you have had a good night's rest?’—‘Rest (replied Pharsamond,) was not made for wretches like me.’—‘What misfortunes, (said Clorinna) can possibly disturb the mind of so admirable a gentleman as you are?’—‘To behold you, one would conclude that love has none but pleasures in store for you; and that his pains could never annoy such as resemble you.’—‘I am oblig'd to you, Madam, (said Pharsamond,) for this kind compliment, but have not the vanity to think I deserve it. But supposing it true, that persons, like me, must always attract love; is not this passion attended with a thousand disquietudes, which the most happy lover may feel?’—‘I'll leave you yourself to judge of this, after you have heard my story.’

Pharsamond then enter'd upon his sad tale. I don't think it necessary for me to begin it with him, as the reader has heard all he has to say. Our knight will, indeed, vary, (from me,) in his relation of
some

some of the incidents. For instance, his departure from Cedalisa will be set forth in different colours; and the base affront put upon him in her house, will be thought a noble violence, worthy the adventures of the most illustrious knight. 'Tis not that Pharfamond is a braggadochio, who is conscious that the adventures related by him are false. Our knight wou'd be blameless, were he guilty of no other fault than that of fibbing; and it may justly be affirm'd, that if (on one hand,) his head has lost the good sense it once possess'd; his heart, (on the other,) has made such acquisitions, in generosity, greatness, and probity, as more than compensate for the loss of his understanding: If, therefore, he should deviate from the truth, in the account he gives of incidents, this must be ascribed to a defect of understanding, and not as flowing from vanity. After all, either the adventures themselves, or his manner of telling them, will be found entertaining; as for instance, his meeting with Cedalisa in the wood; his bloody combat in the garden; his wounds; his fainting away; and many other particulars, where his artless vanity may do him great honour.

But I now hear him conclude his story, and perceive Clorinna oppress'd with grief.

The passion which Pharsamond discovers in the course of his tale, for his Cedalisa, proves as an arrow to Clorinna's heart. Her glances seem to tell Pharsamond, that she is exceedingly griev'd to find, that another object has engross'd his soul; and our chevalier, (to aggravate her sorrows still more,) concludes his relation, with vowing eternal constancy to his mistress. — 'I must go
' in search of her, (Madam, says he;) and
' free her from the captivity, in which she
' doubtless must be held, by the barbarous
' female appointed to guard her. I burn
' with impatience, to give her the strongest
' testimonies of my passion for her.'

' Alas! (my lord, replied Clorinna, with
' a languishing air,) you perhaps may
' have lost her for ever; so that all your
' care, all your pains, would be ineffectual.
' Your enemies must have taken measures to
' defeat all your designs; and therefore,
' (my good lord) go not in quest of a lady,
' the meeting of whom is so very precarious;
' and who, (how violent soever her
' passion may be for you,) has a heart you
' can never enjoy; but stay here some time,
' and spare yourself a trouble you otherwise
' must be put to. The tranquillity of this
' abode will restore your soul to it's wonted
' calm, which you will not find in any
other

‘ other place. I’ll do all I can to divert
 ‘ you. Solitary scenes are your delight,
 ‘ and where could you find one more deli-
 ‘ cious than that you are now in? I don’t
 ‘ speak of the company you will enjoy here;
 ‘ but ’twill be infinitely charming, if the
 ‘ pleasure I shall taste in seeing you, can but
 ‘ touch your soul.’ — Saying these last
 words, she cast down her eyes. Pharsa-
 mond understood their meaning, when sup-
 posing himself, (as well as he cou’d) in the
 situation of those renown’d heroes of ro-
 mance, who, by the fidelity they ow’d to
 their mistresses, were thrown into such a
 perplexity as they expressed, either by silence
 or a sudden blush. Our chevalier, (their
 faithful copist) for fear he should fail in imi-
 tating them, continued silent a few minutes,
 and then blush’d. Clorinna waited for his
 answer: she wanted a few words from him,
 and cou’d not be easy till he had explain’d
 himself. — ‘ I have not the least reply
 ‘ from you, (my lord, said she,) and yet
 ‘ you heard me. ’Twould be only losing
 ‘ time, for me to inform you, in dark and
 ‘ distant terms, of the inclination I have for
 ‘ you. Alas! the resemblance you bear to
 ‘ the man I once idoliz’d, revive, (unhap-
 ‘ pily for me!) in my heart, all it’s wonted
 ‘ tenderness. Cou’d you but be sensible of

' the excess of this tenderness, and corres-
 ' pond with it ; you then would look upon
 ' this heart as too worthy of being neglec-
 ' ted. 'Tis plain, (my lord) that I don't
 ' dissemble with you. Be so good therefore
 ' as to explain yourself. Must I be so
 ' wretched, as to meet with ingratitude
 ' from you ?

This declaration was too clear and distinct,
 for Pharsamond to pretend ignorance any
 longer : but he knew how to oppose such
 attacks as were but half declar'd ; he like-
 wise cou'd combat those which were open,
 and levelled directly at the heart : and the
 reader will find, that he imitated very ex-
 actly his noble models on this occasion.

' I have heard you,' (Madam, replied our
 chevalier in a grave tone, and standing al-
 most motionless :) ' but did not think pro-
 ' per to make any reply ; hoping that my
 ' silence would discover to you, very plain-
 ' ly, what I meant by it ; but since you
 ' will force me to answer, recollect the se-
 ' veral things I have told you ; and say to
 ' yourself, what decorum will not permit
 ' me to utter before you.' — ' You enter-
 ' tain a passion for some fair-one, (replied
 ' Clorinna ;) I take this for granted ; but
 ' then you are not sure of finding her ; and
 ' I now offer you a heart, the conquest of
 ' which

‘ which will save you all the pains you
 ‘ otherwise must take, in searching after
 ‘ your mistress.’

‘ I adore these pains, (replied our cruel
 ‘ knight;) and, were they to prove my
 ‘ death, this would be infinitely more agree-
 ‘ able (as I should have nothing to repent
 ‘ of;) than to prolong it, in the enjoy-
 ‘ ment of the greatest felicity, but embitter’d
 ‘ with the severest reproaches. Let
 ‘ me therefore, Madam, depart from this
 ‘ place. Stop not a hapless wretch, whom
 ‘ ill fortune oppresses. ’Twould be impos-
 ‘ sible for my heart to resist your attacks,
 ‘ was it not entirely engrossed by another
 ‘ object.’ — Our knight then started up
 on a sudden, as one resolutely determin’d
 to leave the house. Now if the reader will
 but allow me a few moments, to make a
 short transition to Clito and Elisa, I’m per-
 suaded that he will have no cause to repent
 of his indulgence.

This pair of confidants were now got into
 the kitchen. Some of the best wine in the
 cellar had been drawn for Clito, who, him-
 self, had taken care to lay a piece of meat
 on the gridiron. After taking five or six
 draughts, the heaviness, (usual to people
 who have not broke their fast) left him. —
 “ By my life, sweet girl!” (says he to Elisa,

With a bumper in his hand, which he was going to tols off to her honour;) ‘you have a very good birth here.’ — ‘To complete it, nothing is wanting but a jovial young man—like yourself,’ (replied Elisa, who was charm’d with our squire’s blunt manner of address.) — ‘Confess the truth, you little baggage, (replied he;) would you not gladly keep us here, was it in your power to do so? but we are not like the rest of our sex; we have already got our cargo of love, and will subsist upon it as long as we live.’ — ‘What’s all this? (Mr squire, replied the confidant,) do you value yourselves for your constancy.’ — ‘How! value myself for it? (replied he;) pray who do you take me for? don’t you know that we knights and squires, (for there’s no great difference between us, as to rank,) make a vow that we will possess every good quality, and constancy in particular? — What a pox! — I indeed, will confess that this is the most savage of all the virtues. The squires of antient times must necessarily have made a vow to practise it, in their very cradles; and I am persuaded (fair maid,) that when they met in their travels, with faces beautiful as your’s, their constancy sat as heavy on their hearts,

' hearts, as a burthen of two hundred
 ' weight wou'd upon their shoulders. But
 ' then glory, (or whatever you may
 ' please to term it) is not a mere shadow;
 ' and when we make a brave resistance, in
 ' this respect, 'tis not on a trifling account.
 ' My name will, one day or other, fly to
 ' the extremities of the earth; and I cannot
 ' but say, I am delighted to think that peo-
 ' ple, an hundred years hence, will know
 ' my name; and should you be then living,
 ' you'll bear witness to the truth of all I
 ' now say.' — ' To what purpose is your
 ' care for this, (said the confidant,) since
 ' you'll then be dead, and consequently be
 ' quite insensible to this honour or glory?
 ' but good Mr squire, mind me now: If
 ' you are struck with any other woman,
 ' don't rob yourself of the pleasure of de-
 ' claring it.' — ' Be so good as to hold
 ' your peace, (replied the squire;) farewell
 ' glory and renown, if you go on in this
 ' manner. Cruel, cruel woman! let me
 ' be glorious.' — ' What's this I see? (cried
 ' the confidant,) methinks you begin to
 ' soften, (Mr squire;) but could I believe
 ' you to be in earnest, I would love you
 ' four times as dearly as I do now.' —
 ' You love me then already? (replied he;)
 ' Heavens! how mighty a loss shall I sus-
 ' tain.

' tain ? sure, no squire had ever so precious
 ' a wind-fall. But (thou heart of mine !)
 ' still keep up thy courage ; four or five
 ' bumpers more of wine, and then I'll draw
 ' thee out of this quagmire.' — ' No,
 ' no, (good Mr squire, said the confidant,)
 ' we will not part with you in this man-
 ' ner. I see plainly that you do love me. —
 ' You don't say true, (says he, rising up ;)
 ' I will not do so much injury to Fatima ;
 ' and if my heart can be so stupid as to en-
 ' tertain the least spark of affection for you,
 ' e'en let the brute keep it ; for I myself
 ' must declare off, and will have no-
 ' thing to do with it.' — ' 'Twould be
 ' in vain for you to struggle, (said she,)
 ' you will love me ; and, if any regard is
 ' to be had to appearances, we both look as
 ' tho' we should hereafter be very fond of
 ' each other.' — ' Ah ! my dear ma-
 ' ster ! my most excellent knight ! Sir Phar-
 ' samond, (cried the squire,) did you but
 ' know the horrid danger to which I am
 ' expos'd, you'd fly hither to my re-
 ' scue, and carry me on your shoulders.
 ' Should your mind be weak as mine, 'twill
 ' be impossible for us to have strength to
 ' finish our journey. As to myself, my
 ' poor legs can scarce support me. Wou'd
 ' the devil had this house of your's ! were it
 ' not

‘ not for this curf’d abode, we should have
 ‘ got more bays, than would have serv’d the
 ‘ feveral cooks in Chriftendom !’ — ‘ All
 ‘ this does not fatisfy me, (faid the confi-
 ‘ dant ;) tell me therefore at once, do you
 ‘ love me or not ?’ — ‘ Yes, dear de-
 ‘ vil of my heart, (replied he,) I do love
 ‘ you ; be fatisfied with this confeffion,
 ‘ which wrings my foul more than a thou-
 ‘ fand pounds would that of an ufurer.’ —
 ‘ Since you do love me, (faid ſhe, Mr
 ‘ ſquire,) I’ll be ſo frank as to declare, that
 ‘ I don’t hate you. Your maſter will cer-
 ‘ tainly be ſmit with my miſtreſs, and we
 ‘ all four ſhall be vaſtly fond of one another.
 ‘ What think you now of that ?’ — ‘ This
 ‘ wou’d be charming, (faid Clito ;) and
 ‘ I’d freely give ten of the ſtrongeſt hairs
 ‘ of my head, were it poſſible for my good
 ‘ maſter to be forc’d to take root in this
 ‘ houſe. I ſhould be proud to imitate ſo
 ‘ illuſtrious an example, but then you en-
 ‘ tertain me with very poor hopes.’ —
 ‘ We have all the reaſon in the world, (faid
 ‘ the confidant,) to believe, that my mi-
 ‘ ſtreſs will do every thing in her power to
 ‘ keep him here.’ — ‘ I grant this, (faid
 ‘ Clito ;) but my maſter is as courageous
 ‘ as a lion. I know him to a tittle. The
 ‘ object of his affection is in another place ;
 ‘ and,

‘ and, rather than continue here, he wou’d
‘ go on crutches to seek her. However, a
‘ thought is just come into my head, which
‘ being put into execution, will force him
‘ to stay. But then, mum !—Run ; cut the
‘ girths of our horses. He’ll be put to a
‘ fine nonplus when he is for setting out,
‘ and I’m of opinion that he won’t care to
‘ go upon the hoof ; there not being one
‘ example of a knight’s ever attempting to
‘ travel on foot ; run therefore, and make
‘ all the haste possible.’— These words were
scarce out of his mouth, but when confidant
ran to the stables, or rather flew thither.
She then did every thing pursuant to Clito’s
advice. But returning from the stable, good
Heavens ! what a sight did she behold !—
Her mistress, all in tears, and using her
utmost endeavours to stop Pharsamond,
who would force himself from her. She
flew to acquaint Clito with this ; and in-
form’d him also of what she had done con-
cerning the horses. — ‘ Well, (says he,)
‘ since my master cannot be prevail’d upon to
‘ stay here ; for fear lest he should suspect
‘ my having an understanding with you ;
‘ the moment he orders me to saddle our
‘ horses and follow him, you shall pretend
‘ to stop me. Upon this I’ll make a vio-
‘ lent struggle, and you shall tear my sleeve.
‘ I’ll

‘ I’ll seem quite surpriz’d to find our girths
 ‘ cut, and fall into a terrible passion. I
 ‘ then will pretend to set out on foot, pil-
 ‘ grim like, with a staff in my hand. My
 ‘ master won’t offer to follow me, for the
 ‘ most necessary thing, in our profession,
 ‘ is a horse. You shall stop us both; I’ll
 ‘ let you drag me along; in a word, we’ll
 ‘ leave the rest to Fate. See now, (you
 ‘ little dear huffy,) what I undertake mere-
 ‘ ly for the sake of obliging you. O love!
 ‘ insidious love! but for thee, what a great
 ‘ man should I have been!’ — ‘ No more
 ‘ of your speeches, I beseech you, (says the
 ‘ confidant,) to love, but go to your ma-
 ‘ ster. I hear him still contending with my
 ‘ mistress. Appear therefore, good Mr
 ‘ squire.’ — ‘ I will so, (says he;) but
 ‘ besure don’t forget what I told you.’

Saying these words, he advanc’d into the
 court-yard, and was followed a moment af-
 ter by Elisa, when his own eyes saw what
 she had inform’d him of, I mean Pharsa-
 mond flyng from Clorinna. — ‘ Cruel
 ‘ man! (said this doating mad-woman,)
 ‘ will not my tears, will not my sorrows,
 ‘ move you! dear, dear Oriantes! (for
 ‘ you, my lord, are his very picture,) alas!
 ‘ ’tis Clorinna speaks; turn, turn your eyes
 ‘ towards me.’ — ‘ Heavens!’ (cried our
 ‘ knight,

knight, hearing these words,) ‘ deliver me
 ‘ from such importunate transports ! Let us
 ‘ set out, (Clito ;) rouze, rouze, and sad-
 ‘ dle our horses this instant. Leave me, (I
 ‘ say ;) a heart, like that of generous Phar-
 ‘ samond, is a stranger to falshood ; Ce-
 ‘ dalisa engrosses it, and shall do so for ever.’

Whilst Pharsamond was speaking thus, his stare was so very furious, that one wou’d have thought he was going distracted ; nor did he appear less frantic in his gestures. But how delicious, (to him) was this perplexity, and these sad extremities ! no lady had ever given her knight a more signal opportunity to prove his constancy. The tryal to which Clorinna put him, was attended with all the circumstances suitable to an heroic adventure.

And now Clito, who had been commanded to get the horses ready, return’d, leading them by a halter ; and holding the bridle in his hand, which he told Pharsamond, could no longer be made use of. — ‘ Things
 ‘ are come to a fine pass ! (says he.) ‘ Here
 ‘ Sir ; saddle, bridle, and mount your horse
 ‘ with this trumpery.’ — ‘ Gods ! furies ! (cried
 ‘ Pharsamond ;) but ’tis no matter. In vain
 ‘ you put my constancy to so severe a trial :
 ‘ for know the shame must all be your’s, since
 ‘ you will never be able to triumph over me.’

‘ Charming !

‘ Charming ! (good Sir, cried Clito ;)
 ‘ let us leave these two huffies, who would
 ‘ gladly chop off our glory’s head. We,
 ‘ indeed, have lost all our horse-tackle ;
 ‘ but come, let us, rather than yield, save
 ‘ our virtue. Only follow the bright ex-
 ‘ ample I shall set you.’

Having said these words, he was prepara-
 ring to leap on his nag, when the young
 confidant endeavour’d to stop him, as had
 been agreed upon between them, but did
 not employ strength enough. — ‘ O fie !
 ‘ (whisper’d he to her,) your arms are
 ‘ weaker than reeds. Exert yourself, (I
 ‘ say,) my good girl.’ — ‘ I do all I
 ‘ can, (replied the confidant, in his ear ;)
 ‘ and I cou’d not do more, unless I were to
 ‘ drub you, or scratch your face.’ — ‘ Give,
 ‘ (said he,) some thumps upon my hat, call
 ‘ me all to pieces ; stop my horse.’

This conversation between the confidant
 and the squire was pretty short, though it
 may be thought a little prolix. Clito seem’d
 to use his utmost endeavours to mount on
 horseback, whilst Elisa acted her part to a
 miracle. ‘ O rogue ! (says she,) thou shalt
 ‘ not go. How can you both be so un-
 ‘ grateful, (wretches as you are !) after
 ‘ feasting so deliciously as you have done
 ‘ at our house ?’ — Whilst Elisa was thus
 ‘ spending

spending her breath, Clorinna strove to stop Pharsamond, who bawl'd to Clito, to open the gate. By this time all the servants were got together in the court-yard, amaz'd at what they saw and heard; they not knowing till now, that their superior was a woman dressed in man's clothes. They then imagin'd, by Clorinna's actions, that our two men had insulted her; or else that they must have us'd her ill, since she had endeavour'd to stop them. They now were come forward, when the cook, with his greasy fists, seiz'd Pharsamond by the collar; but our knight, being young and vigorous, slipt out of his hands; drew his sword, and whirl'd it round like the sails of a windmill. During this, another servant, ran and snatched up a spit, when smiting Pharsamond's sword with it, he broke it in two. Our knight, after this attack, let fall his sword; when flying at the fellow, who was armed with the spit, he forc'd it out of his hands. How disgraceful a weapon was this for a knight, whom the noblest sword ought to have arm'd! however, 'twas reflexion and judgment which prompted him to take up the spit on this occasion; he being perswaded, that the heroes of romance would have acted just as he had done, if in the like circumstances.

This

This spit, therefore, wielded by so powerful an arm, drove away all the enemies, and Clorinna did not dare to come near him. Clito judging, from his master's anger, that he would not perhaps be clearfighted enough to distinguish him from an enemy, ran and hid himself behind a wall; he calling to Elisa, who, by this time, had given over her sham struggle with Clito, for fear of receiving a wound from the spit. The squire, all the time that Pharsamond was flourishing his new weapon in the air, made a thousand times signs to Elisa, to run towards him; and then, as the wall hid him from his master, take him (Clito) by the throat; to give the latter an opportunity of fainting away, which accident, he hop'd, would oblige the knight to stay; but she was too much intimidated by the sight of the spit.

By this time Pharsamond had no more enemies to encounter with, they all having fled his mighty arm; but then the pleasure he felt, in this conquest over all his enemies, was too delightful for him to leave it so soon. The instant his courage was properly heated, in vain his enemies endeavoured to save themselves by flight; the anger which sparkled in his eyes, supplying the place of an adversary. The secret admiration in which he held himself, threw
a mist

a mist before his eyes, and made him imagine several combatants; and he was not undeceived, till his strength quite forsook him. But now, throwing his eyes around, he perceived nothing, except doors half open'd, at which the vanquish'd scarce dar'd to peep out their heads. Immediately Pharsamond throwing the most dreadful glances round; call'd aloud for his squire to lead the horses out of the court-yard, and open the gates. But alas! no squire appear'd. Pharsamond was upon the point of threatening to pull down the house, when directing his eyes to the wall, who should he spy but Clito; but, (good heavens!) in what posture was our squire seen? even stretch'd on the ground, and as a man from whom life was fled. Pharsamond thinking him really dead, advanc'd towards him with an air of veneration, which he imagin'd due to a squire, whose courage, and zeal for his master's service, had cost him his life. However, the arch wag was in as good health, at least, as his master might be. Clito cou'd not prevail upon himself to quit, so very expeditiously, good quarters; and he was highly delighted with the young confidant; though the artifice employ'd by him, to force his master to stay where they were, had been defeated by Pharsamond's valour
and

and inflexible heart. But Clito was so strongly inspir'd by the passion of love, and the charms of good eating, that it was impossible but these must suggest some expedients. He had hit upon one that fail'd; and the reader saw him make signs to Elisa, for her to take him by the collar, that he might have an opportunity of feigning a swoon. Elisa's fear had, indeed, render'd his expedient abortive. But then, what did he do? The moment that he perceiv'd his master's rage was cool'd, and that he did not lay about him so lustily, he threw himself along the ground; taking it for granted that our knight, spying him in this plight, would suppose that he had receiv'd some deadly blow.

And now Pharsamond turn'd his squire, to examine in what part he might be wounded; when our knight was greatly surpriz'd not to see the least signs of blood, which was the only circumstance wanting in the adventure; for it must be confess'd, that a bloodless combat, tho' ever so dangerous, cannot be considered as heroic. Pharsamond, was, at this instant very sorry that Clito, (since he was dead,) had not been so glorious as that one drop, (at least) of blood should flow from him. — 'Alas!'
'(said our dolorous knight) my squire has
'loft

‘ lost his life, in my cause, without eno-
‘ bling his death, by shedding blood. But
‘ no matter ; we are to accuse fate for it,
‘ and not his courage : and since necessity
‘ forc’d, even me, to defend myself with
‘ the most inglorious weapon ; can I be
‘ surpriz’d, that Clito’s death should be no
‘ less dishonourable, than the defence the
‘ great Pharsamond made ?’

After these mournful accents, or rather this dirge, which Clito found so very comical, that it had like to have call’d him from the dead ; our knight was some time in doubt, whether it would be proper to leave Clito where he found him ; or lift him, as well as he could, on one of the horses. But the tender affection he bore his squire, prevail’d over the fear of what the vulgar might say, upon seeing a knight laying a dead body cross his horse. Tho’ this was an act infinitely below the gravity and dignity of persons of his character ; he yet thought that there were occasions, when a hero, in condescending, discover’d more virtue than meanness. Having made these reflexions, he drew forward one of the horses, and began to lift up Clito by the feet ; but (alas !) as the spit, which he still grasp’d, and did not care to let go for fear of accidents, would not allow him the free use of his hands,

hands, Clito's head bounc'd hard against the ground. And now the violence of the blow recalling the pretended dead man to life, Clito roar'd out as loud as he could bawl. Immediately Pharsamond, struck with horror, let him fall as though he had been a mill-stone. This second shock forc'd our hapless squire to roar out again ; but, to say the truth, he richly deserv'd all these knocks. In the mean time our knight, whose hair stood an end through horror (in case, however, his head was not shav'd, or that he did not then wear a perruque ;) our knight, (I say,) found all his fear vanish, at this second cry set up by his squire.

—— ‘ My dear, dear Clito, (says he,) ‘ what most unaccountably-wicked blow ‘ could reduce thee to so lamentable a condition ? ’ —— ‘ Ah ! good Sir, a clinch'd ‘ fist, thrust into this neck of mine, occasioned so barbarous a disaster, ’ (replied Clito, exasperated to find all his expedients defeated ; and that he should, at last, be forc'd to leave an excellent table, and the young confidant.) —— ‘ But come, ‘ rouze, Clito, (said Pharsamond ;) let us ‘ leave this mansion, and mount as well as ‘ we can on horseback. ’ —— ‘ Indeed and ‘ indeed, ’ (said the squire, whose heart was full, as the squabble they had had, made

it absolutely necessary for them to shift their quarters ;) ‘ it must be confess’d, that you
 ‘ have treated the good lady of this house
 ‘ very ill.’ — ‘ No more of your remon-
 ‘ strances, (replied Pharsamond,) I have
 ‘ done but my duty.’

Saying these words, he gaz’d round, when brandishing fiercely the spit, whose disgraceful form he had forgot by this time, he himself went and open’d the court-yard gate. Clorinna, at this fatal creaking of the hinges, put forth her distant voice, which echoed shrill through the hall.

Pharsamond now found his heart mov’d, but not with an emotion of love. He only felt a generous compassion, for the sorrows he had brought, involuntarily, on this ill fated lady. — ‘ Do you
 ‘ hear, Sir, (says Clito, the tears almost
 ‘ starting from his eyes,) that poor lady!
 ‘ O how greatly do I pity her ! see her
 ‘ waiting-woman, fallen down by her in
 ‘ a swoon ; otherwise she would have cried
 ‘ louder. Pox on the severe laws, en-
 ‘ joyn’d by lovers of former ages ! How
 ‘ would they have been puzzled in so
 ‘ deplorable a case !’ — Pharsamond
 was already mounted on his horse, which he held by the mane. But now Clito seeing, too plainly, that all his hopes were

were defeated ; cried ; ——— ‘ Come,
 ‘ Sir, let us e’en go, since you are re-
 ‘ solved upon it ; but, in all probability,
 ‘ the first hill we get upon, we shall roll
 ‘ down it like two barrels.’

The end of the fourth PART.





PHARSAMOND.

PART V.

PHARSAMOND's soul was so fully engross'd, by this last adventure, that he did not once think about leaving the spit, which he still carried in his hand. The cook (who supposed, that our chevalier, as soon as he shou'd be got on horseback, would leave it at the door,) was come, the moment he heard him ride away, to take it in ; but gazing on Pharsamond, who by this time was got at a considerable

derable distance, he perceiv'd that he still grasp'd it. — ‘ Oons! (cries he to the rest of the servants,) not a mouthful of roast-meat shall we eat to day. See how that madman there carries off my spit! He holds it as fiercely, on his saddle-bow, as though he were going to run in the ring. He'll certainly be taken for some miserable masker, attended by his servant.’

Clito, like to those who can scarce tear themselves from what they love; and who endeavour, even in their flight, to enjoy still a little longer the object they doat upon; could not forbear looking back, at intervals, towards this dearly-beloved house; when he spied all the domesticks, with the young confidant among the rest. The cook observing Clito turn about, made signs with his hand, for him to desire his master to return the spit. The squire, imagining that the servants called them; — ‘ We were quartered, (says he to Pharsamond,) with the best people in the world; you were very near knocking them all down, and yet they beckon us to go back. I shall never forget that charming pretty house, though I were to live to the age of Mathuselah.’

Whilst he was talking in this manner, Pharsamond's horse, which was young and mettlesome, took fright at seeing a heap of very white stones. The creature began to fly up and down; when Pharsamond, now run away with, did not dare to jump from his steed, for fear of hurting himself. All he could do was to remove, by brandishing his spit, the boughs which impeded his career. Clito's horse seemed, on this occasion, to be the same, with regard to that of Pharsamond, as the squire was with respect to the knight; for the instant the chevalier's courser began to gallop; the astonish'd Clito, who did not know the reason why his master rode so swiftly, found his horse run spontaneously; and follow, full speed, the rapid course of the chevalier's winged steed.

Clito, reflecting that his neck was in danger, since his nag was running away with him, cried as loud as he cou'd bawl, to the knight to stop his horse; he not knowing that Pharsamond was under the same difficulty with himself. Our chevalier, on the other hand, endeavour'd, but in vain, to make Clito understand, that he was not master of his courser; the wind and the noise made by the horses feet, preventing their riders from hearing one another.

But

But now a pretty large house, standing in a bottom, the court-yard door whereof happen'd to be open, put an end to the confusion our rambles were in; and at the same time, to the mad career of their steeds, which stopp'd on a sudden in this court-yard.

The attitude in which Pharfamond appear'd, (he still holding the spit,) was very ridiculous. And now a country fellow came forth, who, setting up a laugh, ask'd the knight whether he was coming to spit their turkies?

Clito hearing these words, fell a giggling, upon his observing the spit, which till then, had been unperceiv'd by him. This caus'd the rustic to burst into a horse-laugh. However it had no other effect than to swell the knight's pride, and make him wield his mock lance with still greater gravity. A woman, belonging to the same house, hearing the two laughers, ran out; when, the instant she cast her eyes on Pharfamond and the spit, she joyn'd in concert with the rustic and Clito. She bursts, she weeps; and, every time she looks at the knight, breaks into a loud laugh. The mirth of the country woman, drew two little boys, from an ox stall; as likewise an old man, who was dragging thence a cow, in order to drive it

to pasture. They now gaze on our knight, thus completely equipp'd for a tournament; when the little clowns fell a hooting and laughing, till they almost split their sides. And as to the old man, he seem'd to excel himself; he surveying Pharsamond from top to toe, and shaking his chin all the time.

But now all these waggis imagine, by Pharsamond's action, that he is going to be downright angry; he asking his squire, the reason why those clowns, as well as he himself, were so very merry at his expence. —

‘ Don't you see the cause of it? (replies

‘ Clito;) only look at the lance which arms

‘ so manfully your hand; a lance died

‘ red; but with what? why with chickens

‘ blood, or that of some other equally noble

‘ creature. Now pray, who cou'd forbear

‘ tittering at such a spectacle?’ — Our che-

valier, hearing these words, recover'd him-

self; when the sight of the lance forc'd a

blush from, and made him laugh at the same

time, but with a sort of gravity. — ‘ Here

‘ take it, (says he,) Clito; 'twas absence of

‘ mind made me hold this weapon so long.’

— ‘ I take it! (replied the squire,) what

‘ wou'd you have me do with it? e'en

‘ throw it on the ground, for we have no-

‘ thing to roast.’ — ‘ You're right, (cried

‘ Pharsamond,)

Pharsamond,) who thereupon flung it from him. ‘Where are we?’ (continues he;) ‘Ask whose house this is.’ — Our squire then alighted, and going up to the clown: — ‘Who does this house belong to?’ (says he;) — ‘It belongs,’ (replied the peasant, who cou’d go no farther.) — Pharsamond’s lance had made, at first sight, such an impression upon him, as excited his whole attention. But, on the rustick’s perceiving the sad plight their horses were in; when ever he attempted to cry, *it belongs* — (in answer to Clito’s question,) an inclination to laugh, cut his answer in two; and did so every time he endeavour’d to say, *it belongs*. — ‘Oh! oh!’ (says Clito, staring at him;) ‘I suppose my hat’s put on the wrong way; and ’tis this must make you laugh so very immoderately.’ — At these words the clown, who strove, but all in vain, to reply, show’d, (by pointing with his finger,) what it was that made him so vastly jocose. Clito understood his meaning that instant, upon which he turn’d his head to look at Pharsamond’s horse; when finding this spectacle altogether as whimsical as the other, he roar’d as loud as the clown; and this he he did, till Pharsamond advancing, gave them to understand, that he was quite tir’d with their nonsense; and ’twas no wonder,

indeed, that he should have lost all patience by this time. Such incidents were of too burlesque a kind for our chevalier; his adventures did not succeed one another with an equal pace. If he met with one that pleas'd him, 'twas attended with a thousand trifling little circumstances, which no ways suited the dignity of his profession. He reflected, that not a single requisite was wanting, for him to be in a plenary situation; I mean, such an one as perfectly resembled that of the famous knights of romance. His mistress lov'd him; she was beautiful; and illustrious in her descent, as he verily believ'd. She was in captivity; (the first article,) which might give birth to a thousand situations. He was searching for her, (a second article,) whence the most tender disquietudes, and the deepest sorrows might arise. What was wanting, for him, to advance through every stage of glory? And yet, he was forc'd to combat with cooks! how strong a contrast was there, between this adventure, and between the tender passion which a Belle, disguis'd under a male habit, had discover'd for him at first sight! then, he had been forc'd to defend himself with a most infamous weapon, a spit! he had rode three miles, without a bridle, and with the rest of his tackle in miserable order.

order. These several things shock'd his pride ; he not remembering to have ever read any particulars, in the lives of his illustrious models, which form'd so monstrous an assemblage ; the most minute accidents they met with, being ever suitable to the dignity of their character. Pharsamond sought for the reason, why his adventures should eternally be chequer'd with grotesque incidents ; however, as, after strictly examining his own conduct, he did not discover any circumstance, in himself, which might occasion these groveling incidents ; he thence thought it but natural to suppose, that the most illustrious lovers had been no less expos'd, than himself, to such slight accidents ; that these were almost inseparable from their way of life ; and that the only reason why they are not mention'd in their respective histories, was, that the authors of them, in relating the lives and amours of these famous men, had imagin'd it incumbent on them to treat of such particulars only, as belong to the great and the marvellous. In a word, that mankind were no longer accusom'd to see lovers of their sort ; and that he ought not to wonder, that as men were less accusom'd, than formerly, to the respect due to them ; they thence should give occasion, (by the astonishment they dis-

covered at beholding knights-errant,) to the several comic incidents with which their adventures were blended.

Pharsamond, (will some critic say,) is finely situated indeed, to have an opportunity of making such deep reflexions. — There is no doubt, but that a hero of his character, ponders on all things, and in all places. By the way, the reflexions I put into our knight's mouth, were much sooner form'd in his brain, than they seem to be, when described on paper ; for Pharsamond weigh'd, argu'd, and judg'd, in the twinkling of an eye, the many things I could not express, without employing a multitude of words.

During this interval, Clito and the clown, who had been half dead with laughing, at last recovered their phlegm ; when the peasant, to atone, in the most generous manner possible, for his ridiculing Pharsamond, spoke thus to him : — ‘ Alight, good Sir ;
 ‘ the roads which lead from this place are
 ‘ bad ; your horses wou'd play you an ugly
 ‘ trick ; you might fall with them, and so
 ‘ break your necks. Stop here some hours,
 ‘ and we will endeavour to mend your
 ‘ tackle. In the mean time, pray come
 ‘ into a room, and take a glass of wine. The
 ‘ people of the house are very civil folks.’

At

At this invitation our knight, whose gloomy reflexions imprinted a savage air on his countenance, smil'd at the rustick's civility ; and I don't doubt but that Pharsamond consider'd this clown as a man of consequence. He therefore accepted, with the utmost gravity, of the invitation, but still continued on horseback. Clito, ever since the word *wine* had been mentioned, thought each moment an hour, whilst he was bound to his saddle. — ‘ But my
‘ good Sir (says he,) do you mistake your
‘ horse's saddle for an easy chair ? alight
‘ then quickly, since you are desir'd to do
‘ so.’ — ‘ I waited, (replied Pharsamond,)
‘ for your coming to help me down ; every
‘ thing should be done regularly ; and you
‘ ought never to omit duties of this sort.’ —
‘ Odzooks ! (replied the squire,) I did not
‘ once think about it. I humbly ask your
‘ pardon ; and could not imagine that you
‘ wou'd have dreamt of ceremonies, at a
‘ time when both of us are so wretchedly
‘ equipp'd. But no matter. Come ; jump.
‘ — Oons ! (said Clito, the instant his ma-
‘ ster was got down ;) and so you would
‘ have set all night on horseback, had I not
‘ been here to help you ?’ — ‘ If this
‘ had been the case, (replied the chevalier,)
‘ I wou'd have done without you ; but I
‘ must

‘ must beseech you to have a better memory
 ‘ next time ; and not be thus wanting in
 ‘ your reverence to me.’ — The clown
 then gave their horses to a little boy, or-
 dering him to lead them into a stable ; after
 which he himself conducted our rambles
 into a sort of hall or parlour, where people
 us’d to dine.

This peasant manag’d a large farm, be-
 longing to the lady who own’d the house,
 and was not yet stirring. ‘ I wou’d show
 ‘ you, (says he,) all our rooms, (which are
 ‘ handsome enough) were not our lady,
 ‘ and her daughter, in bed. But in the
 ‘ mean time, I’ll go and fetch you some
 ‘ breakfast.’ — ‘ Good ! (says Clito ;)’
 ‘ I had much rather see victuals, than your
 ‘ rooms.’

The peasant went that instant for some re-
 freshments. Pharsamond had seated him-
 self, and was wrapt in meditation. —
 ‘ Every thing, (cries he,) opposes my feli-
 ‘ city ! Fate seems to conspire against me,
 ‘ and to postpone the joy I shall taste, in
 ‘ seeing again my dearest Cedalifa ; yet my
 ‘ constancy will triumph over the obstinacy
 ‘ with which I am attack’d by my stars.’ —
 ‘ Your constancy, (says Clito, interrupting
 ‘ him,) is of a quite different complexion
 ‘ from my appetite ; for this, when per-
 ‘ secuted

‘secuted by hunger, is always weakest.’ —
 ‘You take strange liberties ! (replied Pharsamond, rising in a rage;) you behave
 ‘very indecently, let me tell you. Still
 ‘you know how you ought to act ; and if
 ‘I don’t distinguish myself from the herd
 ‘of mortals, I do this merely to see what
 ‘lengths you wou’d presume to go in your
 ‘impertinence. But pray now have done
 ‘with it, or leave me.’

The rustic came in, just as Pharsamond was ending his sharp reprimand. The former brought, in one hand, a huge bottle of wine ; and in the other, a loaf and butter. Clito in raptures at the sight, cried (taking off his hat ;) — ‘ I hope it will be no offence, (good Sir,) should I, now I’m
 ‘hungry, be so bold as to eat and drink
 ‘before you ?’ — Our chevalier made no reply to this question. Clito, interpreting this silence in his favour, immediately pour’d forth a bumper ; drinking (first) to the health of the farmer, who answered ; — ‘ Much
 ‘good may it do you,’ and then to the knight.—Come, Sir, (says Clito,) presenting his master with a bumper which he had pour’d out for him ; ‘ Let us ring our
 ‘glassses ; this reconciles the stomach, as
 ‘well as enemies. You shall see how ready
 ‘I’ll be, from this time forward, to attend
 ‘upon

upon you at a whistle ; and I will not be
 ‘ wanting, even a hair’s breadth, in my
 ‘ duty.’ — ‘ Drink, drink, (cries Pharfa-
 ‘ mond ;) did you ever hear of knights
 ‘ ringing the glasses with their squires?’ —
 ‘ I don’t care for that, (my dear Sir, replied
 ‘ Clito, taking off both bumpers, and
 ‘ belching ;) humility makes men great.
 ‘ But you may be as proud as you please, I
 ‘ shan’t regard it. — But come, (my kind
 ‘ landlord,) is your butter good?’ —
 ‘ Indeed is it, (replied the farmer,) when
 ‘ eaten.’

As Pharfamond continued pensive all the
 time : — ‘ Nay, nay, (cries the peasant,)
 ‘ dear, sweet Sir, don’t be vex’d : I have
 ‘ got some old accoutrements ; and will ex-
 ‘ change them for your’s, provided you’ll
 ‘ give me a small matter to boot.’ — ‘ My
 ‘ lord,’ (replied our knight very hastily ;
 and without considering whether the man
 on whom he bestow’d that title, was really so
 or not ;) ‘ as my griefs will not permit me
 ‘ to converse with any person ; I must beg
 ‘ you to let me muse a little with myself.’
 — ‘ That you may (replied the farmer,
 ‘ taking off his hat ;) and this will be an in-
 ‘ fallible way for you not to quarrel with
 ‘ any one.’ Then turning about towards
 Clito ; — ‘ Do you come, (adds he,) from
 ‘ a country,

‘ a country, where the farmers are lords ?’
 — ‘ Indeed don’t I (replied Clito ;) but
 ‘ the affair is, my master mistook you for
 ‘ another person.’ — ‘ For another per-
 ‘ son ! (said the peasant ;) Do you know
 ‘ (my good friend,) that I was within an
 ‘ ace, of being son-in-law to the nephew of
 ‘ our parish priest ; I mean, he who was to
 ‘ have been so, and who would have forc’d
 ‘ me to marry his niece ? but (body o’ me !)
 ‘ I had fix’d my love on limping *Peg* ; and
 ‘ so preferr’d her to all the riches and ho-
 ‘ nour her kindred would have heap’d upon
 ‘ me.’ — ‘ Odsbodlikins ! (cries Clito,)
 ‘ you then were within an ace of being a
 ‘ great man.’ — ‘ Indeed was I, (replied
 ‘ the peasant ;) and be assured, that I have
 ‘ refus’d offers still much more advanta-
 ‘ geous. I once was a handsome fellow ;
 ‘ as you may see ;’ (continued he, setting
 his arms a kimbo, and strutting his legs.)
 ‘ I dwelt between four villages ; and all the
 ‘ girls living in them, made strong court
 ‘ to, and were mad to have me for their
 ‘ husband ; but, faith and troth, I could
 ‘ not marry all the four villages at once.’ —
 ‘ That you cou’dn’t, (cried Clito ;) for
 ‘ where would you have found a house large
 ‘ enough to hold all your family ? How
 ‘ did you do then ?’ — ‘ How I did ?
 ‘ (replied

‘replied the peasant ;) oddsflesh ! I have
‘been so many years a widower, that I have
‘forgot how I did ; but thank God for all
‘things.’ — ‘Had you espous’d (said Clito,
‘to,) all the villages which made court to
‘you, you must have been marrying your
‘whole life-time, and your wives would
‘have buried you.’ — ‘True, (replied
‘the farmer,) but I have brought things to
‘such a pass, that I have got four children ;
‘and I fancy that a fever will soon carry
‘off two of them.’ — ‘God rest their
‘souls !’ (said Clito.) — ‘What can’t
‘be cur’d, must be endur’d, (replied the
‘farmer,) I then shall have only two li-
‘ving ; and, should they go after the rest,
‘why then I shall have no children at all :
‘but we must thank God for all things.’ —
‘In this case, (said Clito,) yourself only
‘will be alive ; and you (very possibly,)
‘may go after the rest ; but we must thank
‘God for all things.’ — ‘That’s a diffe-
‘rent matter, (replied the peasant,) I am
‘necessary to the world. Was it not for
‘my care and labour, these lands round a-
‘bout our house, would not bring in a
‘quarter of the money they now do ; you
‘see that it is quite otherwise with regard to
‘my children. But let us take a fresh sup.
‘Here’s

‘ Here’s to you honest lad.’ — Done, (says Clito,) pledging him.

By this time the bottle was emptied, when Pharsamond started up on a sudden.

—— ‘ Farewel, my lord, (cries he, buried in contemplation ;) I am greatly oblig’d to you for all your civilities.’ — ‘ You only laugh at a poor man, (said the farmer ;) however, if you want another glass of wine, there is not a drop left.’ —

‘ I have no occasion for any,’ said Pharsamond, venting a deep sigh. — ‘ Odsfish ! (cried the farmer,) before we part, I must treat you with a curiosity we have in our house. You will be as glad to see it, as I shall be to show it you. What I mean, is a room fill’d with fine pictures. Folks say, that they are worth as much as the gold of guineas. Come along with me.’ — Pharsamond followed the peasant; who open’d the door of a room or little gallery, cover’d with pictures.

Our knight admir’d many of these, which were originals by the best masters. — How the duce, (will some critic say,) was it possible for Pharsamond, born and bred in the country, and whose best companions were a set of half polish’d country gentlemen, to be a judge of painting? content yourself with supposing him an adept in love, and stop there.

there. — Hold, (good critic ;) shall I not be allow'd to hazard some things ; and must you be for ever rectifying the slips and oversights that occur in my book ? but I will take it for granted, that Pharsamond might have done wrong, in admiring, and preferring some pictures in the gallery. But then he admired. I said so, and let that stand. I should be obliged to change many particulars, was I to accommodate myself to your taste in every thing. Let us proceed.

Pharsamond therefore admir'd many ; and, as his eyes were running over them all, he was vastly surpriz'd to meet with the portrait in miniature, of princess Cedalisa. I know not by what accident that of Fatima, her confidant, was found also, hanging by that of her mistress ; and there is no doubt but that this picture of her's, was an eloquent reproach for the inconstancy of her faithless squire, whose heart was like a weather-cock.

The moment Pharsamond cast his eyes on Cedalisa's portrait : — ‘ Heavens ! (cries he,) what do I behold ? permit me, (said he to the farmer,) to touch it, to embrace it.’ — Saying these words, he leapt on a stool, and took down the picture.

Clito, who was wondring why his master was in such extasy, was himself all rapture, when

when he found that this portrait resembled Cedalifa. — ‘ By my life (says he,)

‘ here she is, exactly as when she came into
‘ the world. But I never thought her hand-
‘ some enough to have her picture drawn.
‘ How blest are you, to have a mistress in
‘ painting! by my troth, you now are as
‘ great as the greatest of our knights-errant.’

When Clito had done speaking, Pharsa-
mond cried: — ‘ Are these then the charm-
‘ ing features! my dearest princess, is it
‘ you who appear before me? Gods! how
‘ will this adventure end?’ — He then im-
printed ten thousand kisses on the picture. —

‘ See here, (says he,) the master-piece of
‘ nature, for surely nature never gave birth
‘ to any thing more inchantingly beautiful!
‘ adorable Cedalifa! I here repeat the vows
‘ I so often made, of loving you eternally.
‘ What greater happiness could I meet with,
‘ than to touch you? for dear, dear crea-
‘ ture, you gave me your heart; and words
‘ could never express how precious it is in
‘ my eyes.’ — ‘ How wonderfully you
‘ talk!’ (cried Clito,) who now was mel-
ted by the noble expressions our knight em-
ploy’d, on occasion of an adventure, that
reviv’d, in him, the subaltern and confus’d
ideas he had of heroic love.

During

During this the farmer, who had listen'd to Pharsamond's address to the picture, was surpriz'd at the knight's words, when he fancied he heard him declare, that the picture had given him it's heart. — ' This must
' be very extraordinary, (says he to Pharsamond;) how could this picture make you
' so valuable a present?' — Says Clito to Pharsamond; — ' The farmer imagines
' that this picture stretched forth it's arms;
' and gave you it's heart, just as we offer
' an orange.' — Says the squire to the peasant; — ' My master, (honest friend,) speaks
' of the lady who is like this picture.' —
' Odds me! (cries the farmer;) has she
' yonder, (I mean the living flesh and bones
' of the person who hangs there in colours;)
' has she, (say you,) given her heart to
' thy master?' — ' Indeed has she,' (replied Clito.) — ' Oddsfish, if this be the case, (said
' the rustic) I have got a secret will bring
' you to the speech of her anon; and you
' shall see her perking upon her legs, like a
' crane.' — Pharsamond gave no attention to the farmer's words. — ' You don't believe me, (continued the peasant,) and yet
' I promise that you'll hear her talk and reason like an organ.' — Clito after laughing at the peasant's comparison, turn'd accidentally his eyes towards the place where hung
the

the portrait in miniature. — Oons ! (cried he, struck with joy, which was excited by the novelty of the adventure more than by love :) ‘ See there my girl also, who smiling, asks me how I do.’ — ‘ Your girl !’ (says the farmer.) — ‘ Yes, my mistress, (replied Clito.) Fetch me a stool, quick, quick.’ — Saying which, he took one, jump’d upon it, and pull’d down Fatima’s picture.

Nothing cou’d be more grotesque than Clito’s figure on this occasion. He knew not how to begin, in order to express his rapturous delight. — ‘ Please to step back a little, Sir, (cries he to his Master ;) I did not interrupt you, whilst you were talking to your mistress ; I therefore must beseech you not to disturb me, now I’m going to chat with mine. However, before I say a word to her, I ought first to testify my joy by caresses.’ — He did so, applying his mouth to the picture ; when he smack’d so affectionately, and so loud, that his kisses echoed quite through the gallery.

‘ You kiss so very loud, (says the farmer,) that her cheek will be flat as a sheet of paper ; and your loud smacking might awake one of the seven sleepers.’ — ‘ Be easy, (cried Clito,) for heaven’s sake, and

‘and do not disturb my happiness. Dear,
 ‘dear Fatima, (adds he,) ’tis now that I
 ‘know all your value; and I should sooner
 ‘have thought to see myself Archbishop of
 ‘Canterbury, than to find you painted.
 ‘But I swear you shall be no loser by it;
 ‘for, first and foremost, (lovely Fatima!)
 ‘this is for ever and for aye. I’ll go in
 ‘search of you, winter and summer, to the
 ‘world’s end; though it were to rain
 ‘swords, and I should be dirty as a duck-
 ‘hound. Nothing shall check my progress,
 ‘in quest of a girl worthy of having her
 ‘picture drawn. I will not, (like my ma-
 ‘ster,) swear to love you eternally; our
 ‘parish-priest saying, from the pulpit,
 ‘swear not at all. Satan, (you know,) is
 ‘very wicked: and, were we to meet with
 ‘another house, charming as that of Clo-
 ‘rinna’s, my oath wou’d snap like glass.
 ‘But I now love you so dearly, that this
 ‘ought to serve me for thrice, in case I
 ‘should happen to forget you just so many
 ‘times.’

Whilst Clito was thus expatiating on the
 continuance of his passion, Pharsamond,
 whose only luxury was to feast on Cedalifa’s
 picture, lays it on his breast; and surveys
 it with eyes, which were sprightly or tender,
 according as the impulses of his soul were
 either

either strong or melting. All this time, the farmer gaz'd alternately, on our two rambles, with dumb astonishment, mix'd with a restrain'd desire to laugh. But now Clito directs his eyes to the chevalier. The resemblance in their adventures rais'd his courage; and made him conclude, that it was necessary for him to use the same ceremonies as his master.

Observing that Pharsamond turn'd, at intervals, his eyes skywards, and then threw them on the ground; Clito in imitation of him, (but not a little awkwardly,) stretches forth his neck, to look towards the clouds, and tosses about his head in a frantic manner. 'Twas extasy to him, to meet with an opportunity of exercising his talents like his master. But now he is ending his gestures and writhings. His soliloquy to his mistress's picture, had exhausted a great part of his inclination to love; and he waited, with some impatience, till his master should have ended his dumb conversation with Cedalis's picture. The farmer, who, by this time, was tir'd with their grimaces, cried to Clito:—
 ' Why don't you speak? What mean all
 ' your bowings and scrapings to those pic-
 ' tures? Oddsflesh! am not I, who talk
 ' to you, and make answers, worth a thou-
 ' sand pictures, that never once open'd their
 VOL. I. O lips?

‘ lips ?’ — These words, being spoke with some vehemence, awak’d Pharfamond ; when he vented such a sigh, as seem’d to exhaust his whole stock of tendernefs. —

‘ How happy, (says he, laying his hand on the farmer’s shoulder,) are you, in possessing so invaluable a treasure!’ — ‘ A mighty happiness indeed !’ (replied the peasant ;) when Clito going up to him, and holding Fatima’s picture in his hand ; ‘ How delighted, (says he) must you be, in having an opportunity of gazing, whenever you will, on this exquisite work.’ — ‘ A mighty cause for joy ! (replied the peasant ;) and when I shall have star’d my eyes out, in beholding those two bedawb’d faces, what shall I be the better for it ? But, gentlemen ; to come to the point.’ — ‘ My lord,’ (says Pharfamond, interrupting him,) — ‘ O ! O ! (says the rustic) rather call me countryman, or farmer ; for thus I am nam’d by persons not acquainted with me.’ —

Pharfamond made no reply to this start, though very ungrateful to his ears ; it being quite repugnant to his exalted ideas. —

‘ Could you give us, (said he,) those two pictures ?’ — ‘ Yes, (replied the peasant) provided you wou’d say nothing. They are not mine ; and should they be missed,

‘ after

‘after I had let you take them, ’twould
 ‘presently be said that I had stole them,
 ‘and you know what would then be the
 ‘consequence. But tell me; how would
 ‘you do?’—‘That’s no hard matter to say?’
 ‘(replies Clito;) we need but slide the pic-
 ‘tures in our pockets, and the business is
 ‘done.’——‘Fair and softly, (replied the
 ‘peasant,) Oons! you drive Jehu like.
 ‘You must have come into the world with-
 ‘out ceremony, since you yourself use so lit-
 ‘tle with it. These pictures cost me three
 ‘guineas a piece.’——‘They are not your’s,
 ‘by your own confession, said Clito.’——
 ‘They were not mine, (cried the rustic,) a
 ‘little while ago; but I call them my own,
 ‘now I offer to sell them you. But, to go
 ‘on with our bargain; I tell you I won’t
 ‘dispose of them for a farthing less than
 ‘three guineas a piece.’——‘What
 ‘trumpetry is here! (says Clito;) three gui-
 ‘neas each! (adds he, throwing the pic-
 ‘tures from him.)—Three guineas, quoth’a!
 ‘the originals perhaps, may be worth
 ‘so much, tho’ I almost question it.’——
 ‘I don’t speak of the original, (said the far-
 ‘mer :) pray look in my face; do I look
 ‘like a man who deals in the goods you
 ‘hint at? let the original alone. ’Tis of an
 ‘age to dispose of itself.’

Whilst our three originals were engag'd in this contest, two women, one of whom was supported by the other, enter'd the gallery. Pharsamond and Clito, when these females came in, had their backs towards them; when both the knight and his squire, hearing the sound of feet, turn'd about. But Gods! how enchanted was our amorous knight, when he perceiv'd that one of these women was Cedalifa! They presently knew one another; and darted mutually, the piercing glances, which our romance-writers lend so liberally to all illustrious lovers who meet unexpectedly. In a moment, a deadly paleness overspread her cheeks. I pass over the heart beatings, since it wou'd be impossible to count them; I being persuaded, that the love with which they burnt for each other; and the delight they felt, in meeting in a manner so suitable to the impression wrought on their hearts, made these susceptible, at that moment, of such raptures as can be felt only by persons resembling them. For hearts inflam'd with a frenzy, like that of our renown'd pair, in what manner soever the indications of their passion may appear; this must increase in proportion to the *marvellous* of the adventure; and owe it's rise more to this *marvellous*, than

than to the true reason which inspires persons, reciprocally, with love.

Dispatch quickly, (cries a critic;) you left our lovers languishing, and pale as ghosts, and for what? why truly to tire us with a dissertation on the cause of their impulses, and the number of them. But is this any thing to the purpose? let us therefore know what became of our heroic couple.

The critic is in the right. My personages are in so lamentable a state, that it were cruel to desert them at this juncture. But their paleness was not all. On one hand we behold Cedalisfa, sinking into the arms of Fatima; when her reclin'd head, and her mouth half open, may be consider'd as a swoon, or rather the most passionate feebleness. Pharsamond, on the other hand, wou'd fain approach, but has not the power to do it, so greatly weaken'd is he by love. The attitude in which he spies Cedalisfa, is as a shaft shot directly into his heart, which moves, softens, and melts him down to such a degree, that he is ready to fall into the arms of Clito, who, on this occasion, performs his duty, of squire, with as much grace as any of his predecessors. Pharsamond and Cedalisfa, now express their reciprocal passion by eyes half open; the dying glances from which are the noblest panegyric on

adds,

their constancy. I know not exactly, whether their feebleness lasted, naturally, the length they continued it to. 'Tis probable our couple found so many charms therein, as prompted them to spin it out as far as they cou'd. I therefore shall now leave them to all the extasy to which such an adventure must necessarily raise them; and digress to Clito, who supports his master, tho' he himself is so enfeebled, that he can scarce stand on his legs. Fatima, on whom her lady lean'd; Fatima, (I say,) though fir'd with a romantic frenzy, (but in a degree far inferior to that of Cedalifa,) was in this respect, much more delicate than Clito. She fancied that, as she had found her lover in so extraordinary a manner, she shou'd make but half the advantage of the singularity of such an adventure, were she to content herself with merely gazing at him, and protesting how dear he was to her. This reflexion was heightned by the example of her mistress, whose feebleness delighted her so much, that she imagin'd, at their first coming together, herself to be a sharer in one of the famous meetings, with which chance sometimes blesses illustrious lovers. Fatima therefore, after she had revolv'd these thoughts, perceiving a seat near her, begins to act the lover, but in a subaltern degree.

degree. For this purpose she totters, and reclines her head with an air of languishment; she half opens her dying eyes, whose glances are dubiously fix'd on Pharsamond's squire. She seems to draw back, and yet holds her mistress in her arms: in fine, she falls into a chair, but in so lumpish a manner, as denotes the most cruel languishment. Clito perceiving this, found a gentle emotion rise in his bosom. And now the burlesque part of his character, yields to a confus'd remembrance of what he had read in romances. He is melted, after his manner; and is enough so, to reflect, how he must act, in order to show that he himself is infinitely charm'd, both with his finding Fatima, and with her sensibility. Thus perplex'd, he first ventures at a sigh, which echoes through the gallery. He next turns his head, to see whether he may dare to fall as Fatima had done; when he perceives a bench behind him; and thereupon instantly meditates the fall, by way of reply to that of his beloved, and which may equal him to his master. He now lets his head sink; he shuts and opens his eyes with inexpressible volubility. He attempts to reel, but seems drunk. Less accusom'd to such motions, as form the essence of a tender passion, his feet drag him backwards, quite to the

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bench;

bench ; but, at his taking the last step, he contriv'd matters so ill, that he struck it with his foot, and kick'd it down. Along with it came our squire, who fell heavily on the ground, with his master in his arms. Pharsamond now bounces his head so hard against one of the feet of the benches, that laying aside, at once, all his methodical feebleness, he sets up a shrill cry ; whilst that our squire, hurt in another place, expresses his grief by roaring out, *I am dead.*

This was a sad extremity for Cedalisia, who was not so weak, but that she could see her much lov'd chevalier sprawling on the floor. The condition she is in, whether real or fictitious, expresses, in the strongest, and yet most tender light, the extasy she feels in meeting again with her lover. The extasy has taken away her strength ; her feebleness is a half swoon ; and this feebleness wou'd seem a meer feint, should she rise and aid Pharsamond. She prefers the pleasure, of topping her part in this romantic adventure, to that of succouring her knight, who feels but too sensibly the blow he had given himself ; and who resists the pain it gave him, thro' a scruple for mutual weakness.

But methinks the farmer is still in the gallery ; and that we left him there a spectator of all these incidents. The half faintings or swoonings,

swoonings, greatly surpriz'd him at first; but the fall of the bench, with that of the squire, turn'd his surprize into the strongest fits of laughter. How ill fated are our two lovers! for in another age, a thousand officious hands, a thousand admirers of their heroic passion, wou'd have flown to their assistance; but for so many incidents to pass under the eye of a peasant, is like throwing pearls before swine. Wondrous effect of chance! the noblest adventure in the whole round of nature, expos'd to the rusticity of a clown!

Our farmer therefore laughs till he almost bursts. He dances round and round our knight and his squire. He stares at them, and sneers in their faces. At last, however, his muscles began to recover their natural state. All parties had, by this time, been long enough in a swoon, but no one dar'd attempt to recover them from it. 'Twas expected that some person might come for this purpose; or that the charitable farmer wou'd aid the charm, by helping up one of the four. But this clown behav'd so, as made the close of the adventure resemble the beginning of it; I mean, that he ended it in as burlesque a manner as it began. —

• So ho! my lord, (cried he to Pharsa-
mond;) and you his servant; what have

‘ you planted yourselves there, like so many
‘ trees, to shoot forth again? but Odds my
‘ life, if you don’t get upon your legs, I’ll
‘ refresh each of you with a pale of water, to
‘ make you blossom the sooner.’ Finding,
after he had spoke thus, that none of them
stirr’d, he went up to Clito, whom fate ever
expos’d to some unhappy accident, and
pull’d him by his hurt leg. The luckless
squire’s pain was much inflam’d, by this
stretching of his limb, when he roar’d aloud :
—— ‘ O the devil take you ! you have
‘ broke my leg.’ — He then sat upon his
backside ; and gaz’d at his master, who
hardly dar’d to fetch his breath, for fear that
the least noise should debase the adventure. —
‘ Will you rise, Sir, (says he, scratching his
‘ head;) we have been ill a pretty while, and
‘ may be well now. This ugly affair had
‘ like to have cost me my leg ; but I’ll take
‘ care, another time, how I fall ;’ saying
which he rose, and put forth his hand to
Pharsamond. And now the knight turning
about, and sighing, cries : — ‘ Heavens !
‘ where am I ?’ — Stretch’d at full length
on the ground, (replied Clito ;) ‘ So pray
‘ rise, for you lie in a very indecent posture.’
—— Saying these words, he took his ma-
ster by one of his arms, and lifted him up.
Pharsamond, being now got upon his legs,
walks

walks towards Cedalifa, leaning on his squire. 'Twas high time for him to go and recover her from her weakness, she beginning to be tir'd of it. — 'Is it you, (dear creature, 'cries he,) whom I see? are these your 'lovely hands I now touch; (he having 'hold of one of them :) answer me, (fairest 'of the creation !)' — 'Odds bodlikins, ' (cries the peasant,) if Mrs Betzy does not 'speak, 'tis a sign she is not alive; for the 'tongues of women never lie still, till they 'are dead.' — 'Hold your tongue, (says 'Clito, softly, to the clown.)' — 'Odds 'flesh !' (cries he,) 'I myself am not dead, 'and I never speak (mind me!) but when 'it is proper.' — Cedalifa interrupting the peasant : — 'My dear Pharsamond,' (says she, expanding her eyes, and gazing on him with tenderness ;) 'How greatly have I 'suffer'd, since our cruel separation !' — 'Thus are all women, (said the clown,) 'when they have lost any thing, they are 'more active than a dog in a wheel. How- 'ever, I don't pretend to make a compari- 'son; for I have heard say, that compari- 'sons are odious, and I know Mrs Betzy is 'not a she-dog. But take this away, and 'tis all the same. — One day my wife, (and 'by the way she is dead, for which heaven 'be prais'd,) lost her needle as she was
O 6 ' mending

‘ mending my old stockings. The jade !
 ‘ (God rest her soul !) I was going to ring
 ‘ a fine peal in her ear, thinking, (Odds
 ‘ bodlikins !) that she wou’d have burnt
 ‘ out all the candles in the village, in search-
 ‘ ing after it. At last (wou’d you believe
 ‘ it ?) she found this needle, without her
 ‘ looking for it, just as Mrs Betzy has met
 ‘ with you, her sweetheart.’

Whilst the Clown was running on in this wild manner, Pharsamond and Cedalisfa express’d their joy by the strongest transports. — ‘ Fate, (cried the chevalier,) has at last
 ‘ brought us together ; whence I now for-
 ‘ get all my past sufferings.’ — During this interval, Clito and Fatima did not lose time. — ‘ Ah ! my princess, (says he)
 ‘ (for I dreamt that you wou’d one day be
 ‘ such ;) you see me, I see you, and we see
 ‘ one another.’ — Upon this, observing that Pharsamond kneel’d before Cedalisfa, he thought it his duty to do the same, but was not successful in his imitation. Pharsamond only clasp’d the knees of his fair-one, who, her head fondly reclin’d, gaz’d at her knight, and sigh’d. But Clito did not allow himself time to consider how his master behav’d on this occasion ; for falling on his knees, or rather throwing himself on the ground, he then, instead of clasp-
 ing

ing Fatima's knees, snatch'd at the feet of his beloved, who, afraid of what afterwards happen'd, would gladly have taken them out of the way of his ill judg'd rapture.

But alas ! the motion she made, in drawing them back, only brought them nearer to the amorous Clito, who applied his lips eagerly to them. But was it possible for love to meet with a more shameful reward ! These feet, the dear object of the squire's transports, were shod with two dirty slippers, which besmear'd, most unmercifully, his face. This unlucky accident forc'd him to draw back, when his transports were moderated in an instant ; the dirt having much the same effect on his love, as water when pour'd on fire. To this was added another ugly circumstance. Clito was one of those who wipe their noses on their sleeve ; he never using a handkerchief, except when lent him by persons with whom he was in company ; and nature had taught him, that a man who wanted to blow his nose, need only employ his fingers for that purpose. But how should he behave on this occasion ? The dirt wou'd dry on his face. He therefore first wip'd it, with his hands, which did not carry off above half the load. But now spying his mistress's white petticoat ; and imagining that this wou'd make him quite clean,

clean, he laid hold of it, and rubbed away. The fair waiting-maid blush'd at his freedom ; dirt and the snowy white of a petticoat, making such a contrast as a woman wou'd gladly avoid. — ' Laud ! (cries she ;) what are you about ? why you ' have entirely spoilt my petticoat ! you indeed have done the business ; and the evil, ' for the present, is past all remedy. No- ' thing but washing can cure it.' — ' I'm ' very sorry,' (replies the squire, whose face was still daub'd in some places ;) ' But ' I left our house so suddenly, that I had ' not time to provide myself with handker- ' chiefs.' — Saying these words he rises up ; when he found that his hands were still dirty ; but this was a thing below his notice. The sad Fatima now takes up her petticoat ; pulls a knife out of her pocket, and scrapes off the heaviest pieces of dirt ; during which her joy, for meeting again with Clito so unexpectedly, is suspended a few moments.

Most women wou'd be chagrin'd, at the spoiling of their geer, (be this said by the by ;) I say *most* women, for fear of disgusting the whole sex ; and this word *most*, should make such as read this, to rank themselves in the number of those excepted ; and there is not a single fair-one, but will apply the exception to herself, tho' my criticism

is equally levell'd at them all. — But to return to our neat subject.

Clito, who, spite of all his endeavours, had not yet got either his face or hands clean, is resolv'd to go through this adventure in the most tender and engaging manner. For this purpose, snatching Fatima's hand, he imprints a long streak of mire upon it. — 'Heavens! (cried she,) touch me not, for you are all over dirt.' — 'Forgive me, once again, (said the squire;) I did not consider the pickle my hands are in. But come; I'll run into the kitchen, and rub myself clean with a dish-clout.'

These words were scarce out of Clito's mouth, when Pharfamond and Cedalisia rose also, with an intention to leave the gallery. Our farmer had been present at these several conversations, which were not so prolix as they may appear to the reader. — 'Odsbud! (cries he,) I'm heartily glad that you are all four acquainted. But harkee; before don't you go and tell Mrs Betzy, that I offer'd to sell her, in painting.' — The name of *Betzy*, which Pharfamond and Cedalisia then first took notice of, forc'd a blush from them both. *Betzy*, was not a name suitable to a hero like Pharfamond; it being incompatible with

with that grandeur which shou'd be found, in all things, relating to lovers illustrious as our pair. ——— ‘ ’Tis but too plain, dear ‘ princess, (says Pharsamond,) from what ‘ just now shock’d my ear, that the people ‘ of this house, are often wanting in respect ‘ to you.’ ——— ‘ Alas ! Sir knight, (says ‘ she,) I am forc’d, by sad necessity, to ‘ submit to hear every thing they say. ‘ These familiarities are, indeed, mon- ‘ strous ; but I must bear with them.’

Whilst they were talking in this strain, they walk’d into a room, in order to inform each other of the several things past during their absence ; and to consider how they should conduct themselves for the future. Fatima, in the mean time, took Clito into the kitchen, where he made himself quite clean ; after which they went into the room whither Pharsamond and Cedalisa were retir’d, in order to make the necessary enquiries, and to lay their heads together.

I shall not trouble my reader with the detail of the conversation which pass’d between these four persons ; nothing, in my opinion, being more tiresome than such descriptions, tho’ the discourses themselves had been ever so entertaining ; and if I myself may have attempted such, I therein imitated Homer. That great poet slumbers
some-

sometimes, and I sleep. However, our four characters are got together in a room. They had been long parted; they have ten thousand things to say; ten thousand measures to take: and 'tis necessary for them to converse together. Let us therefore, (gentle reader) listen to them. You will naturally suppose, that Pharsamond and Cedalifa refin'd on all the exalted sentiments which a noble passion can inspire. Cedalifa, whenever her knight was going to too great lengths, wou'd restrain him, by assuming that air of noble severity which us'd to check the renown'd lovers of antient times, and strike them with awe and reverence. In the same manner, (but less nobly,) Fatima kept down the amorous sallies of Clito. In a word, after the several Parties had devoted the first moments, to the rapture of declaring how dearly they lov'd one another; they related the various things which had befallen them ever since their separation. Pharsamond told all his adventures, but in disguise, (as it were,) and very conformable to his own ideas of things; on which occasion, Clorinna's mad passion for him, cou'd not be forgot; and indeed he dwelt a considerable time upon it. Cedalifa listen'd to him with that earnestness of attention, which romantic personages

personages indulge to those who are telling a tale. Pharsamond related his story, in a style suited to the condition in which Cedralisa imagin'd herself. He spake slowly; and, orator like, turn'd his eyes towards Heaven, every time he utter'd a word deserving it. When he was come to his conversation with Clorinna in the garden; this spot, (in his account,) was adorn'd with every circumstance which cou'd fit it to the beauty of the adventure. He describ'd a calm night, lighted by the moon. This terrestrial paradise abounded with walks, made by trees, thro' which the silver rays of this planet darted. The leaves were mov'd by a gentle zephyr: In a word, this night was accompanied with that charming horror, which inspires love, and is adapted to the condition of one who has lost the idol of his soul. He proceeded to the impetuosity with which Clorinna had reveal'd her fondness for him; and describ'd it in those terms which so justly paint the fury of a passion, when victorious over reason and the heart. Cedralisa, at these words, vented a deep sigh, and stopp'd him; for she wou'd have acted her part very injudiciously, had she not interrupted her knight on this occasion. —
 'Gods! (cried she,) you make me tremble
 alt

‘all over. Was it possible that the passion which this woman discover’d for you, should make no impression?’ — ‘Heavens! (said Pharsamond,) how barbarous is this suspicion! No, (dear creature!) her passion only increas’d the love with which I shall be inflam’d for you, till death; and should Cupid offer me the hearts of the loveliest princesses in the world, (together with that of Clorinna,) all this would not be able to lessen my fondness for you.’

Pharsamond having said these words, which spread joy and tranquillity over Cedralisa’s countenance, pursued his story. He spoke of the battle he had been engag’d in at Clorinna’s; expatiated on the total defeat of the enemies which his passion had stirr’d up against him, as also on his triumphant sally. He indeed did not mention the spit, the instrument of his victory; but I can take upon me to affirm, that our knight really forgot, on this occasion, his having ever wielded so very ignominious a weapon. He clos’d the narrative, with his arrival at the house where Cedralisa then was; thanking providence, over and over, for having directed his steps thither.

Cedralisa, on the other hand, inform’d our knight, in how disconsolate a manner she

she had past the days and nights, ever since
 her losing him. In her relation, she every
 now and then bestow'd the epithet *cruel*, on
 that good natur'd woman her mother. But
 we had better hear the young lady herself
 speak a few moments, for this will add a
 stronger pathos to the relation. — 'How was
 ' I tortur'd, after you left me !' (cries
 Cedalisia, and I suppose she has already said
 something :) ' I first express'd my griefs by
 ' complaints, which my mother's anger
 ' cou'd not check one instant. My mother
 ' did all that lay in her power to force me
 ' to blot you from my memory ; and pro-
 ' ceeded to such lengths, as to endeavour
 ' to constrain me to marry the knight with
 ' whom you fought ; but all her efforts
 ' were to no purpose. — You, Madam,
 ' (says I,) have an absolute power over
 ' my person ; but, with regard to my
 ' heart, it shall never be byass'd. At last,
 ' she resolv'd to confine me, in hopes there-
 ' by of making me change my mind ; and
 ' accordingly I was thrust into a dark room.
 ' Will my blushes let me continue ? I not
 ' only was depriv'd of my liberty, but
 ' shamefully fed (and that very sparingly)
 ' with the coarsest victuals. I say shame-
 ' fully, since my struggle ought not to
 ' have made my mother descend so very
 ' low ;

low; and it was never known that forcible
methods, how violent soever, employ'd
against persons of my figure, were un-
accompanied by a certain suitable gran-
deur: But what cannot love effect, on
hearts generous and tender as mine! I
oppos'd this outrage to the utmost. Find-
ing myself treated in so ignominious a
manner, I wou'd sometimes whisper to
myself, that possibly those whom I sup-
pos'd to be my parents, were not such.
My heroic sentiments, my heart which
differ'd so widely from theirs, my carriage,
in short every thing persuaded me, that
those I thought my parents, had got
acquainted with me by meer accident.
'Tis impossible, (wou'd I say to myself,)
that this woman shou'd be my mother!
No, no, I need no other proof than the
dissimilitude of our sentiments. At last, she
grew weary of persecuting me, as this was
in vain; she taking me out of my con-
finement: sometime after which, I was
carried to this house (my mother's also).
In all probability, I was remov'd to this
place, in no other view than, if pos-
sible, to drive you from my memory:
but, (thanks to providence!) chance has
eluded the craft of our enemies; and I
again am blest with you, spite of all ob-
stacles.

‘stacles. My mother is not here now;
 ‘ she going yesterday to her other house,
 ‘ and will return hither to morrow. I there-
 ‘ fore, (Sir knight,) know not if I ought
 ‘ to rejoyce at our meeting, since this
 ‘ charm, will, in all probability, be very
 ‘ soon dissolv’d.’

Here Cedalifa ended her lamentable narrative. To complete it, there wanted only some boxes on the ear; but this was a punishment so very ignoble, that her great soul wou’d not permit her to mention it; tho’ ’tis certain that our young heroine, was, every now and then, cuff’d by her mother, who was less scrupulous as to the manner in which she punish’d her daughter.

When Cedalifa had ended her tale; —
 ‘ My enchanting princess! (says he,) ’twould
 ‘ not be in the power of language, to express the rage with which I am fir’d,
 ‘ against those who have us’d you so shame-
 ‘ fully! but now, all my resentment must
 ‘ yield to more important cares. Since fate
 ‘ (my angel) has been so gracious as to
 ‘ bring us together, let us take advantage
 ‘ of it’s indulgence. Expose yourself no
 ‘ longer to the groveling treatment of a
 ‘ woman, who, (as you justly observe,)
 ‘ cannot possibly be your mother. Doubt
 ‘ not, (fair inchantress!) but that provi-
 ‘ dence,

' dence, which surely made choice of you,
 ' to serve as an example to mortals, of the
 ' great, the mysterious conduct of Destiny ;
 ' will one day inform you, by means of
 ' some extraordinary incident, who are
 ' your true parents. Your doubt, whether
 ' you spring from the woman who has be-
 ' hav'd so ill towards you, is an inspiration
 ' you ought to cherish ; such thoughts ari-
 ' sing in the bosoms of those only, on whom
 ' Heaven has stamp'd the noblest character-
 ' istics of dignity. I will own farther ; I
 ' have, a thousand and a thousand times,
 ' whisper'd (to myself,) the same with re-
 ' gard to my parents, as you observe con-
 ' cerning your's. Ah ! what shou'd either
 ' of us believe, wou'd we not credit that
 ' internal light, that pierces the thick cloud
 ' in which our extraction is involv'd ; and
 ' gives us a full persuasion, by certain se-
 ' cret impulses, concerning our exalted
 ' birth ? this woman, (you say,) under
 ' whose despotic power you now groan, is
 ' not at present in this house, but will come
 ' hither to-morrow. Let us therefore
 ' make a proper advantage of her absence.
 ' 'Tis certain, indeed, that my valour
 ' wou'd surmount all the obstacles which
 ' cou'd be oppos'd to it's glorious efforts ;
 ' but then some unforeseen, unlucky acci-
 ' dent

'dent might check it's progress. Now,
 ' whilst nothing stops you, take a resolution (dearest princess!) to follow me; let
 ' us go to places more worthy of you,
 ' there to secure yourself from the insolence
 ' of your persecutrix. Rely on my conduct;
 ' firmly assur'd that all my actions
 ' will be directed by eternal respect. We
 ' shall not want an asylum; for know that
 ' princes, (the greatest princes on earth,)
 ' will be proud to offer you one, and think
 ' themselves infinitely honour'd in serving
 ' you. Let us therefore, (dear angel!)
 ' set out.' — ' Ah! Sir knight!' (cried
 Cedalifa, with an heroic tone and gesture,
 and such an affectation of magnanimous
 modesty, as was requisite to the part, which
 her enthusiasm prompted her to act;) ' Ah!
 ' my lord; if the forebodings, with regard
 ' to my real birth, do not deceive me, reflect
 ' that persons of my rank ought to
 ' yield to death, rather than venture at the
 ' step which you require me to take. No,
 ' my lord; I will not cast such a blemish
 ' on my spotless character; Heaven will
 ' interpose in my favour, without my being
 ' forc'd to have recourse to guilt. Let
 ' us therefore wait till it shall determine my
 ' destiny.' — Had Pharsamond perus'd a
 certain

certain tragedy, where we find (if I mistake not) the following lines,

*You trust entirely to the fate of battles,
Which, after all, perhaps, may not revenge
you.*

Had our knight, (I say) read this, I doubt not but he wou'd have made the application. As to myself, who am persuaded that my brain is less addled than that of our hero, (tho' so great a one,) I cou'd not resist the itch I had to quote this distich. With regard to Pharsamond, he reply'd in a far more religious strain. — 'It is our
' duty, adorable princess, (says he,) to wait
' for the decision of Heaven; but Heaven
' never works miracles in our favour, ex-
' cept we ourselves endeavour by pains and
' foresight, to forward them. Providence,
' to attract reverence, needs only discover,
' to mortals, the progress of the most extra-
' ordinary adventures; but then our en-
' deavours must accelerate and deserve such
' miracles. 'Tis providence that now in-
' spires me in your favour; and the coun-
' sels I give are suggested by it's will.' —
' With horror, must I view the proposal
' you make me!' (said Cedalisa, with a
fluctuating air, denoting a faint, but me-
VOL. I. P thodical

chodical resistance ;) ‘ For in heroic souls,
‘ every impulse of the heart ought to be
‘ so manag’d, that weakness and pride
‘ may appear in their full lustre; yet so as
‘ that weakness may always triumph, (but
‘ almost imperceptibly,) over pride.’ — Now
who cou’d be a greater adept in such mat-
ters than Cedalisa? this being the soul (as
it were) of her love. ‘ No! my lord,’
(added she, to the words I before put into
her mouth ;) ‘ No! I cannot comply with
‘ your proposal: my pride, together with the
‘ distinguish’d character which nature gave
‘ me, by my birth; all, all oppose your
‘ wishes in this respect. Mention it there-
‘ fore no more, (good my lord ;) but let me
‘ deserve, by an ever prudent conduct, the
‘ attention which heaven may please to in-
‘ dulge me.’ — ‘ Since it is so, Madam,
‘ (said Pharsamond,) I’ll have done, and
‘ will urge you no farther; continue there-
‘ fore here, perpetually expos’d to fresh in-
‘ sults; give to your miscreant enemies,
‘ an opportunity of separating us, for ever!
‘ farewell. — I must leave you, and
‘ indeed all the moments I pass here, will
‘ be so many darts, against which I wou’d
‘ gladly secure my sad heart, since you are
‘ determin’d to see me no more. Gods!
‘ cou’d I have imagin’d, that the violent
‘ passion

' passion with which I burn for you, wou'd
 ' one day prove an unceasing torment to
 ' me ! adieu, Madam ; I fly, (since you
 ' will have it so,) to end, far from your
 ' presence, a life which my valour, and
 ' heaven together, might, perhaps, have
 ' render'd conspicuous ; had not it's progress
 ' been check'd, by it's being my ill fate to
 ' adore an ungrateful woman.' — ' Cruel,
 ' cruel, man ! (cries Cedralisa, venting a
 ' deep sigh,) what proof do you require of
 ' my love ! thrice hapless passion, must all
 ' things be sacrific'd to it ? but I have
 ' done, (my dear lord ;) and will trust
 ' you with my destiny, since you triumph
 ' over all my arguments ; yet remember,
 ' that this heart, whose resistance you over-
 ' come, is such an one as you, (by respect
 ' and submission,) must preserve ; for ever.
 ' I therefore, on the promise you make,
 ' abandon myself entirely to your conduct.'
 — ' Dearest princess ! (cried the amorous
 ' knight,) 'tis now I certainly know you
 ' love me, and that — : ' But (gentle
 reader,) I did not intend to spin out this
 conversation between Pharsamond and Ceda-
 lisa to such a length, it being too extensive
 already.

Ye writers ! promise nothing ; and, a-
 bove all, swear not to perform ; for often,

the very things you promis'd, are those which are least complied with ; and where we are made to expect the noblest beauties, we meet with the greatest deformities. — As to you, Mr Critic, who possibly may say, that this conversation is superfluous ; I wou'd advise you, as a friend, to throw away my book ; for should you be so idle, as to find fault with every thing worthy of censure in it, your criticism wou'd be as extensive as my work, and thus require a Critique also. But why should I fancy that this conversation is too prolix ? on the contrary, I say, that 'tis of a fit length ; and I wou'd stake any wager, that there is nothing improper in it, except the digression. — But to return to our subject, which I own is not always carried on with a proper spirit ; tho' I hope to content my readers e're we end.

Such then was the discourse between our heroic couple, who now resolv'd not to set out till night. 'Twill naturally be suppos'd, that neither Dame Margaret, her husband, nor any servant of the house met, on this occasion, with our pair of lovers ; for the placing Pharsamond among such dangerous enemies, wou'd have been throwing him into the lion's den. Each of the houses, belonging to Cedalifa's mother, had it's respective

spective domesticks. Those belonging to the place where we now are, were not acquainted either with Pharsamond or his squire ; whereby Cedalifa had a good opportunity of passing the day with her innamorato, upon the supposition that he was a friend of her mother's. Our couple were to steal away in the night ; by prevailing, if possible, on some one of the servants to provide them horses ; or by taking them, themselves, out of the stable, shou'd there be an opportunity for it. Fatima and Clito were then call'd, and inform'd of all the measures which had been taken ; when Cedalifa gave her waiting-woman the necessary orders. Dinner being ready, Fatima went, with a natural air, to prepare the servants ; in order that they might not be surpriz'd, at the very hearty welcome our guests wou'd find. The farmer, who had been an eye-witness to the tender languishments, which so remarkably distinguish'd the unexpected meeting of our lovers, contented himself with laughing ; with wond'ring at the mighty fondness between them ; and was as much deceiv'd as the rest. The victuals being brought in, our hero sat down at table with his mistress ; during which Fatima and Clito, as inferior personages, eat apart. The repast being ended,

our four lovers, went and walk'd in a small inclos'd grove, or in a wide-extended garden, for it may be either, (I cannot exactly say which,) but am oblig'd to chuse one of the two. Were I speaking of lovers, agreeably to our modern customs, I should fix them, on a terrass, or in a room; but in romantic subjects, the only places proper for lovers to walk in, are gardens, groves or forests; so that, were it necessary for me to give them an airing, a thousand times a day, I shou'd be forc'd, (except I ventur'd at an innovation) to make one of the three places abovemention'd the scene.

The utmost I cou'd do for my fatigu'd reader, wou'd be, to change them to deep solitudes, and boundless vistas; intermixing them with planted groves, and such like. But, after all, this disguise wou'd be pretty much like that which Monsieur Jourdain's master of Philosophy, gave to the compliment the city squire attempted to make to a marchioness: — I shall therefore observe, that our two lovers went into a little grove, and were follow'd by Fatima and Clito. But how greatly were Cedalifa and Pharsamond delighted on this occasion! 'Twas here he enjoy'd, at full leisure, the rapturous satisfaction of meeting again with the idol of his soul; but of

of meeting her with such circumstances, as chance seem'd to have indulg'd him, in conjunction (as it were,) with his own ideas. Even his present situation was inchantment. To be alone with his ador'd Cedalifa; and where? in shady allies; places form'd, by nature, for passions of this kind. Both our knight and Cedalifa, walk'd some time without opening their lips: a silence indeed truly mysterious; and alone expressive of the noble passion that mutually inflam'd their hearts.

Our knight seem'd to take every step in cadence. He assum'd a respectful air, but of a different kind from that seen among us; it being worthy both of him and his worshipp'd fair-one. Cedalifa acted her part, no less admirably, in this dumb scene. She walk'd with an air of modest pride; her eyes shot grave and gentle glances; which had so prodigious an effect on the brain of our enamour'd pair; that both of them calling to mind, (but confusedly,) a thousand situations, like to the present, of knights and princefles; were so sweetly enchanted, that they fancied themselves to be exactly like the illustrious personages read of in romances.

After they had walk'd a little way, Pharsamond, fir'd with enthusiasm, and wrapt

in romantic frenzy, politely let go Cedalifa's hand, which he, till then, had hold of. He next spit, to give himself an opportunity of speaking more emphatically; when, after this short preparation, which, to such of my readers as have a just idea of matters of this kind, will appear as a prelude to what was to follow; our chevalier fell upon one knee, and thus address'd his princess Cedalifa; whose mind, (now at union with that of her lover,) receiv'd the knight's compliment, with that air of habitude, or rather indifference, which persons discover for things that are familiar to them.

‘ Great princess! (said our heroic mad-man,) how shall I find words to thank you, for the glorious returns you make to Pharsamond's passion? O no, (charming madam!) I am not so ungrateful as to fancy, that it will be possible for me ever to do any thing, (I will not say to equal,) but even to come near the obligations by which I am bound, for the favours you indulge me.’ —

‘Twill be extremely necessary for me to observe, (by the by,) that the reader, on occasion of the word *favours*, must not give a loose to his imagination. He is to know, that princes of romance have a style peculiar to

to themselves; and that by the word *favours*, is here meant *kindness*, they being synonymous. — Proceed we in our story.

‘ ’Tis therefore no ways my intention,
 ‘ (adds Pharsamond,) to pretend that I
 ‘ shall ever be able to return your good-
 ‘ nefs. I burn for you with a stronger
 ‘ passion than ever inflam’d a mortal breast.
 ‘ Permit me, (dear Madam,) to express
 ‘ myself thus. My heart is all I have to
 ‘ offer; and be assur’d that, as your good-
 ‘ nefs is infinite, my love for you will be
 ‘ equally boundless.’ — Our chevalier,
 after this short speech, cast down his eyes
 modestly, waiting for the answer of his ha-
 rangue’d princess; who assum’d a nobly-
 tender look, by way of prelude to her re-
 ply; for the reader is to know that each
 sex, in this species of love, employs different
 methods, tho’ of the like tendency.

Pharsamond was all this time on his knees.
 — ‘ Generous knight, (replied Ceda-
 ‘ lisa,) the priceless price with which you
 ‘ repay the sentiments of my heart, is
 ‘ enough to satisfy the most ambitious prin-
 ‘ cess upon earth; ’tis the only one worthy
 ‘ of us both, and which I beseech you to
 ‘ preserve me eternally. Be not therefore,
 ‘ hereafter, afraid of declaring that you
 ‘ love me; I being as much delighted to
 P 5 hear,

‘hear, as to imagine, those fond words ;
 ‘and know, that it will be impossible for
 ‘you to pronounce them, so often as I shall
 ‘wish to hear them.’ — In this manner
 our generous pair utter’d the two first pe-
 riods of their harangue. ’Twould tire the
 reader, was I to go through with it ; suf-
 fice it that I observe, the rest was of a piece ;
 and our knight, when Cedalisia had done
 speaking, took one of her hands which she
 presented to him, and kissed it respectfully.
 On this occasion he discover’d much more
 discretion than most of our juvenile innamo-
 ratios, who, in an instant, find the secrets of
 kissing greedily, and as tho’ they wou’d pull
 it to pieces, the hands of their mistress,
 whenever they have got hold of them. But
 (giddy, rash youths !) imitate Pharsamond ;
 his easy, his awful manner of addressing,
 shows much more fondness than an inconfi-
 derate heat of passion, which often weakens
 and dies away thro’ excess.

What does this heedless scribbler himself
 mean ? will a young impetuous reader cry :
 how unseasonable is this reflexion of his !
 e’en let him make love after his way ; but
 then let him leave us ours. — Hold, (gen-
 tle reader ;) I have reason to criticize the pub-
 lic. In my opinion, an impetuous love is
 infinitely below a respectful passion ; and, if
 I might

I might venture to utter a bad maxim, I wou'd observe, (to you who think my critique improper;) that the most infallible way of attracting love, is to gain the heart; and awake in it that tenderness, whose seeds are always there. I cou'd urge farther, (to you innamoratos,) that your impetuosity has no other effect than to raise a short liv'd passion, which can never satisfy persons of a delicate turn of mind; a passion, the impressions whereof affect the senses rather than the heart, which shou'd be the only object (at least the principal) of your conquest. But to return to the respectful Pharsamond. — Some evil spirit must surely be for ever at my elbow, and suggesting these ill-tim'd reflexions; and thus make me drop my chief personages, instead of bringing them upon the stage.

After Cedalifa had indulg'd so much favour to Pharsamond, she made a sign to him, which no one but himself cou'd have understood; our chevalier instantly knowing, that it signified a permission for him to rise. They then struck farther into the wood, where I shall leave them to all the extasy of a passion which chance had so highly favour'd, and suited so admirably to their inclinations; in order to digress, a few moments, to two subaltern characters,

(I mean Clito and Fatima,) who follow'd their superiors, but at a little distance.

The stay which Clito had made in the house of Pharsamond's uncle, at their return from the first day's adventure; the good cheer he met with at Clorinna's, and the kindness indulg'd him by her waiting-maid, together with Pharsamond's combat; all these things had a little deadned the romantic ideas which his brain, (in proportion to it's capacity,) had imbib'd: but then his unexpected meeting with Fatima; the picture and even the actual presence of this girl, had reviv'd all these impressions, in their full strength. Let me add, that he also was excited by Fatima, whose soul still preserv'd it's tenderness, occasion'd by the constraint she had shar'd with her mistress; and the misfortunes which the knight had brought upon them both. They already had enjoy'd one conversation, in which they mutually tasted the pleasure arising from an agreeable surprize.

Clito was then entertaining his mistress with a passionate gravity; whilst Fatima, on the other hand, rose to a fondness of the serious kind; so that it might be said, that our subaltern couple, were, (within a hair's breadth) the apes of their heroic superiors.

Whilst

Whilst Pharsamond was falling on his knee, in order to address Cedalisia; Clito, who took notice of his master's attitude, thought it so charming, and so nearly resembling what he had heard concerning other innamoratos in the like circumstances; that, quite intoxicated with love and pleasure, he surpriz'd Fatima, by prostrating himself on a sudden, and in the middle of a phrase, which did not seem to promise any such conclusion. However, this surprize lasted but a moment; and only long enough to raise his imagination to such a pitch of extravagance, as was requisite for him to attempt this sudden and unexpected compliment.

‘ I might as well continue silent,’ (says Clito, lifting up his head, as though he had been going to gaze at the weather-cock of the highest steeple,) ‘ As to pretend
‘ to inform you, how overjoy'd I am to
‘ see you by my side; for though I am
‘ oblig'd to employ many words to express this, I nevertheless, (Madam,)
‘ seem to have said nothing; so greatly
‘ does my tender heart overflow with particulars, which it will be impossible for me
‘ to explain. I yet doubt, that you have
‘ good sense to scruple the truth of all
‘ I wou'd gladly say to you. Thus I conclude
‘ sole

' sole myself, by the sight of all your
 ' rare perfections, without regarding how
 ' I ought to describe what I feel; to do
 ' which, (Madam,) would be equally dif-
 ' ficult, as for a weak arm to draw up
 ' a bucket of water from a deep well.
 ' I make use of this simile, hoping that
 ' it may please; and that you will ad-
 ' mit it in lieu of the many fine things
 ' which I wou'd fain utter, but cannot for
 ' the soul of me.'

Fatima, had this speech been pronounc'd
 in a less heroic voice, and unadorn'd with
 the obliging title abovemention'd, must
 have thought the *simile* something mean
 and vulgar; but the word, *Madam*, with
 which the enthusiastic squire had grac'd
 his fair-one, stunn'd her to such a degree,
 that her hands shook with a gentle emo-
 tion; and her cheeks were instantly suf-
 fus'd with the most delightful red. And
 now, after Clito, (who still held his neck
 stretch'd forth like a crane,) had done
 speaking: ——— ' My lord, (says Fati-
 ' ma,) you need not make use of words
 ' to prove your passion for me; it being
 ' sufficiently display'd by the tenderness of
 ' your actions. Your journies, and the
 ' great trouble I have put you to, show
 ' the excess of your fondness for me, in-
 ' finitely

' finitely better than the choicest words
 ' you cou'd employ for that purpose.'
 ' Stop a moment, (replied Clito, inter-
 ' rupting her ;) and call to mind, (Ma-
 ' dam,) whereabouts you left off in
 ' your speech ; it being so very beautiful,
 ' that I wou'd not lose it for the world.
 ' But then I cannot permit you to go
 ' an inch farther, without thanking you
 ' a thousand and a thousand times, for
 ' the title of Lord, with which you were
 ' graciously pleas'd to honour me. 'Tis
 ' good to bestow favours on grateful
 ' people. Because I call'd you *Madam* ;
 ' you, (forsooth) in a trice, are so very
 ' obliging as to entitle me, *my Lord*. Now
 ' this puts a comical thought into my
 ' head. Who knows whether you may
 ' not really be *Madam*, and I, *my Lord*?
 ' We, perhaps, were both chang'd at
 ' nurse. Harkee now ; I'd stake my hat,
 ' that we neither of us are mistaken ;
 ' for had not this really been the case,
 ' we could never, (for the soul of us,)
 ' have guess'd any thing like it.'— ' Alas !
 ' my Lord,' (said our Mrs *Abigail*, whose
 ' enthusiasm was raised still higher by these
 ' words,) ' You possibly may have hit upon
 ' the thing ; and I will own, that the more
 ' I reflect upon this circumstance, the
 ' more

‘ more I am persuaded of the truth of
‘ what you observ’d.’ ——— ‘ Body of
‘ me! Madam, (says the squire,) you
‘ must no longer doubt it. D’ye observe
‘ how naturally I call you *Madam*? tho’
‘ you, perhaps, may fancy that I use art
‘ on this occasion: but believe me, ’tis
‘ pure nature; that word coming upon
‘ my tongue without my once searching
‘ for it. There surely must be something
‘ more in all this than we at present under-
‘ stand.’

‘ With regard to myself, (says Fatima,)
‘ the title of *Lord*, which I gave you,
‘ came voluntarily from my lips; and I
‘ continued to bestow it, without con-
‘ sidering that I honour’d you with one
‘ title more; so that, *my Lord*.’ ———

‘ Charming! (says Clito,) this title is as
‘ familiar to my dear Fatima, as her own
‘ name. It comes, (adds he) as pat from
‘ your mouth, as a bullet from a cannon.
‘ This being the case, Madam. ———

‘ What think you of the matter? Woe
‘ to those who may fancy us insignifi-
‘ cant persons! but to prevent our supe-
‘ riors from being offended at our refu-
‘ sal, to attend upon them any longer;
‘ let us first try, for some days, whe-
‘ ther our tongues will always run on in
‘ the

' the same strain ; there being no room
 ' to doubt that, in case we are the per-
 ' sons we fancy ourselves, but we shall
 ' be for ever repeating those charming titles.
 ' We, (my dear lady,) shall be like
 ' watches : when 'tis twelve a clock, they
 ' must point out the hour. Let us there-
 ' fore continue in our service some days
 ' longer ; for remember the proverb, haste
 ' makes waste. I must inform you, (Ma-
 ' dam,) that, ever since I have been my
 ' Lord Pharsamond's squire, not a two-
 ' penny piece have I receiv'd from him.
 ' But now, the longer I shall serve him,
 ' the more he will run in my debt,
 ' and this will be so much ready money ;
 ' for he is of an honourable family ; and
 ' were I to leave him abruptly, I shou'd
 ' be many pounds the worse for it.'—' Ah !
 ' my good Lord.' (says she.)—' Excellent !
 ' (replied Clito ;) you have not forgot my
 ' Lord ; go on I beseech you.' ———
 ' How can you (says Fatima,) want so
 ' much money ? leave to venal souls the
 ' plague of heaping up riches.' ———
 ' Your humble servant, for that, (replied
 ' Clito ;) the most valuable thing in this
 ' world, next to the amorous profession,
 ' is money. I really love it ; and, (body
 ' of me !) I must have a good fancy,
 ' since

' since I never yet met with one per-
 ' son who hated it. But let's talk no
 ' more about these things. The whole
 ' depends on our tongue; and shou'd it,
 ' three or four days hence, still repeat
 ' the two charming words with which
 ' we both are so much delighted, I shall
 ' be so proud! But now I think on't,
 ' I intend to call you my *Princess*: for,
 ' (faith and troth,) when a man can
 ' once make himself a great lord, 'tis
 ' as easy for him to turn king, as a
 ' count.' — ' You, (my Lord, said Fa-
 ' tima,) may call me as you will; and
 ' be assur'd, that I shall always be pleas'd,
 ' what name soever you may think fit
 ' to give me.' — ' Psha! (cries Clito,)
 ' you indeed say so; but suppose now
 ' I should take it into my head to style
 ' you my *Ape*; why, you wou'd not
 ' find this name as sweet as sugar.' —

The word *Ape* rais'd a blush in Fatima's
 cheeks; such an expression having never
 dropp'd before, from a gentleman of Cli-
 to's profession. The squire observing how
 she reddened: — ' Why your face is as
 ' fiery, (said he,) as if you really was
 ' an ape. But let not this trouble you,
 ' (good Madam,) for if you are an
 ' ape,

'ape, depend upon it, that I'll be a
'monkey.'

These low families and expressions, employ'd by Clito, mortified Fatima extremely. 'Tis not but our squire had some happy intervals, during which he appear'd such as his fair-one desir'd he shou'd; but, in conversations of any length, his buffoon character always got the ascendant over the foreign impressions with which the tenderness of romances had fill'd his head.

Whilst that Clito and Fatima were thus debating on matters; firmly determin'd to be, one day, as illustrious as those whose domesticks they were; Cedalisa and Pharsamond, who, by this time, had struck into the most shady part of the wood, were abandoning themselves to all the delight of their amorous situation; when a shower of rain fell, which oblig'd them to quit the place.

'Twas now that Cedalisa found it difficult to act, to advantage, in her character of a princess. The rain grew violent, and her clothes wetter and wetter; and it happen'd very unluckily, that she had that day put on (tho' in the country,) one of her finest gowns. The rain fell still heavier, when the chevalier gave her
his

his hand, to help her to go faster; but then each step was taken in such cadence, as was no ways derogatory to the heroic gravity which a princess ought to display on every occasion. Still this was some little trial to our heroine's heart, now divided between the vexation of spoiling her clothes, (which she might have sav'd by running fast;) and the cruel necessity of observing the romantic decorum.

They, by this time, were got back to the house, with Fatima and Clito, who (if we except a few particulars) had observ'd the rules of decorum exactly. The night was drawing on apace, our four personages having spent a great many hours in roving up and down. Clito, who had a wonderful digestion, now felt such a gnawing at his stomach, as did not leave his mind at full liberty. Fatima ask'd him, but to no purpose, several questions, which he ought naturally to have answered: but our squire, being much fonder of a luncheon of bread, than the most melting expressions, reply'd only by short monosyllables, heightned sometimes by half yawnings, the infallible indications of his violent hunger. He had long been prompted to confess his wants to Fatima; but

but as their conversation had call'd up his romantick ideas; and that his heart began, very seriously, to delight in them; he was restrain'd by a noble shame, and prevented from confessing that he was hungry; he reflecting, that the extasy of being with his beloved, ought to supply the place of every other earthly thing; and even suspend, as it were, his senses.

Fatima observing his heaviness, reproach'd him obligingly on that account, in manner following: — ‘ What uneasiness is this (my Lord!) that hangs about you? ‘ What sadness is it that sits brooding over your heart?’ — ‘ Oons! Madam, (cries he, with an angry tone;) ‘ it vexes me to the soul, to find that ‘ you perceive my sadness.’ — ‘ What’s that you say? (said Fatima;) is it possible you can desire to conceal any ‘ thing from me?’ — ‘ No, (replied ‘ our squire,) I wou’d gladly lay open ‘ my heart to you, naked as I was born; ‘ and yet I wish you might never know ‘ what ails me at this instant.’ — Scarce had he pronounc’d these last words, when the afflicted Fatima, clasp’d him with an air of the utmost fondness, conjuring him to tell her the cause of his anguish. — ‘ What the devil’s the matter? (cries he;) ‘ pox

'pox take this curiosity of your's.' — 'My
 ' Lord, (says she,) be so gracious as not to
 ' confound the disquietude of my heart,
 ' with what you call curiosity. What can
 ' I think of your obstinate refusal, to inform
 ' me about your ailment?' — 'Be easy,
 ' (replied Clito,) for I've neither got a fe-
 ' ver nor the itch; and I vow and protest
 ' to you, that none of my relations are dead;
 ' or if they shou'd, Heaven rest their souls.'
 — 'Ah! my good Lord,' (said our Mrs
 Abigail, with a sort of anger, rais'd much
 more by the silly reasons which Clito some-
 times gave, than from a desire to know
 what was the matter with him;) 'Ah! my
 ' Lord, you'll deprive me eternally of rest,
 ' should you barbarously refuse to make
 ' me the confidant of your pangs.' — 'I feel
 ' none, I tell you,' (cries our squire.) —
 ' In vain (says she) you endeavour to dis-
 ' guise those which rack you, I,' -- 'Oons!
 ' (cries Clito,) you princesses must be as
 ' dull as beetles; excuse, (good Madam,)
 ' what I now say; but you are too pert
 ' and obstinate. However, I must be forc'd
 ' to tell you what's the matter with me,
 ' otherwise no peace shall I have. To out
 ' with it then, (Madam,) tho' I really blush
 ' for shame; you must know that I am con-
 ' founded hungry. I am us'd to four
 ' meals

‘ meals a day ; a bad habit, indeed, which
 ‘ I cannot, for the soul of me, conquer.
 ‘ And so it happens that, whenever hunger
 ‘ seizes me, and I have nothing to eat,
 ‘ I’m more melancholy than a tree without
 ‘ leaves.’ — ‘ ’Twas your own fault, my
 ‘ Lord, (says Fatima,) that you suffer’d on
 ‘ this occasion. But come with me, and
 ‘ I’ll soon satisfy your cravings.’ — Clito
 then follow’d his fair-one into the kitchen,
 where he recover’d his usual gayety ; and
 grew as fond as ever of adventures of
 chivalry.

The End of First VOLUME.

